

**Life & Letters of Charles Amos Cummings
(1833-1905) with notes by his son
Charles Kimball Cummings (1870-1955)**

Table of Contents

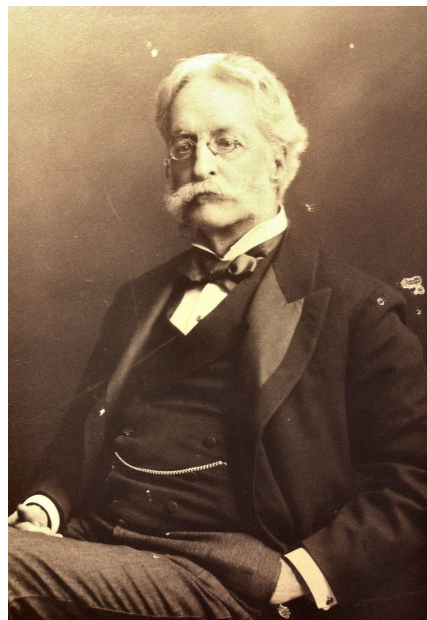
Introduction to Letters of Charles Amos Cummings	3
1852 LETTERS TO J. R. FROTHINGHAM	5
LETTER FROM OVERSEAS, TO FATHER, 1855	8
LETTERS TO FROTHINGHAM 1855-1861	11
LETTERS TO KIMBALL FAMILY 1869-1877	23
1869 Wedding Journey	24
1871 Moved into 230 Clarendon Street	26
Great Boston Fire of 1872	27
1875 New Old South Church Built	28
1877 LETTER TO CHILDREN	36
LETTERS FROM 1879 VACATION IN FLORIDA	36
1879-1882 LETTERS TO KIMBALLS	40
Photo Album: CAC Children	43
1886-1887 LETTERS FROM EUROPE	44
CAC retirement from architectural practice in 1889	61
1889-1894 LETTERS	61
1891 CKC Disciplinary Issue (as Freshman)	63
1892 CKC College Essay (selected)	63
Francis' 1893 Tramp through England, Scotland and Wales (excerpt)	64
"The Crown of Beacon Hill", CAC 1894	66
CAC Memoir of Moses Kimball	67
LETTERS TO MKC & FHC IN COLORADO 1895-1896	69
Excerpts from C.K.C.'s Journal 1896-1897	79
SUMMER 1896, MOSTLY FROM MAGNOLIA	98
1897 LETTERS	107
From CKC Journal, including death of Francis	110
1898 Wedding of CKC and Lydia Lyman Paine	117
1898-1899 CAC LETTERS FROM EUROPE	117
Letter from C.K.C. in Boston to his sister traveling with C.A.C.	119

1901-1903 LETTERS	136
SUMMER 1903 IN ASTICOU, MAINE	140
Photo Album: CKC & MKC as Grandparents	142
1904 LETTERS FROM EUROPE	142
1905 LETTERS	149
Attachments	152
Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, 1905: Death of Charles A. Cummings	152
Preface to CAC's "A history of architecture in Italy from the time of Constantine to the dawn of the renaissance" (1901)	152
CAC Memoir of Moses Kimball (1902, complete)	154
1936 Letter from W. D. Austin on CAC Letters	159

The letters were selected, typed and bound in 1933 by Charles Kimball Cummings (1870-1955), the first son of Charles Amos Cummings.

The names C.A.C. and C.K.C. refer to the father and son. M.K.C. refers to CAC's wife, Margaret Kimball Cummings (1841-1922). M.C. refers to his daughter, also Margaret (or Daisy). F.H.C. may refer to CAC's second son, Francis Hathaway Cummings (1872-1897), or to CKC's first son (1899-1977), or to his son (the latest collector of these materials, born in 1950), depending on the context.

Phrases in parentheses were inserted in the letters by CKC, often typed as footnotes. Material in square brackets was inserted in 2023-2025 by FHC (1950), who also added a few photos, web links and attachments. – FHC 10/27/2025



Introduction to Letters of Charles Amos Cummings

Written in 1933 by his son Charles Kimball Cummings (1870-1955)

Charles Amos Cummings was born in Boston on June 26, 1833, the only child of Amos and Rebecca Hopkins Cummings. He attended Chauncy Hall School, the English High School, and then the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N.Y., where he graduated in 1849 at the age of sixteen, with the degrees of Bachelor of Natural Science and Civil Engineer. There his chief friend and room-mate was James H. Frothingham of Brooklyn, to whom some of the early letters that follow were written. A warm friendship between the two men lasted through-out their lives.

After leaving Troy, he worked as a draftsman in the office of Gridley James Fox Bryant (at that time one of the leading architects in Boston), until in the autumn of 1854 he went abroad with Mr. Frothingham in a sailing-packet for a year's travel. Stimulated by his European experiences and with a greatly increased interest in architecture, he returned to Boston in December 1855 to begin active practice, later forming a partnership with Mr. Willard T. Sears. This firm of Cummings and Sears proved an extremely happy combination and flourished for many years until my father's retirement in 1889. Of his work, Mr. William P. P. Longfellow, a devoted friend, [editor of **The American Architect** and nephew of the poet Henry W. Longfellow], in a memorial address to the Boston Society of Architects after my father's death, said

"He had a ready invention, a wider range of resource than most, a sober judgment and refined taste. His work from the beginning showed a dignity and sobriety that lent it character, and so it was in pleasant contrast to much of the work of those rather fantastic days. His designs were greatly varied; their composition was always well arranged; their detail animated and graceful. Perhaps their chief distinction was a certain tranquil elegance, that was certainly not the common characteristic of our revival."

My father worked hard and enthusiastically at his profession, almost without a break until 1889, when, yielding to a keen longing to devote himself to other interests, he retired from practice. From that year until his death in 1905, he led a busy life, full of varied activities.

He became president of the Boston Society of Architects of which he had been one of the founders in 1867. He was a trustee of the Rotch Traveling Scholarship for young architects, in which he took a great interest; and for some years chairman of the Boston Art Commission. He was a director of the Boylston National Bank. He served as trustee of the Boston Athenaeum, an institution that was always close to his heart. He threw himself with great energy and courage into the movement to save our Bulfinch State House. But I am sure that in his later years the work that meant most to him was at the Museum of Fine Arts, of which he was a Trustee since 1897, a valued member of the Museum Committee, and chairman of the Museum School since 1895. And with his retirement came leisure for foreign travel, in which he took the keenest enjoyment.

His marriage to my mother Margaret Kimball Cummings (M. K. C.) took place in Boston in October 1869, and was a singularly happy one; they were a most devoted couple. He had a

deep love for his three children, and especially for my brother Francis, whose long illness and death in 1897 caused a lasting sadness in his life. His own death came very suddenly in the summer of 1905 at Asticou, Maine.

To quote again from Mr. Longfellow:

"With all his artistic quality and fineness of instinct, the background of Mr. Cummings's character was an eminent sanity of mind, a fairness of judgment that made his counsel valuable in practical matters and public questions.

"To those who knew him well his personality was the first thing. Like all men of real individuality, he was more than his work, excellent as that was. His interests were so wide, his cultivation so general, that he was one of the most interesting of companions, one of the most valuable of friends. If you visited him at home, you found his study table covered with stimulating books, his walls with clever sketches and pictures. His taste was as sure in literature as in art. A great reader, he was also a graceful and suggestive writer on purely literary topics as well as on professional. In his younger and more leisurely days he wrote much for reviews and magazines. Afterwards he was an important contributor to the literature of our profession. He had a large share in the writing of Scribner's 'Encyclopaedia of Architecture in Italy, Greece and the Levant', and furnished articles to Mr. Sturgis's 'Dictionary of Architecture and Building'. He wrote the architectural section of Dr. Winsor's 'Memorial History of Boston'. His chief literary work is his 'History of Architecture in Italy', which by virtue of its breadth of scholarship, its sanity of judgment and interest of presentation treats this difficult subject more successfully, I think, than any other book in our language.

"The same qualities which made his published writings interesting and valuable gave charm to his correspondence and conversation. Whether you talked with him of politics or public affairs, of books or art, you found the same rightmindedness, the same intellectual resource, the same fertility of expression. A fortunate mingling of alertness and serenity was one source of his attractiveness and his efficiency.

"We have lost a valued associate; a rare example of the best in private, in public, in professional life. Absolutely without self-seeking, he received ample acknowledgment: whatever of general recognition, of positions of trust, of public confidence, was natural to his profession, was given him in good measure, with no shadow of rivalry. To his intimates the loss of his friendship is very great. It is not common to meet a personality so generous and so upright, a mind open on so many sides, with so much charm of fancy and of thought, a companionship so winning – I suspect that in these eager, strenuous, prosaic days it may come to be rarer still. If you have such friends, cherish them; when you lose them, it will not be easy to replace them."

C.K.C. (Charles Kimball Cummings, 1870-1955)

Boston, 1933.

1852 LETTERS TO J. R. FROTHINGHAM

To J. H. Frothingham [college classmate]

Boston, July 8, 1852 [CAC age 19]

Dear James, Fourth of July has come and gone and a stupid day it was. I believe in the necessity of public holidays for the poor folks, and for tradesmen and all others usually confined closely by business, but positively I think considered as days of public amusement they are the most stupid bores imaginable. I couldn't hear myself talk or think, all day Monday, there was such an intolerable bang bang all day and all the night before as to that matter. However we shan't have another for a year to come. I started Monday afternoon to go upstairs and write a letter to you but something or another happened to prevent. I haven't anything more to say now than I had then, but I write now chiefly for the purpose of getting an answer. The last time I wrote, I believe I told you about the performances at Cambridge on Class-day. After that day the senior class are discharged from study and have no more recitations to attend. The remaining time until Commencement is occupied by those who have parts assigned them for Commencement (that is to say 40 out of a class of 88) in writing their parts, the rest do what they please. Horace [his cousin, Horace Hopkins Coolidge, Class of 1852] has for his part a dissertation, the 15th part in rank, consequently he will graduate as 15th scholar in a class of 88 men.

Commencement day is the 25th of this month. Horace is talking of making another visit to his friend Waring at Brooklyn next week but I rather think he won't go, at least not until after Commencement.

A week ago yesterday I think, Father [Amos Cummings] and I went up to Sharon (his native town) for the purpose of rushing round and seeing folks. We took a horse when we got there, and traveled round all day. I shouldn't think there were many roads in the town that we didn't strike at some point. We made a day of it, and a very pleasant one too. In front of the spot where he was born [the 1733 house built by Samuel Cummings (1707-1804), pictured here], is a most glorious old elm tree whose branches overhang the whole width of the road, and whose trunk is more than six feet in diameter. It was planted more than eighty years ago by his [Amos Cummings'] father [Joseph Cummings, born in Sharon, 1755-1849]. He was rambling around in the woods and was about slipping from a precipice or something of the kind, and caught at this tree (then a mere shrub) which sustained him. He considered that the tree saved his life, and he took it home and planted it, and now it's a nobler monument to his memory than could be cut from marble.



Samuel Cummings House, Sharon

I amused myself the other evening in a highly intellectual manner by going to the circus and by powers, if it hadn't been for the planks which had the hard side up and were uncovered, I should have enjoyed every minute of the performance.

It was so purely ridiculous from beginning to end, that I laughed precisely as I used to laugh at Fred Burhans. The eternal "Here we are, sir!" of the clown is enough to set a man into a good humor for one evening at least. Then occasionally for variety's sake a small child would disappear between the planks and after a few smothered groans and howls would be fished out again by the anxious parent. Oh it was great! Every high-flown burst of poetical eloquence from the clown, subsiding suddenly into the ridiculous and credited "Shakespeare, only more so", of course brought roars from the audience and a crack of the whip from the riding master. I don't want to go to the circus but once a year, but then I enjoy it.

I am beginning to feel an unutterable longing to get into the country and stay during the hot weather. The weather for the past week or so has been most delightful but now it is rapidly approaching summer heat in good earnest, and I feel as if cool woods and brooks and rocky rivers and fish-ponds, and grass and orchards and the like, were necessary to keep me agoing for the next two months. I shall probably go up to Wilton [Wilton, N.H. where his cousins, the Newells, had a large farm] some time this month, with Mother [Rebecca Hopkins Cummings, 1797-1885], but how long I shall stay I cannot say. I shall probably make free use of a certain black horse and a certain rustic wagon and I wish with all my heart you could go up with me. I think we might contrive together to have a glorious time. Old Monadnock stands within twenty miles, and Greenfield, a great place for fishing, within ten.

Are you intending to go to Saratoga with your parents or not? If not, where are you going? I hope and trust you'll go somewhere, for if you have got to work furiously through August and September, you certainly need to commence fresh.

3 o'clock p.m. The thermometer indicates 91.

I haven't heard from anybody. I expect Jenny Larkin has stagnated, and Clary [classmates at Troy] got lost between the leaves of some law book. I would give all my old shoes to see him this summer. If you hear from anybody let me know, and whether you do or not write soon to

Your friend

Chas.

To J. H. Frothingham

Boston, Dec. 10, 1852

My dear James

I haven't written to you before for a long while,- and now I feel like it, or rather, I feel as if, if you were sitting here, I could talk till tomorrow morning without stopping, and yet probably when I get my letter written, it will seem as if I had said nothing. For 10 days past we have been in a state of some confusion and excitement owing to the fire. On the night on which this occurred, I had gone to bed rather un-well, but not seriously so. About half an hour after I began to shiver and shake, as I never shook before, indeed it seemed as if I could hardly keep

in bed. Well I knocked on the floor for Mother, who came up. All she could do wouldn't stop my shaking. Finally they gave me something which quieted me for a time and Father got into bed with me.

He hadn't been there long before the alarm bell struck and soon after one of his men came up saying the **store was on fire**. Of course Father got up and went down, so also did Uncle C. -- Soon after George came up, to see whether Father knew of the fire, and I, having finished my shaking went into a raging fever, pulse 150 a minute. All this time Mother was working over me, occasionally going to the window to ascertain the progress of the fire.

At about 2 a.m. Father and Uncle C. came home, tho' Father having changed his boots and stockings went down again and stayed till 4, at which time it was all over. Mother finally succeeded in getting me into a reeking sweat, and I finally got asleep. So ended that night and I never want to pass another like it. I had no doubt that I was at the commencement of a violent fever and indeed I think I had a very narrow escape from one.

For two days after the fire there was a continual stream of callers, at the house. Mother was almost sick and I was gradually gaining strength, while Father was flying about in every direction in search of a store. His loss is heavy, independently of the interruption to his business, which at this time of year is serious. However he is now beginning to see his way through. So much for that.-- Father was in New York on Tuesday as you are probably aware.

Horace I suppose is a thousand miles off and will soon be there, I shall be glad when he is again on terra firma, for I feel uneasy whenever I think of his being in a little vessel tossing about, 1,000 miles from land.--He will be just in time to behold the most magnificent festival that Europe ever witnessed, the coronation of His Majesty Napoleon III.

Your last letter reminded me of those you used to write two years ago, from its information about people of Trojan memory [refers to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, from which he and J.H.F. graduated in 1849 with the following degrees--B.N.S. (Bachelor of Natural Science) and C.E.], but will you believe it, I thought and thought several times before I could call to my mind where Mrs. Brewster's was! The days are gone Jim, and their memory is following them fast, when I have to take time to remember a house where I have passed so many hours of freshness and pleasure as in that one. It brings a kind of shudder over me to think of it. The dream is past and the day, with its work has begun, and begun cloudily, with me. All my correspondents have dropped me, and all at once, somehow; not one I believe has answered my last letter. Well the correspondence in itself was certainly not particularly interesting, but I feel sorry to dissolve so abruptly the only tie that can preserve friendship in such cases. John Fouquet I liked to hear from but I have not heard from him for sometime. However, it's all right. Tell me Jim, what is Lovett's business and is he living in Troy or in New York. If he is not engaged to Jane, why under Heaven should she visit his relations. That strikes me as rather singular. Did the "elegant extracts" which you wished me to send you whenever I came across them include poetry? Because if they did, I can send you a little gem of a piece that I fell upon the other day, written by Thomas B. Read, called "Some things love me". It has been set to music by Dempster, who sings it at his concerts. I won't take the trouble to copy it unless I know you would like to see it, and don't you dare to tell me you would, if you don't care a fig about it. I believe I forgot to tell you when you were here of the arrangement by which I remain in Mr. Bryant's office (Gridley James Fox Bryant, a prominent Boston architect). It is simply this--

that for the privilege of "office entrance", and the instruction which I receive and pick up, remaining in his office for 3 years, I pay him the sum of \$300. One of the three years is already gone, and at the expiration of the third I hope to be competent to commence practice. Whether I shall or not remains to be proved.

The hat arrived in safety, and I am much obliged to you for your trouble in buying and sending it. The folks black-guarded me a little about sending to New York for a hat, but I am satisfied.

Do Jim write soon, and believe me in the meantime

Yours devotedly

Charles

P.S. Mr. Pierpont's poem before the Mercantile Library Assn. a fortnight ago, was splendid, noble, manly, the subject was "The Scholar's Hope", and he made an awful rattling among the old dry bones of the conservatives--I wish you had heard it. C.

P.S. No. 2. I have got a season ticket to Thackeray's lectures (a course of lectures on the English Humorists given by Thackeray in Boston in December '52 and January '53), which commence in 10 days - I expect largely to enjoy.

LETTER FROM OVERSEAS, TO FATHER, 1855

To Amos Cummings

Splügen, July 14, 1855 (age 22)

Dear Father,

I got a letter from you and Mother the other day dated the 3 June (it had been waiting for me some weeks at Basle) which I was very glad indeed to receive. You had got my letters from Florence, Venice, Vienna, Munich, and Berlin. One letter from a place seems all that I can accomplish and it certainly must look to you as if I were traveling at railway speed by night and by day. In reality it is more so than I wish it were though not altogether so. Mother in her letter expresses some little anxiety, entirely natural lest I should overwork myself by too rapid motion. There is no cause for it whatever, I assure you, and indeed if you will think of the real amount of the time, I am on the wing, you will see that I have abundant time for rest. We were in Vienna nearly a fortnight, in Munich five days, in Dresden a week, in Berlin another and it takes only a day to go between any two of those places. I wrote last from Berlin, a most noble city full of interest and deserving a month instead of a week. I was there for three days before James joined me, having finished his long trip to Cracow and seen the great salt mines, and the tomb of Kosciuszko to his satisfaction. I was not sorry that I omitted Cracow; almost any other city is so much better worth seeing. Berlin presents a crowd of noble buildings beautiful enough at least in their decorations, to charm anyone, however little he cared for Architecture as a specialty.

Above all, there is a new Museum building just being finished and occupied, which is such a maze of tasteful ornament and elaborate, beautiful designing that I sat down in one of the great halls fairly discouraged. It seems so slow to go home and try to practice Architecture by building great warehouses and small churches with occasionally perhaps a private residence or public building that is a mere barn in comparison with all this splendor.

The Berlin people seem a very nice people, busy and thrifty as our own. I noticed this particularly one day in passing by their exchange at about one o'clock. A pleasant square shaded with trees was filled with a crowd of most capital looking men, finer I think than we see in State Street, and everyone was busy. A building on one side the square was full of offices for the transaction of business--the walls covered with business notices--auction sales and the like-- and altogether the busy thriving look of such a place in a city whose merchants do not aspire to a very high commercial rank I suppose, pleased me a good deal.

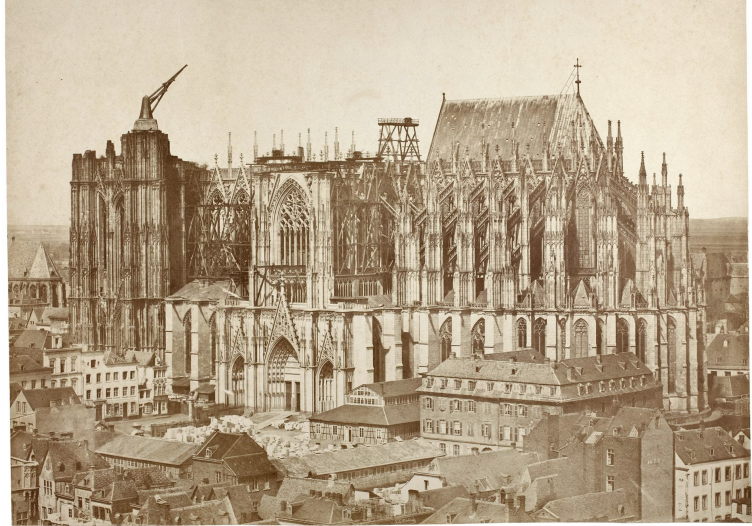
We thought it worth while to go up as far as Hamburg to see the first commercial city of Germany and I am very glad indeed that we did, for I have not seen a handsomer city nor one that I should be more contented to live in. Half the city was burnt you will remember, in 1842, I think, and they re-built it so well that I suppose no city in Europe is so uniformly fresh and handsome. A great basin formed by the water of the two rivers as they meet at Hamburg, is surrounded on three sides by a chain of streets that is perfectly brilliant and to which the clear glittering water of the basin gives an additional charm.

Then too in Hamburg, I had a letter from Mr. Barnard to a firm of obliging gentlemen who in their turn gave me a note to the director of the Rough-hause--one of the most celebrated charities in Europe [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rauhes_Haus]. I haven't space to explain it, but it is simply an establishment at which boys and girls are taken from the lowest depths and transformed into useful people. It is a farm--beautifully located in the suburbs (and Hamburg has a circle of the most home-like comfortable looking suburbs I have seen in Europe) and each boy and girl besides being generally or specially useful and doing his or her part of the farm work--receives an education which seems to be remarkably complete for such an establishment. They have 130 or 140 boys and girls, and as they are not all needed on the farm, other occupations are introduced and there is a shoemaking shop, a tailor's shop, a printing establishment and book-bindery all grouped pleasantly together under the trees. There are some details which I should alter, but the whole plan seems so excellent and so successful that it is unreasonable to find fault-- and the whole aspect of the modest group of some dozen buildings--of different ages and uses--scattered about among the gardens and trees of the farm is so pleasing that one easily loses all disposition to do so.

From Hamburg, after staying a day or two we came straight down southwest by a long line of railway to Cologne on the Rhine, and we have not been far from that river since. At Cologne, I felt no feeling of discouragement, I had no room for anything but wonder and admiration. It makes one happy to see that the grand old cathedral will at last in all probability be finished and in a few years, I do believe that when that day comes it will be the most glorious of all human creations [but compare this with his remarks in letter dated 24 Aug. 1875].

It is easy at Rome or Florence or Dresden to get up a reasonable degree of admiration for the great wonders of painting--but such a cathedral as this, so vast and so inimitably grand and beautiful in whole and in part must, it seems to me, command an enthusiasm as much higher as it is utterly inexpressible. I had only two days to give it--but there is nothing else to

see, at Cologne and I think I did the Cathedral as satisfactorily as I could have expected. [But compare this with his remarks in his letter dated 24 Aug. 1875: "it is a great piece of masonry but not high art — that you will see at Rheims and Amiens." According to Wikipedia, "Attempts to complete the construction began around 1814 but the project was not properly funded until the 1840s. The edifice was completed to its original medieval plan in 1880. The towers for its two huge spires give the cathedral the largest façade of any church in the world." The towers were not yet in place in 1855, when the accompanying photo was taken.]



From Cologne we came up the Rhine--stopping a day at Coblenz and at Bingen. I had formed very modest expectations in regard to this river and the consequence was that I came very near being carried away. I was perfectly delighted. Even a rainy day which overtook us at Coblenz didn't succeed in damping my spirits--and the next day which was a lovely one (the fourth of July) we were at Bingen--"dear Bingen on the Rhine" wandering about the Rudesheimer vineyards, and in the castles ruined or restored. Nothing could be more charming. Thence we came to Heidelberg for a day, to Baden-baden for another or two--and then a few days ago we found ourselves at Basle--ready to commence our tour in Switzerland. So we went by diligence to Schaffhausen, to see the falls of the Rhine, which are only pretty, though they are considered the finest in Europe. I have seen many that pleased me more.

We left Schaffhausen day before yesterday on a rainy afternoon for Zurich--and yesterday morning early, when it had cleared off as beautifully as we could hope and the peaks of the Alps afar off were gleaming in the morning sun, we came over the pleasant lakes of Zurich and Wallenstadt and by diligence to Ragatz where we arrived yesterday afternoon. There was time enough left before dark for a beautiful walk up a wild little ravine with a roaring stream running through it to Pfeffersbath which I wish I could describe to you as the most astounding place I was ever in, where a river rushes for a third of a mile between two gigantic faces of rock twenty or thirty feet apart perhaps, and a hundred and fifty feet high, overlapping each other at the top in many places, so as to shut out all sight of the sky. It is wonderful. An awkward arrangement in the way of diligences forced us to rush out of bed this morning at two o'clock to take a dilly for Thusis, which we reached at eight. And then, perfectly disgusted with diligences as a means of seeing sublime scenery, we started on a walk from Thusis to Splügen.

It has been a lovely day, and the scenery that we passed through would repay almost any amount of fatigue, but although after the twenty miles to Splügen were finished we felt tired of course, yet I think I need say no more of my health than that now after we have been sitting here in our room for some hours writing and looking out on the snowy peaks that glitter all around us, I feel not a whit the worse for my long walk.

Tomorrow we go over the great pass of the Splügen into Italy. Again in Italy--for the last time. Yesterday was a glorious day. We left Splügen at sunrise and passed on the top of a diligence over the great pass of the same name nearly 7000 feet above the level of the sea, with snow all around and above and below us: The summit once passed, down we came into this beautiful country of Italy which looks now like a paradise. In the afternoon we sailed over the Lake of Como and came at dark to Milan, where we shall do little but rest for three days. I can't say more now for the mail closes soon and even now it is three weeks since I wrote. Give my love to all.

From your aff't son Charles

LETTERS TO FROTHINGHAM 1855-1861

To J. H. Frothingham

1 Boston, December 10, 1855

My dear James,

I took your very funny letter this morning out of the old drawer at Father's store in a very natural sort of way, and went home with it in my side pocket, feeling as if I had done the same thing every fortnight for the last year. I haven't though, and in fact this is the first time I have done so accustomed a thing for thirteen blessed months (they had just got back from Europe). Now I am going to criticize it. I don't know whether you read it carefully over after finishing the fourth page, and thought it was the most wandering, disconnected affair you ever wrote, but I fairly laughed at it myself. In the first place, you said you were coming Eastward (to a limited extent) but didn't tell me when--you didn't say if you were coming chez nous, or to Salem, or if you were going to bring Lizzie as you intended. Then you left nearly half your words to be supplied by my powerful imagination, and in short wrote in a general flurry, as if your old self-possession had given you up entirely. Now then, write better next time.

I am writing from the old pen in Court St. now as heretofore occupied by Gridley James Fox Bryant, Esq. and his five subalterns, all of whom have apparently been running sleepily along in the old rods track, with Architecture a long way in advance of ed them, while I have been rattling over half the world for pleasure's own sweet sake. Need I say that they all appeared heartily glad to see me when I majestically appeared before them on Monday morning, Mr. Bryant having called Sunday afternoon to see me.

You will ask, how came I back in my old harness so speedily. The exigencies of the Art, sir, required me, and I came. There is no arrangement between me and my noble patron, but I labor on with the full assurance that my stupendous exertions will be magnanimously requited. It is only a temporary affair that I am busy on and probably when the new year opens I shall regularly begin the old routine, on a salary. You know, for I have told you, how I hate the idea, and shall hate the reality, and that as soon as I can put an end to it I will.

Well, people, young and old, meet me cordially and say they are glad to see me home again. A few I think, mean it; the rest say it as I should say it to them under similar

circumstances. My tailor is among the few who are unaffectedly glad. He met me as I entered his precincts, with a smile that made his face absolutely angelic, and I contracted with him for an overcoat, a vest and a pair of beautiful trousers. I hope these things interest you; believe me there are few to whom I could write so unreservedly. Of those who are obliged by relationship to love me dearly, I have seen nearly all. I shall finish them up this week or next by going up to Wilton and to Woburn. Tomorrow evening we are going out to Brookline. That which you have found, I have found also, that the only change is in the babies, who are all a year older. Henry's (his cousin, Henry Newell) little Annie (Annie Newell, later Mrs. Peck) is extremely taking. When she was at our house one day last week, with the rest of the folks, Mrs. Parker came in with her little boy of about the same age, and the display of affection between the young gentleman and the young lady was very comical. Julia's little child as you know is gone, but she talked of him very quietly.

Today sir, I have been exercising the dearest privilege of a Freeman, and have borne my share in the election of Alexander H. Rice as Mayor of the good city of Boston. We have met the enemy and they are ours. The K.N.'s ("Know-Nothing Party"--name given to members of the American party, because being members of a secret order, when they were asked anything about its organization or concerns, they professed to know nothing about the matter) are prone in the dust, and the shouting in State Street is immense. It is evening just now, and ever since the result was made known the streets have resounded with hurrahs and with the music of bands. Crowds of noisy and exultant ones flock along in high glee behind a fife and drum corps or a full band, bound for the house of some lucky officer, and I have been trying to transpose the whole thing, election, returns, music, shouting and the rest, to Vienna, for instance, and by Jove I can't do it. It wouldn't suit the climate, I fear, and if that were favorable, some other influence would probably prove fatal to so much popular demonstration.

I have been wondering if you will be in Boston soon enough to go with me and hear Thackeray on George III next Friday. I heard his first lecture on the first George last Friday, and though the subject was necessarily much less interesting than those he talked of before, yet he treated it in so pleasant, wandering a way, and threw into his lecture such a play of humor, that I was extremely pleased and I believe everyone else was. I want you to see and hear him. You ask, "don't I wish I was of the party" which is setting out this evening from Remsen St. to go and hear the Trovatore at the Opera House. I do indeed, I answer, but I fear the old familiar music would carry me so far away from New York that I should be of small account in the party. I shall always love that opera, remembering the sweet skies and soft airs under which I heard it so often.

We have not yet heard either from George (his cousin, George Newell) or from Uncle Coolidge, who are both a good ways to the Southward of us by this time. Eliza (Mrs. George Newell) looks a little sober, I fancy, though she keeps up very good spirits. She is staying for a week in town with Julia. Mrs. Bill and her family have not taken their old house in the Via Gregoriana, but are passing the winter at Pau in the Pyrenees. Mr. and Mrs. Goddard are two days out from Liverpool for Boston, and our dear friend Andrews has got to the top of life "and is coming, and is coming" with his bride to spend the winter with his brother on Franklin Square. I know of nothing more important to write, so will you give my love to all my friends in Brooklyn, old and young, and tell them I shall hope to see them before I am many years older, though when, it passeth my power to tell. Good-bye till I see you.

Votre affectionée

Charles

To J. H. Frothingham

Boston, January 5, 1858 (age 24)

My dear James,

Many thanks for your six lines of New Year's greeting--they pleased me perhaps more than as many pages would have done because they proved you to have stopped in the midst of a busy day to give me a thought and a line. My greeting to you all was as well understood I suppose though the mail didn't carry it. The New Year has begun in the most winning of ways and with the loveliest of Spring weather, which still holds. This morning there is a kind of soft Southern haze in the air, and there is no touch of Winter in all the earth or sky. May the year open as prosperously for us as it has pleasantly for the land.

The first day brought me a little piece of gratification which I am sure you will be glad to hear. **The North American Review** appeared and with it my article which you read in the manuscript I don't know how many months ago. [Note: his article was "Reformatory Institutions at Home and Abroad" (unsigned). He later wrote: "English & French Views of the American Rebellion" (unsigned).]

I sent it to Dr. Peabody as long ago as last July and did not hear a word from it until October when the Reverend Doctor sent to know the name of the author which I sent to him in a maze of uncertainty which did not end until last Friday morning when I saw the number advertised. My good friends opened their eyes wide and set themselves desperately down to struggle through the article. I went over to Horace's Sunday afternoon--and happened to find there his most particular friend Williamson, of whose abilities he has great opinions and who curiously enough has an article in this very number of the North American, next before mine. Horace said to Williamson, "Bill, I see your article is out in the North American". "Yes," says W., "So is Cummings's."

It was good to see Horace's astonishment. For not being by any means certain myself that the thing would appear I have carefully kept quiet--and you are the only Soul that knew I had even sent an article to the Editor, excepting Mr. Barnard who put me up to writing it. This morning I have received a printed note from Portsmouth saying

"Dr. Sir--Enclosed is a cheque to your order for 19 dollars being the Publishers' fee for your article in the last number of the North American Review-- at the rate of a dollar for each page of original matter. Yours truly A. P. Peabody." (Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., Ed. of "North American Review")

Well, I begin the year with a good deal on my hands tho' not of a very profitable nature. They have put me on the Benevolent Committee of the Society--which will I suppose give me enough to attend to in addition to my labors in the Provident Association and at the Evening School. With all these-- I think I ought to be saved as much as a missionary. It's all very fine but it isn't business.

In the way of business proper, I cannot say much; I live on the few nibbles that have come to me with faint promises for the Spring and Summer. I am far from being despondent

but I feel as if I should like a more active life and one which would bring me in contact with more people of the right kind. I suppose the Spring will revive business sufficiently to relieve you from all apprehension. At least I hope so.

George and Eliza are staying in town for a week or two and were at our house last night. George is almost hopeless of Henry's ever rising from this decline. I have not seen him myself for some months, but his symptoms are very alarming--and he seems to be already sinking. He has finally determined but I fear too late, to go to Havana and St. Thomas by the steamer of the 20th of January. Maria will of course go with him. It is well to be hopeful, but I much fear that will be the last we shall see of Henry. George has the same fear. It seems very strange for a man so entirely strong and robust as Henry was two years ago to be declining with this fearful disease of Consumption. But the truth is-- no man is strong enough to be careless in such a climate as we live under for six months of the year. Three days of mild South wind after a cold snap will give nine persons out of every ten, heavy colds--and I believe colds are dangerous.

We had a great dedication of the new Public Library Building New Year's day. Lots of speeches made, full of admiration. The building is a sham and a disgrace to the town in many respects and I have a strong notion of pitching into it if I can.

Have you any time to think of Politics? And where do you think we are driving under the lead of our shabby, obstinate old President? (James Buchanan) I had a discussion with a lady the other day--not on Politics but on Patriotism--in which she thought me wofully deficient. She thought some of my views contemptible. I don't much wonder she thought so. Never mind James, when we get rich we'll emigrate to England and live under the queeny and read respectable and dignified debates in the Times and laugh at the Yankees. Or else we'll stay at home and try to reform the Republic. I rely on you to begin first.

It is nearly dinner time and I must go. Write me a good long letter when you get time, I haven't had one for long.

Yours ever

Charles

To J. H. Frothingham

New Year's Day, 1859

My dear James

I have sent off my few bills (last year I had none to send) and written one very determined letter to a man who wants to swindle me, and now I can't do better than to mollify my wrath by writing a Happy New Year to you with all my heart and a happy year all through--and a happy life--manly and useful and happy.

I think you must be now either sick or unhappy because I haven't had word or line from you for so long--more than a month, and such a time hasn't gone by before without my hearing from you in some way, for many months. Give me a word, if nothing more.

For the New Year I haven't an exhilarating outlook either backward or forward. I have done but little for a year past as you know very well. I have expended twelve months of life and youth and health and a reasonable share of blessings, but what I have done towards ripening

the fruit of life-- towards cultivating excellence in myself or creating happiness in others--God knows better than I know.

I think good resolves at the Commencement of the year are pretty nearly useless. As the year grows old they help one very little when the occasions come which try their strength. It's the disposition which governs a man's conduct more than any rules he may lay down for himself or accept from others. If a man can so cultivate right temper, good impulses, uniform kindness of heart, and a sure taste for good actions, conversations, feelings instead of bad, he is safe and not else. Then when an emergency arises when he may do right or wrong, he does right by a sort of cultivated instinct which will hardly serve him false.

When do you come to Boston? I am beginning to be anxious to see you and talk with you, and I assure you that you deprive me of the only substitute for that pleasure by not writing to me. This is a festival week and I shall go to dine this afternoon with Mrs. Forbush. Last Saturday I dined with Horace very pleasantly, and on Wednesday evening I made one of a small company at a most exquisite and yet sumptuous dinner at the Tremont House, given by a young man of twenty-one to his old teachers. It was excessively graceful and pleasant. You will think I am going out of myself and becoming wild--but I believe I am much the same and do not anticipate any immediate acceleration of my pace.

I must stop for want of time. I pray you to write me some words to say you are well--and so good-bye.

Yours ever

Charles

To J.H. Frothingham

Boston, 20th Jan. 1859

My dear James,

Just now my time is pretty well occupied in serving my country or rather my county, as Juryman. We have got the great Shaw case before us, which has been tried three times before, and may be three times again perhaps. Mrs. Shaw with her husband and a young lady friend went out one January evening seven years ago, on a sleigh-ride, and coming home at ten o'clock in the evening they were struck by a railroad train at a crossing; Mr. Shaw killed instantly, Mrs. Shaw smashed up pretty thoroughly and the young lady escaped whole. Mrs. Shaw sues the Worcester Company for \$25,000--and has had two verdicts for \$14,000 and \$18,000 respectively. Great lawyers are arguing the case, a "cloud of witnesses" testify day after day, and a fortnight hence we shall probably see the end of it all. It is tiresome work but I don't grumble, because it's profitable and a duty besides.

You have heard of the final breaking down of Mr. Parker (Rev. Theodore Parker) without doubt. It is a sad thing to many of us, but a joyful one I suppose to many more. I am in the anticipation of a special prayer meeting at Park St. Church to give thanks unto the Lord for his somewhat tardy answer to their special petition of last autumn. For the rest it is a kind of suicide on Mr. Parker's part. He has been warned again and again: it is not a sudden failure, and if he had one year ago, even six months ago, given ear to the entreaties of his friends or

the counsel of his own common-sense, and stopped work, he would have undoubtedly fully recovered. As it is, I am afraid he is in a rapid consumption, which is the inheritance of all his family, and of which several if not all of his brothers and sisters have died, and if his great natural strength of constitution, and his mature age shall possibly protect him in some measure, still it is very certain I fear that his health and his strength have gone from him forever. He has done his work. What more he might have done in the future in the period of life which with great thinkers is naturally the most fruitful, from fifty to sixty, I do not know. I have always hoped he would live long enough to silence the dogs that have been barking and howling after him for thirteen years or more--but he has done more at forty-eight than most men at seventy.

I have been chosen Recording Secretary of the Art Club. You will naturally wonder why, but I am totally unable to tell you, unless it be that I am not an artist. But as I was only a member since Spring last and haven't yet paid my entrance-fee, I am forced to believe that no one else would take the office, and if I had been at the meeting perhaps I shouldn't have taken it. We have had one very pleasant Artists' Reception, and shall have another on the evening of the 3d Feb, when I hope you may be here.

Did you ever have a Reference case? I have one now on hand in which the issue reaches the incredible amount of \$40. Can't get the money any other way and may not that way.

Capt. Hagar got into New Orleans on the 9th, from Genoa and Cagliari. (note by CKC: a solemn old sea-captain with white side whiskers, who lived in Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain. Mrs. Hagar was a dear old girl and had a delightful garden. I remember them well.)

When are you to come? I am looking forward for you.

Yours ever

Charles

To J. H. Frothingham

Boston, 7th March 1859.

My dear James

I have been awaiting some writing from you, but haven't got it. So I presume you are going on at home much as usual, and with little to tell in the way of news. That doesn't excuse you from writing, you understand, for it isn't news that I write myself, or that I generally look for in letters from you.

Many things have taken place in Boston during the past week though nothing in which I have been specially concerned. Two wonderful balls have "come off" at the great theatre, for the first time in its history-- the second of which was the Mount Vernon ball. I didn't go to it, having no liking for standing or walking about alone in such an assemblage, but Horace and Maria went, and many others that I know very well. Some seven thousand people are supposed to have been present--and my good cousin who is not enthusiastically American in his predilections declares that it was all more brilliant than the Artists' Ball at the Operat Comique, at which he assisted once in Paris. I have no doubt it was very splendid, but what's the use of going without someone to enjoy it with you.

All down town has been fearfully agitated for a week or so past by the removal of the Post-Office to Summer Street. The merchants of Boston versus Capen, Post-Master, has been the game and Capen has beaten. In spite of a prohibition by Congress, passed in the last hours of the session, and in spite of the consequent injunction served upon the Post-Master, that individual did actually remove the Post-Office Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and the long pent-up wrath of the solid men exploded in maledictions. They had been fighting for something like six months.

Then on Thursday evening we had the last of the Artists' Receptions which was as pleasant as good company and a pleasant collection of pictures, etc. and exquisite music could make it. There was no formality, whatever, and you trotted about through the crowd, talking with your friends, looking at the pictures and listening to the music just as you pleased. I met your excellent friend Carry Hooper there with a handsome young man whom she introduced to me as her brother, Mr. Thurston. She was very pleasant and agreeable, and said complimentary things to me, and about you, which was perfectly proper and right.

Divers and sundry associations of good men are doing their best to move the country members of the Great and General Court now sitting in solemn conclave at the State House to make a grant of **eleven or twelve acres of land in the Back Bay** (now some twenty feet under water) for the purposes of science and art, and if they do it, which is more than doubtful, the intention is, to erect buildings for the Natural History Society, the State Agricultural Museum, a free gallery of Painting and Sculpture, and the Lord knows what else. We are getting ahead James tremendously fast, on paper. When you and I are very old and venerated accordingly, perhaps we may see all these magnificent schemes realized! Those country members though are great stumbling-blocks in the way of progress. They are jealous of Boston and prefer to regard its increase as fraught with danger to the peace and happiness of the Commonwealth. So they won't vote for the purchase of the Hancock House, and that measure, though pushed through the Senate, is going to be killed in the House to our everlasting shame. We have just got \$150,000 from the U.S. government, and how can we spend it better than by giving two-thirds of the sum to the Hancock House, and the other third to Agassiz for his great museum?

I bought a photograph the other day of Edouard of Frere's picture, "The Prayer"; have you ever seen it? A scene in a French peasant's cottage--and a young peasant mother sitting--her little girl kneeling before her with her hands folded and the mother holding them--and both looking down. A most sweet and lovely little picture.



We are in the enjoyment of days that are enough to make a man religious. Clear, bright, warm, almost like some I remember in Rome

a little earlier in the season, when we went round in the upper stories of the Coliseum digging up vile bulbs which were destined to humiliate us most painfully. These are the kind of days that Bryant meant in his little poem on March, though I believe you have lost confidence in Bryant since seeing Green River.

Either the fine weather or something else makes me too indolent to write any more today--indeed I am afraid I began with nothing to say and have said it. Let me hear from you.

Yours ever

Charles

Tuesday morning--This valuable communication laid over by simple forgetfulness, but nothing has happened to cause any necessity for addition to it. I am getting a little stagnant and want an angel to trouble me.

To J. H. Frothingham

Boston, 21st March 1859

My dear James

Forgive my leaving your last letter so long un-noticed--but I have been more busy for a week past than for a long time before, and it has been almost impracticable to find time. Somewhat strangely I was wishing for an angel to trouble the waters, in my last letter I believe--and since I wrote that I have certainly had small reason to complain of stagnation. The slip from the Advertiser which I send you will give you some idea of one thing that occupied me for a little while to some purpose as I think. I had spoken or written to you I believe before about the great Conservatory scheme--and most unexpectedly to me I was called upon to go up to the State House at the second hearing of the Committee and represent as best I might the benefits which would result to the cause of the Fine Arts from the execution of the proposed project. I had only from one afternoon till the next morning to prepare myself, and when the hearing came, I had the misfortune to succeed Mr. Waterston who spoke for an hour with great eloquence though in a somewhat discursive manner, so that small time was left for so humble an individual as myself. I spoke however for fifteen twenty minutes, as well as might be under the circumstances, and I beg you to believe that what I send you is a very inadequate report. I was glad of the opportunity, and shall be still better satisfied if it leads to others.

Well, then on Saturday the 12th, Edward Cabot, architect, came into my office asking me to play in some theatricals which they had arranged at the little theatre in Brookline, which you may have heard of from your friend and correspondent Miss Hooper. It is what she might reasonably call a "love of a theatre" attached to a very handsome house, and approached through a beautiful conservatory of flowers. I accepted Mr. Cabot's invitation with alacrity and after two rehearsals, played on Friday evening last the part of the despairing lover with great success, and to the edification of a select and brilliant audience. The company was delightful though somewhat aristocratic, the theatre charming, the house sumptuous, the supper magnificent, and altogether the occasion was highly satisfactory to all concerned. The play was "Not a Bad Judge", and the principal female characters were sustained by the two beautiful daughters of Geo. R. Russell (CKC note: probably Mrs. Theodore Lyman and Mrs. James B. Ames), an old friend of your partner, Capt. Howland. If he knows the daughters as well as the

father, he will perhaps be inclined to fear for my peace of mind when subjected to such influences and associations. Something like this I needed to offset your personation of John Alden at Mrs. Cary's.

That this round of dissipation when it ended so abruptly should not leave me stranded on the shore of idleness, I am now pretty busy with the remodelling of a Police Station House for the City under the instructions of Captain Savage, a very excellent Police Officer, but a very poor architect, who has been for some time past planning the alterations according to his ideas of convenience and has produced as the result of his studies, three story-plans perfectly frightful to contemplate. I as in duty-bound went to work to improve them to the best of my ability, and after having to some extent brought order out of chaos, submitted my improvements as I fondly fancied them to Capt. Savage. What was my horror to find that having bestowed the vigor of his mind upon them in all his leisure hours, probably for three months past, he had no idea of seeing them quietly overset by a presumptuous and egotistical young architect, but steadily adhered to these frightful plans before spoken of and absolutely refused to see any improvement in mine, delicately suggesting that he had been Captain of that Station for some six years and might be presumed to know the wants of a Police Station.

From the Captain I shall appeal to the Committee having the matter in charge and get my final instructions. These, my friend, are the perplexities of Architecture and perhaps you can imagine something of the disagreeableness of making a set of plans which you know are as bad as bad can be, and seeing the building built from them, you meanwhile getting all the credit of the matter from outsiders. So much for myself and what I have been doing. Pure egotism thusfar.

Now I want to thank you for that admirable tract of Mr. Longfellow's (Rev. Samuel **Longfellow**) which you sent me. It is the soundest and the most unanswerable statement of the Unitarian idea of God, as it should be, that I have yet seen. It fairly knocks Beecher off his legs, and I do not see how he is to escape from the humiliation of utter defeat. But I have no idea that he will recognise at all the force of the blow he has received.

As for me I am as well pleased with Mr. Longfellow's back-handed lick at the old-line Unitarians as with his direct attack on the Orthodox. I have long been disgusted at the canting of Unitarian prayers, even more contemptible as I think than that of the Orthodox, because it has no belief to spring from, and I am right glad that your excellent pastor has assumed the offensive as becomes all true Christians in this age of humbugs. But let me say, remembering divers and sundry discussions which I have had with you on the subject of Mr. Parker and his mode of fighting the good fight, that I desire you to be very watchful of Mr. Longfellow and to report to me the exact point at which his attacks upon the old belief lose the character of Ultra-Christian and take on that which you have so often attributed to the vigorous teachings of Mr. Parker. I do not think the writings of the two will ever be much alike in point of style, but in spirit and direction I think there will soon be small difference between them.

Horace expressed equal pleasure with the tract and immediately on finishing, mailed his copy direct to his friend Bennett, the Episcopalian minister who about the time of the christening of Horace's boy sent to him a huge book upon the necessity of Baptism as a means of grace or something equally enlightened and salutary. (CKC note: may be William James Early Bennett, an English theologian, leader of the Tractarian party.)

There is a very serious trouble in Boston with the Catholic children in the schools. They refuse in a body to read the Lord's Prayer or the Commandments in the Protestant version. The result has been the expulsion of nearly half the pupils of the Eliot School within the past week. The master of that school is now undergoing a suit in the Police Court, for whipping one of the rebellious Romans. It is a difficult question. On the one side, strict toleration would force us to abandon the religious exercises altogether, and on the other a just distrust of the Catholic influence would prompt us to take our position very firmly.

We have taken seats for a year at **Mr. Hale's church**. (CKC note: The South Congregational Church, then on Union Park Street; Rev. Edward Everett Hale was the minister. We all went there.) If Mr. Parker does not resume preaching, this will become a permanent arrangement. I will send you the sermons you wrote for as soon as I can get them. Your account of the birth-day bouquet, James, was very mystical and after long study I could not quite make it out clearly. Don't call me stupid but explain. Yours ever

Charles

To J. H. Frothingham

Boston, April 17th 1859

My dear James

I don't know when I have set myself to writing a letter on Sunday before, but I know you are waiting to get some answer to your inquiries in regard to the conduct of Libraries, and if I wait till a week day you may not get them. For strange as it may seem after all my forced idleness I am now for the present head over heels in work and the days are not long enough to let me finish all that I promise to my patrons. And this may explain why I have not answered your questions sooner. First let me thank you for the document of the Plymouth Trustees. They must have felt a sense of relief when that remarkable production was in the hands of the printer. Such a "statement"! I don't complain of the iconoclastic manner in which they pitch into temples and cathedrals and basilicas and all other precedents. That only leaves us free to do what we choose. Neither do I object to their prohibition of the phantasmagoric effects. But they require more accommodation than can be got in their space or for their money, at least that is my impression, and the preparations of their theological teas, and their Christian reunions etc. involve the widest departures from the paths of ordinary planning. Then what ineffable cant about the Christian home, and the brotherly love of their church members. Nevertheless I shall have great pleasure in going into the competition if I find time, which just now seems a little improbable, even considering the extension of time allowed.

I had a talk with Mr. Poole (CKC note: William Frederick Poole, librarian of the Boston Athenaeum from 1856 to 1868. See letter from W.P. Atkinson (below) introducing C.A.C. to Mr. Poole); the librarian of the Athenaeum, over your letter; a progressive man, author of the periodical index, and one who would be sure to know any contrivance for facilitating the operations of his department. In relation to the tracing of absent books, he says that in some English libraries a system of double and even of triple entry is adopted by which a book is charged first on the day-book, next on an alphabetical register, under its initial, and again on a chronological index, the working of which last he did not explain, but in reply to my question if such pains were at all repaid by the result he said, not at all by the simple object of finding

where a book is at any moment, which is not often required, but that these systems were adopted for the purpose of enabling the Librarian to determine how many volumes went out in a given time, how many times a given volume went out, and for such statistical objects as that. He said that in any library which had a large circulation, such a system of registration would compel the employment of a double force of assistants, and without being at all worth the while. In fact he spoke of it as rather the contrivance of a quiddling librarian who thought he had done something pretty ingenious and nice than as any really valuable improvement. At any rate he does not care to adopt it himself. Mr. Poole was formerly Librarian in the Mercantile Library of this city. The Library committee and the Committee on Purchase of Books are two distinct committees. To the latter is entrusted the entire responsibility of selection and price within their appropriation, tho' if an occasion occurred for purchasing some excessively costly work the advice of the general government would be asked. This is the nominal arrangement, but practically Poole said that while he was in office, he used to do about all the buying himself, and sent the bills to the Treasurer. And he said he does the same now for the Athenaeum, tho there is a Committee of the Proprietors entrusted with the duty of purchasing. His experience and fitness are much greater however than are often found in the Librarian.

Your European project frightens me, still I wish you may realize it for it would do you much good and Lizzie more. I shall stay behind and cry. Hagar offers me a free passage to Genoa and back -next winter. I will try and find out Maffei.

Yours

Charles

Letter from W. P. Atkinson to Chas. Folsom, Esq.

10 March 1859

Dear Sir,

The bearer is Chas. A. Cummings the young man I mentioned to you as desiring to obtain the use of one of your shares. He is son of Amos Cummings, an old and well-known citizen, was formerly my pupil for a short time, and is now in the office of Mr. Bryant the architect. I am sure he will make good use of the privilege.

Respectfully

Your obt. Servt

(sgd.) W. P. Atkinson

To J. H. Frothingham

Boston, 22d August 1861

My dear James

Your scolding is exhilarating--and I hasten to reply that you may not have the satisfaction of believing me utterly demolished. I have no doubt you folded up your letter with a grin of ineffable content as of a gunner who has just let off a 64-pounder with a good range.

But I beg leave to remark in self-defence that you misunderstood the meaning of my innocent ejaculation. Faith is a highly commendable virtue, but may degenerate into weakness and credulity. If the New Haven Railroad had had less faith in Chouler or the Eastern Railroad in Tuckerman (1), it would have been all the better for the shareholders. I believe a sentimental faith to have been the cause of our present mortification, a faith in the competency of incompetent officers--a faith in the honesty of dishonest contractors--a faith in the loyalty of disloyal office-holders and citizens generally--a blind and criminal trust in rotten reeds--beautiful and touching but by no means business-like or serviceable, and which would have been well replaced by a little distrust of scoundrels and fools.

Mind you I have all your confidence in the people. But I say that twenty millions of people make a very poor executive, and that their power and their enthusiasm must be delegated to and concentrated in a government, before their intentions are likely to become historical facts.

Now I think I have not said it before to any one, but I confess I can see no signs that the government of the United States either appreciates the tremendous importance of the emergency, or is possessed of the requisite energy and ability to meet its requirements. I cannot but see that they are driven by the People, and do in no way lead the People. They deliberate, they hesitate, they falter--until the impatience of the People forces them into some undertaking for which they are ill prepared and then when the disaster comes, the blame is laid to the charge of the People who "forced them on against their convictions". What drivelling--Lyon (General Nathaniel Lyon) with 5,000 men can come forth victorious from a battle with four times his number because he has energy in his soul, and no spies in his camp or at his Council--while the central government with Commander-in-Chief, Lieut. General, Major Generals by the dozen, and as many men as it chooses to call, is foiled and beaten at every step and becomes justly the laughing stock of every malignant editor in Great Britain. I say, James, it is humiliating--and that all the justice of God on our side will not give us victory if we are not able to enforce it by power. Is the spirit of the 4th Pennsylvania Regiment which Russell met on his way to Centerville, calculated to promote our patience?

Is the spirit of nine out of ten of the contractors who keep our soldiers half starved and half naked so that they may put money in their purse, calculated to give us faith? "Je demand l'arrestation des coquins et des lâches." -- I have faith in God and in the cause of Freedom, but I cannot help remembering that the patience of the North has not always been heroic--and now that traitors are beginning to talk loud in these States of ours, I think what we want is not so much patience as energy and a severity of punishment which shall be some guaranty of the earnestness and sincerity of those in power. Cameron (Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, March 4, 1861-January '62) seems to be generally acknowledged as a knave. Welles (Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy) certainly shows utter inefficiency in keeping up the usefulness of the Navy. Montgomery Blair (Postmaster-General) said to Banks (General Nathaniel Prentiss Banks) (this is not newspaper report) just before the last Battle, that with 20,000 men we could march to New Orleans. So much for the Cabinet, and I don't think the military officers do show much more agreeably. I read a leader in the Evening Post of Tuesday, I think, which summed up the condition pretty well I thought--and there was precious little comfort to be gotten out of it.

I look with infinite anxiety to the next battle-- If the conduct of the army (I mean the handling of it) is not reformed before that happens, and the departments purified from traitors, I believe we shall be beaten.

Now if you thought meanly of me for my last letter, which your reply seems to indicate, you will probably despise me for this. All right, I shall be sorry, but I have no faith in imbecility, against such alertness as the South displays. I will send you if I can find it, Phillips's (Wendell Phillips, abolitionist [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wendell_Phillips]) speech at Abigdon, on the last inst.--don't throw it aside until you have read it.

Good-bye--I respect you, and wish there were more such, but don't slide into optimism in such a time as this.

Yours ever

Charles

[Note: Boston Society of Architects: On June 20, 1867, approximately 50 architects convened in the City of Boston to sign the articles of association for the Boston Society of Architects — SOURCE: Boston Society of Architects 1867-1967, The First 100 Years Edited by Marvin E. Goody and Robert P. Walsh, pg 16-17

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boston_Society_of_Architects]

LETTERS TO KIMBALL FAMILY 1869-1877

CAC was married to Margaret Kimball (Margy or M.K.C.), daughter of Hon. Moses Kimball, on Oct. 13, 1869, in Boston, by Unitarian Rev. S. K. Lothrop, minister of Brattle Church in Boston, assisted by E.E. Hale. See [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Samuel_Kirkland_Lothrop_\(clergyman\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Samuel_Kirkland_Lothrop_(clergyman)).

Their first home was at 9 Union Park, off Harrison Avenue in the South End. It is shown in the accompanying photo from about this time. Birth records indicate that CKC and FHC were born at 9 Union Park, in 1870 and 1872, before the new family moved to the new home at 230 Clarendon Street.



1869 Wedding Journey

To Miss L. S. Kimball [new sister-in-law]

Errol Dam (N.H.)

Oct.19,1869 (age 36)

(CKC note: They were on their **wedding journey**.)

Dear Lulu,

We left Colebrook N.H. this forenoon en route for this place. Though the sun did not shine except occasionally, there was blue sky once in a while, and going through the Dixville Notch the snow was very charming, lying lightly on all the leaves and making the woods look as if they were full of white. We walked all the way through the Notch, for the road was hilly and rough and besides it was pleasanter. It was very grand. I picked some wild flowers and leaves to press. The road all the way today has been pretty bad, some bridges having been washed away by the late flood and imperfectly replaced the mud often almost too deep for the horses to pull through, but our driver who is a character and amuses us constantly is very careful and skilful. Errol Dam is a charming spot, on the Androscoggin, and the noise of the fall reminds me of the rapids of Niagara as we heard them from our window. have one portion of the house quite to ourselves, and see no one except at meals. We leave here to-morrow if the snow (which is now falling steadily) is not too deep, and shall go half way to Bethel, expecting to go home on Saturday via Portland.

To Miss L.S. Kimball

Studio Building (where his office was), about 1870

Dear Lulu

All the world was in a state of the highest and most bewildering excitement over a Phantom Party at Kimballs', given by young O. Norcross on the occasion of his birthday.. Your staid and eminently respectable brother-in-law made a guy of himself like all the rest (literally like all the rest, for there was no telling anybody from anybody else) and got his manly form rigged up in a ghostly looking sheet, with a pillowcase for a head, and a white mask to complete the outfit. Before the mask was put on, he was thought to look like an Arab sheik, after the mask was on, he resembled nothing so much as one of the nuns in Robert le Diable. The party was pretty successful I believe, and certainly everybody looked queer enough if that were the test.

To Mrs. Moses Kimball [mother-in-law]

Boston, 26th July 1870

My dear Mrs. Kimball,

Margy asked me to send you a line today (she not finding time this morning before I came away) to say that she has changed her plans in regard to Fitchburg in accordance with your views.

Tomorrow Margy is coming up to the house to "do" currants. Cohasset seems to agree with the young woman. Her eating is somewhat alarming, and I expect every day a complaint from Mrs. Hunt. She has taken to driving, and takes me to the boat at Nantasket beach every morning. Last night she surprised me by meeting me when I came down, and saving me my dusty ride in the public wagon. I think she would like to see her Mamma, but she doesn't pine, and I have only once caught her really blue. Mother is well, too, and I think quite contented.

To Miss Helen F. Kimball (HFK, sister-in-law)

Cohasset, 1870

[FHC note: this is just before the Sept. 25 birth of CKC. HFK's Diaries exist from earlier years: 1854 at NEHGS/American Ancestors in Boston, and at RTP Historical Trust at Stonehurst, Waltham, for 1856-57, 1860-63 and 1863-67.]

My dear Helen,

At length after a day of roasting, broiling, frying, stewing heat, it is comfortable enough for me to obey the command of my spouse, and write a P.S. to her letter.

All the members of Mrs. Hunt's household, having concealed themselves in dark corners, unseen, during the hot hours of this dreadful day, are now gathered around the front door of the house, some on the piazza, some on the steps, some on the grass below, where a couple of boys have just executed capital punishment on Miss Plumer's doll, by hanging her by the neck on the limb of a tree. A most sweet and lovely summer evening--sky and ocean and green shores all radiant in the sunset. This house, as Margy has doubtless reported, has a pleasant seat on a steep little hill, all surrounded with trees, and commanding a very extensive and varied prospect over sea and land, of which it is hard to say which is most lovely. A stronger contrast to the Princeton view could hardly be imagined, and yet I presume you would think the latter the finer. The Minot's Ledge light is directly opposite our door, and a splendid ledge of rocks just adjacent gives the whole magnificent sweep of sea clear round to Boston Light. The sunsets as seen from these rocks are wonderfully lovely.

Margie seems well and pretty contented, albeit she pities herself a little once in a while for being so far away, as is but natural.

Goodbye. Remember me to everybody at Princeton. Tell Lulu not to forget to look for my blue berries (not blueberries) on Wachusett. Say to Hannah, I am saving up materials for her long letter.

1871 Moved into 230 Clarendon Street

CAC designed this house for himself at the corner of Newbury Street. He called it "The Corner".

The accompanying photo, taken in 2015, shows Charles Kimball Cummings ("Kim", born 1940) in front of his house.



Great Boston Fire of 1872

“Following Boston's Great Fire of 1872, the firm was enlisted in the reconstruction of many downtown buildings.” (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charles_Amos_Cummings)

One such is the “Bedford Block” at Summer & Devonshire Streets downtown Boston, pictured here.



To Moses Kimball (father-in-law, age 63)

Boston, 13th May 1873 (age 39)

[FHC note: this is after the 4/15/72 birth of FHC, the first.]

My forethought generally comes afterwards, else I should have thought before you went away to give you these mysterious letters from my friend, Melander, a young Swedish architectural draughtsman who has worked from time to time in our office. I ventured to ask him the signification of the word “Maraskalk” which appears as a title on the envelopes and he innocently said it meant Mayor, as he thought you had filled that exalted position. He said particularly that the “Hoflifmedikns” Lundberg in Stockholm would do everything for you, and I rather suspect he has fired off some tremendous compliments in that letter. I hope Helen's attainments will not fail her before she has made them out. If the people ask about Melander, tell them he is making his way and can get as much work as he pleases to do.

Boston is placid. The chief excitement arises from Mr. **Barnum's** Great Moral Show which is now occupying the Coliseum grounds, and which if I can judge by the gang of noisy rowdies who have been passing our windows this evening, appears to have attracted a considerable number of immoral persons. [P. T. Barnum was a business partner with Moses Kimball for some period.]

The Mass. Charitable Fire Society sat down to its semi-annual Banquet yesterday afternoon. The company was small in numbers but highly respectable. You will be glad to know that your venerable successor, Mr. Loughton, presided with mingled dignity and grace, and distinguished himself when the festivities were at their height, by getting the company on their legs and solemnly proposing “The Health of our departed brothers, David Kimball and John P. Ober”. After which, however, he did change the Health into Memory before the revelers sat down.

I hear from Charles Thacher [FHC note: see 1936 letter to CKC from Thacher’s nephew W. D. Austin, in Attachments] that August Fries, brother of Wulf, is at Bergen, Norway, director of orchestra at the theatre. He will surely be worth looking up.

Things go on much as usual at the office-- Bon voyage to all.

To Miss Hannah Kimball

Campton, Sept. 1874

I wonder if Peggy has told you of the tremendous compliment which Mrs. Endicott contemplated paying you? Perhaps however you have already heard direct from the complimentress. Mr. E. asked me one morning if I could tell him where Miss Hannah Kimball was-- I said No, I couldn't, that she had contracted a habit of wandering up and down upon the face of the earth lately and I shouldn't know in what particular corner of it to look for her at present. But I could give him the address by which a letter would reach her, which I did. Then he said Mrs. Endicott and he were going abroad next month and the notion had occurred to Madame that Mademoiselle would make a pleasant travelling companion to the Nile and the regions thereto circumjacent (sic) whither they were bound. Mr. E. asked me if I thought Miss Hannah would go, to which I replied saying I couldn't tell, but thought it very possible since she was a young woman without any very strong, family feeling, who might therefore be glad to escape from her parents and sisters for a year or so. He took the address evidently intending to write and see. They are to sail on the 5th, I believe.

1875 New Old South Church Built

From the church's website (<https://www.oldsouth.org/history>):

"Following the Great Boston Fire of 1872 the church evacuated the Meeting House for finer surroundings in the Back Bay which afforded additional land on which to build meeting spaces, offices and a rectory. In 1875, Old South Church officially left the Meeting House to move to its current location in Copley Square.

"The New Old South Church: Completed in 1875 it is anything but a Puritan Meetinghouse. It is as if its builders were determined to shout to all the world, "We're not Puritans anymore!" Built during America's **Gilded Age**, the New Old South Church—colorful, exuberant, highly ornamented—is one of the US's finest examples of Northern Italian Ruskinian Gothic. With a soaring



campanile [the tower, which began to list by the late 1920s, due to “piles anchored in the soft former swampland” and was then reconstructed], large copper lantern and an interior of carved cherry wood and Caen stone, it is warm and welcoming. The building was designed by the architects Cummings & Sears, who so admired their work that they both had their faces carved on to stone columns in the portico.”

The accompanying photo was taken in 2015 during a visit to Old South by the following descendants of CAC, from left to right:

- Anne Forbes
- Jock Forbes
- Evan Cummings (age 7)
- Kim Cummings (CKC))
- Rachael Cummings
- Brad Swing (friend and host)
- Gabriel Cummings (age 4)
- Charlie Cummings.



Back to CAC Letters:

To Mrs. Moses Kimball

3d April 1875

My dear Mrs. Kimball

I must send a line to acknowledge with many thanks the splendid photograph of Karnak which you sent me. It gives the character of the thing wonderfully. I am glad you have made up your mind to go to Syria. You have been now long enough in the East to get fairly into the spirit of it, and I am prepared to see a dreadful degeneracy on the part of the whole family from the active habits of former years. I especially apprehend the effects of this long sojourn upon Helen, who has always appeared to me of an indolent and phlegmatic disposition which I fear will be greatly aggravated by this dolce far niente of Oriental life (CKC note: referencing Helen Frances Kimball, a sister-in-law, always a most active and busy person).

To the Misses Kimball

230 Clarendon Street [their new home on the corner of Newbury Street, built in 1871]

14th July, 1875

[FHC note: this letter is about the **birth of Margaret (Daisy).**]

Dear Aunties (for this is for both Hannah and Lulu)

The house is as still as if there weren't a brand new spick and span baby in it. But there is, and it's a gal baby too, which makes the quiet all the more surprising. At this present writing, the young woman is four hours and a half old, having uttered her first cry (and it was a sufficiently shrill one) at precisely ten minutes past two.

She is a fat baby, and the nurse pronounces her lovely.

She has a fine head of blonde hair, which is now banged on the forehead.

She is now fast asleep, but even in her sleep she looks cross, as if she didn't like it. She doesn't put her arm in her mouth as her brother Faffa does, but lies with her arms folded up and her thumbs neatly tucked away under her fingers.

I have no doubt she is born into this world with a mission, and that mission is to teach her brothers manners. Isn't that what sisters are for in general? Which may account for my want of manners.

She dresses in white; but then that may be merely on account of the season. I have asked her whether she thinks Princeton would suit her ladyship for a month or so later on, but she replied with a scowl that she hadn't made up her mind. When she does, we shall know what to do, for I have no doubt she will set up a ruthless tyranny over the whole household.

So no more at present from your ever affectionate, but uncommonly fatherly brother

P.S. Margie desires me to say that Hannah's proposition to take Charlie at Princeton (Massachusetts) for a week or so, meets her most hearty concurrence, and in furtherance thereof, I propose, unless I should hear from Hannah to the contrary, to accompany that youngster to Princeton as soon as may be, say on Friday morning. Your Father thinks I can comfortably enough go up in the morning and back in the evening of the same day, and have some hours during which to prosecute inquiries as to a place where our tribe can be received for a month or so.

To Miss Hannah Kimball (age 31)

West Newton, 24th August 1875 (CAC age 42)

This is nothing but a P.S. A full letter is entirely beyond my powers just now, and I am by no means sure that they won't give out even before the end of this half sheet. But I desire to assure you at least, that if I haven't written any letters, it is not from indifference or from any want of appreciation of yours, which I have enjoyed extremely. I have recommended Margie to stitch them into a cover and make a sort of manuscript volume of them for preservation. The idea seemed to strike her favorably and this hint of immortality will doubtless stimulate you to renewed exertions in your future letters. Of which however there will not be very many, for the time it flies, and you have been on your wanderings almost four months out of the allotted six. The Norwegian experiences are specially interesting and the continuous narrative is far better

than that of divers bumptious volumes I have taken from the library, covering the same field. What wretched things books of travel are for the most part.

I am sorry you don't take more interest in the children, but I suppose it's because Margie says so little about them in her letters. I presume she feels some natural reluctance to appear too much engrossed by them. I assure you however that they are considered very interesting children, particularly the younger. Larlie (CKC, almost age 5) is all very well and is promising; indeed I think he improves visibly in temper and intelligence; but after all, Kleinste's (FHC, age 3) the boy. Your father (Moses Kimball, 65) is right--that infant unites in his small person a surprising variety of charms. Margie would be quite fond of him if it were not for the desperate impossibility of making his hair curl. Her efforts in that direction are persistent and determined, but futile. His hair is straight. Even with this heavy disadvantage however, he is a wonderful baby and he walks into the affections of all comers, old and young, in a tranquil way that is beautiful to see.

The summer is going fast, only a week left of it. We are trying to make up our minds whither we can flee for a fortnight's rest and refreshment, for the West Newton life hasn't been very refreshing and the summer as far as enjoyment is concerned, has been nearly a blank. We may go to Williamstown, where the Frothinghams are, but James holds out but faint hopes of any rooms to be had in their house, or we may go up again to Campton; I have just written to Sanborn asking what he can do for us. But somewhere we must go, somewhere within sight of mountains and streams, for here we all do fade as a leaf. Tell Helen I am glad she was disappointed in Cologne; it is a great piece of masonry but not high art--that you will see at Rheims and Amiens. Goodbye, with love to all.

To Miss Hannah Kimball.

Clarendon Street, 20th Nov. 1876, Everybody abed, babies all quiet, torrents of rain pouring down outside, and a N.E. gale rattling all the windows & blinds and howling down the flues, and up the registers.

Dear Hannah,

At last I begin to envy you. I have been quietly enjoying all your letters down through Germany, but didn't think on the whole you were having a very much better time than you would have at home. By the time the Innsbruck letters came I began to think I should like to join you. When you were fairly over the border and into Italy I began to get excited, and now that you are fairly off for the East, I am prepared to find that my system is getting a little run down and that the equable climate of the Nile is really necessary to set me up again. I should be glad to take Peggy with me but I don't see how she can leave the children. Your budget of letters from Venice and Brindisi arrived this morning just after breakfast. It is quite amazing to find you have so suddenly got down to the heel of the boot, and are on the Mediterranean headed towards the Levant. The very names are exciting. I remember very well that when I was abroad (though that must have been in a previous state of existence), I didn't quite feel as if I were in a foreign country till I was in Athens and saw all the men in white petticoats, and still more on the little island of Syra in the Archipelago, where no mortal seemed to have anything

to do but to sit in the cafes and smoke nargilehs and drink coffee. But if you really get to Constantinople and Smyrna, as a sort of bitters to sharpen your appetite for the Nile, I think you will feel to the full in the next few weeks the exquisite delight of really foreign travel.

We have been reading Lady Duff Gordon's letters, which I presume you read last winter among the rest of the Egyptian reading, and very entertaining and spirited they are, though the poor lady was fighting hard for her life against consumption, and died not long after. They are very rose-colored, and I hope you will find everything in Egypt as delightful as she did. She makes an exception however in the climate which seemed very capricious and strange to say very cold. Our climate is a nice one. When I came from Philadelphia on the 15th October, I got home in a fierce snow-storm which cleared off so cold that the snow lay on the ground in shady places some days.

We have had no more snow since, but for the last fortnight extremely raw and cloudy weather. What this tremendous rainstorm will bring forth, we will wait and see. I trust my 200 tulips and hyacinths out in the rain won't start up under the impression that it is spring. You should have seen my friend Moses and me hard at work all one forenoon putting them in. We arose from our knees with blistered palms and vague apprehensions of lockjaw and such like terrors.

Two or three of you have said they wanted to hear about my experience at Philadelphia (at the Centennial Exhibition, see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Centennial_Exposition). I haven't much to say, except that it was the most fatiguing place I ever got into, barring Mount Vesuvius. But there was certainly plenty to see, and the difficulty was to skip judiciously. I really paid little attention to any but the departments of China, Japan, England and France, and the Art Gallery. And those I didn't half see. The Japanese and British houses were both very charming. We got into the former through Mrs. Hooper's passe-partout, and into the other with Gen. Loring's. Both have been presented, as I understand, by their respective Commissioners, to the City of Philadelphia and will remain where they are as ornaments of the park. They will be great educators. Nothing educates like an example constantly before our eyes, and the exquisite refinement and good taste of these two buildings, diametrically opposite, too, to each other, ought to improve the architecture of Philadelphia very sensibly. The people of P. are madly excited, or were when I was there, over the question of the preservation of the main building, as a sort of perpetual exhibition of manufactures, etc. Good gracious! how would they warm it in winter, and how would they fill a quarter of it, if they put all their manufactures into it. And if they did, who would go and see them? There is I believe no probability of it.

I believe I am sleepy and shall bid you good-night. I send my greetings and good wishes to all and my hopes that you may find the Mediterranean as kind and smooth as I found it. I am sorry your Father (Moses Kimball) has had so much cold. Of course he won't keep it, after getting into warmer and less changing climates. Your Mother (Frances Lavinia Angier Hathaway Kimball, both about 67) seems to have greatly rejoiced at getting out of Germany. Tell her I sympathize with her, and have no doubt she will find herself much better in every way in the Southern airs and under the Southern skies.

I shall send a memorandum to Helen with this respecting photographs etc. It is difficult to realize that you are probably at this moment under Turkish rule. Several persons have doubted whether you would be able to carry out this important part of your programme; among others Mrs. Motte, mère, whom I saw at Sears's house the other Sunday, and who said that

Tom Richardson who travels with a Turkey in company, Mr. Chrononhotonthologos, or some such name, had been obliged to give up his intention of wintering in Egypt. I am very glad to see you have laughed such fears to scorn, and are not to miss the picturesqueness and strangeness of the East. Tell us all about the people you meet; and I shall expect a special letter or two on the details of the Saracenic architecture of the Eastern cities, a branch of the art which has always greatly interested me and about which it is not easy to learn anything from books or photographs, which we seldom see. Good-bye.

Yours

Charles

To Mrs. Moses Kimball

8th Jan. 1877

The decoration of Trinity Church proceeds steadily I believe, but Christmas has passed and the church is not finished. I think Easter is now fixed as the time of occupying the church, but there is yet much to do, and, if your tour is not too prolonged, you may yet be home in time to assist at the dedication.

Two letters this morning from Cairo. Margie has read one aloud. We have been reading Mrs. Howe's memoir of her husband, the good Doctor. I have brought home Tom Appleton's book ["Syrian Sunshine", see https://www.google.com/books/edition/Syrian_Sunshine/h7tCzwEACAAJ?hl=en], and having previously read Lady Duff Gordon and Dr. Norman McLeod, we shall get tolerably well informed as to your mode of life and surroundings. May your voyage be prosperous and happy. Thank Mr. K. for his letter to me from Cairo.

To Miss Lulu Kimball

25th February 1877

Dear Lulu,

I wrote you an extremely fine letter some weeks ago, but Margie got hold of it somehow, and confiscated it, with her usual tyranny saying I should not send it, because it was stupid. As if you would believe that, or as if I should be likely after such treatment as that to do any better. The reason why it was stupid in her eyes was, that there was no record in it of the sayings or doings of any of the children, but instead, only an intelligent discussion of questions of general interest, such as I considered would be an agreeable relief after the minute details which she is in the habit of sending you concerning the daily life of her small household. I am happy to say that the sanitary condition of that household is greatly changed for the better. But what nonsense this is to write to a person 5,000 miles off. Your Nile letters have been extremely interesting and the more detailed they are, the more attractive. I am delighted to hear that your father (Moses Kimball) enjoys that life, and is not bored by the inactivity of it. It can hardly fail to do you all lots of good. Helen in her last letter advises us to read some book of Nile travel. Good gracious! and Tom Appleton, and Warner, to say nothing of as, if we hadn't read Lady Gordon, and Dr. Macleod, Murray and one or two others. But the letters are better than any of

the books. Let's have some more. Helen is very saucy in her observations respecting me. But I forgive her, because she is quite outside of Christian influences, I've no doubt I should behave like a Turk if I should travel in the East for any time. Ware brought us in one night some of the loveliest photographs of Egyptian scenery I have ever seen. They belonged to Gen. Loring and were so beautiful that I couldn't bear to return them, but kept them lying about for a fortnight. The best of them were by Hammerschmidt.. Among them two views of the pyramids were specially fine.

Tell your Mamma that Trinity is consecrated, with great splendor, and the big man (Phillips Brooks) is now heard there three times every Sunday. Tell your Papa that the long agony is over and the country is spared the disgrace of having for President a convicted swindler and a notorious friend and accomplice of the worst and lowest politicians [Tilden]. The joint tribunal has decided every point submitted to it in the disputed states, Florida, Louisiana and Oregon will be counted in and Hayes will be the President. I think the feeling towards him is one of general confidence and safety. [See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1876_United_States_presidential_election.]

And now, goodbye. I shall make great haste to get this sealed up, for fear Margie should capture it and declare it more stupid than the other. Mother continues to improve steadily but slowly, still visibly growing stronger, and feeling very cheerful and grateful.

Give my love to all.

Charles.

Mother sends her love to all and says she wishes you would hurry home.

To Mrs. Moses Kimball

Quincy, 1st July 1877

We have been here two days, of which the first was consumed in getting to rights. The second is the blessed Sunday and is a day of rest in the fullest sense of the word. We are on a hill just over the village of Quincy, which we overlook entirely, and with the whole extent of the harbor spread out before us from the city to the offing. The gold dome gleams on one side, and on the opposite I can just now see the steamer making its way up Weare River to Nantasket. Boston Light is square in front, and sends its periodical flashes into our eyes as we lie in bed.

As for the house itself, it is a dilapidated old mansion belonging to Mr. Adams, in which he lived himself many years ago, his brother-in-law Mr. Frothingham later, and John Quincy alias Jack, still later, Jack having built himself a castle down on the beach some five years ago. The place has been a very pretty one but has been sadly neglected of late, which however does not prevent it being entirely comfortable for a summer house, and we all consider ourselves extremely fortunate to have dropped into at the last moment, when we had been switched off from Manchester.

Well that's enough about our Seat. We hope it will prove a haven of rest, and when your company of weary travelers touch the shores of New England once more, you shall take your ease on these hospitable piazzas and smile at the treacherous ocean which you have crossed. I am much amused at the expressions of satiety in the letters of the young ladies, especially

Lulu, whom I shall congratulate on getting home, more even than I did on setting out. I doubt if any of you will be very sorry.. But I wish to warn you in advance against counting on much satisfaction from the children. They have their lucid intervals, short but delightful, and these you will enjoy, but for the greater part of the time large allowances have to be made and a large share of patience invoked. This relates especially to the boys, but I grieve to say that my little daughter is by no means all sweetness and has proved an apt learner of all the disagreeable traits of her brothers. I consider it my duty to say these few words of truth and soberness as a set-off to the one-sided and partial accounts which I fear you have been getting from Margie.

To Miss Hannah H. Kimball

Steamer John Romer, Boston Harbor, En route
from Downer Landing, July 24, 1877

If you find my handwriting somewhat illegible, you may attribute it, not to the pitching and rolling of the vessel, but to the erratic and somewhat spasmodic movements of Francis's head which I am using as a desk. You must know that we are on a spree, and Charley says he has had a jolly time. Francis is less demonstrative but seems to be in a placid frame of mind be tokening that he also has found it pleasant. Melville Gardens are a sort of Kroll's établissement on a large scale, and with a variety of natural scenery such as Berlin cannot pretend to. ["In 1871 the Rose Standish House was constructed in what is now Crow Point (in Hingham MA). The hotel was part of Samuel Downer's Victorian-era amusement park, Melville Garden, until the park was dismantled in 1896." Source: <https://outofthearchives.org/tag/melville-garden/>] The chief end of man at Melville Gardens is a clam chowder with accompaniments of bowling, dancing, root-beer, target-shooting, and the like. And really it is not an unattractive place. While the getting to and from it, provided the boat be not over-crowded, is delightful, just now the boat is crowded in a way that is almost dangerous. But it is no wonder for it is one of the most perfect days of the summer, and the sea and sky and air are a luxury to every sense. (Francis's head wriggles horribly, and Charley, seeing my difficulty in writing, says, "Let me be table, and have Francis's hat on, because I can keep stiller.")

We got a nice batch of letters yesterday from Paris, with the satisfactory news of your passage being engaged. That will enable me to answer many enquiries from all sorts of people.

Pray give your mother my thanks for the photographs of the Opera House, which are very attractive. Here we are at the wharf. We are all sorry, but all pleasant things come to an end soon.

Goodbye.

1877 LETTER TO CHILDREN

To C.K.C. and F.H.C.

The Crawford House White Mountain Notch

October 7th, 1877

My dear little boys,

Here we are, your Mamma and I, away up in the mountains of New Hampshire, ever so far away from all our little chickens. Many times today, when we have been walking or driving, have we thought of those little chickens, and wondered what they were doing this pleasant Sunday. Mamma thought, Aunty Nanny had taken Charley to church with her, and hoped he had behaved as well there as he did when Grandma took him to church with her at Quincy. But what did Francis and the Baby do? They did not go to church, for Francis would wriggle, and Baby would sing out loud, and folks would look round and wonder what people brought those children to church. Here there isn't any church to go to; so Mamma and I took a walk this morning up a high hill--it was pretty steep, and Papa had to find a stick for Mamma to help herself up with; but when we were at the top, there was a lovely view of great mountains with snow on their tops and valleys filled with forests with green and red, and yellow and brown leaves, all lighted up by the glorious sunshine, and it was all so beautiful that it did us quite as much good as if we had gone to church. Then after dinner, we had a wagon with two strong horses (for your Mamma has eaten so much here that she has grown very fat) and were driven to this house, which is rather pleasanter than the other. We have seen here, in the parlor, the biggest wood fire we ever saw. Great logs of wood a great deal bigger than either of you, and one of them bigger than Papa, were heaped up to the very top of the fireplace, and a man wheeled them into the parlor in a wheelbarrow, to put them on the fire.

From the railroad yesterday afternoon while our train was standing still, waiting for another train to pass, we looked down into the valley and saw a house where a whole family were buried up and killed by an avalanche which came down from the mountain just where we were standing. You must get Aunty Nanny or Grandma to tell you about it.

Now I must go to bed, so as to get up early tomorrow. Be good boys, and have just as good times as you can, without troubling anybody. Good night. Your loving Papa.

LETTERS FROM 1879 VACATION IN FLORIDA

To Willard T. Sears (his partner)

Magnolia, Florida

16th March 1879.

My dear Sears,

Here I am, twelve hundred miles off, in the land of perpetual summer, endless white sand, orange trees, alligators, grey moss, swamps and chills and fever. Of the last it is fair to say, we have had as yet no experience, and don't mean to have any if prudence is any safeguard.. But the rest are characteristic and not to be missed by any traveler. The climate is after all the most surprising thing. From the morning we left Norfolk, ten days ago, until now, with the exception of one day at Fernandina when the wind blew strong and chilly from the Northeast, there has been no break in the uniform soft, sweet balmy feel of the air. I don't think there is much difference in this respect between Florida and Georgia or South Carolina. Charleston was as warm last Sunday as today is on the St. Johns. We spent the forenoon in going down the harbor on a little steamer to Sullivan's Island, and I did not even take an overcoat. Think of going down Boston Harbor on the 9th of March without an overcoat! Charleston is a very interesting city and a very handsome one, even in decay; perhaps it is more interesting because of its decay. Everything is mouldy and a little dilapidated, but there is a great deal of grace and dignity in the architecture of the streets, even the less important ones and much picturesqueness in the arrangement of the houses, chiefly owing to the universal use of broad piazzas or galleries two, three and even four stories above each other. In the large houses the effect of these broad galleries is very palatial, especially as they front not on the street but on a garden, enclosed by a high wall of masonry with quite stunning gateways. The entrance-door from the street lets you onto the first gallery, not directly into the house. But I will spare you any further architectural descriptions. We found Savannah hot and uninteresting, the streets ankle deep in sand, and no picturesqueness like that of Charleston.

We came on by the inside steamer-route to Fernandina, Jacksonville, and thence up this magnificent stream to this beautiful spot. There is no town here, only an old-fashioned hotel, tolerably well kept, with a row of cottages under the trees along the river bank. It looked very attractive as we walked up the pier from the steamer landing, just at sunset the other evening. Half a dozen big orange trees stand just under our windows, loaded with fruit and speckled all over with blossoms. These are the bitter oranges, not good to eat, but marvelous to look at and the fragrance of the blossoms in the evening is almost over-powering. We go on tomorrow to St. Augustine and later in the week, up stream to Palatka. If you write, as I hope you will, send to the St. James Hotel, Jacksonville.

Give my very kind regards to your wife and all your household; also my wife's with her special thanks to Mrs. Sears for her assistance the day before our departure. Pray let me hear from you soon.

To Miss. Hannah. Kimball

Palatka, 23d March 1879

We came up the river yesterday afternoon from St. Augustine, reaching this place a little after eight o'clock. We had a delightful week at St.A., the weather not being at any time oppressively hot, and the pleasant people we were with most of the time, making the time pass very agreeably. It is a wonderfully quaint old town, more foreign looking than most European towns that I remember, and more picturesque. It is the only place in Florida, I should think, that has any interest whatever apart from the climate and one or two distinctively Southern trees. Of course it is a real pleasure to see a grove of orange trees loaded with fruit and flowers. Few sights are more attractive. The magnolias also are really magnificent (the trees I mean, for they

are not yet in flower), so are the date palms at St. Augustine, and the profusion of roses and other flowers in the gardens is delightful.

But these are details, and they are entirely insufficient to counteract the impression of forlornness and poverty and scantiness and flatness and weakness, even meanness, which this whole country leaves upon the mind of anybody accustomed to the splendid variety of beauty in the New England landscape or the New England climate. Soft: yes of course it is soft, and softness is delicious, sometimes.

But there are things more respectable,-- Last night about eight o'clock, when we were approaching Palatka, and perhaps a mile from it, we were greatly struck, on going out on the forward deck, at finding the air perfectly laden with the fragrance of the orange orchards with which the town is surrounded. Well, that sounds rather ravishing--but the truth is we have now been among orange trees for less than two weeks and are both heartily sick of this overpowering sweetness. But I never heard of anybody getting sick of the smell of a clover-field in June, or of new mown hay. So the soft air is delicious after the harsh East winds of Boston bay, but the trouble is there is here no foil to it by virtue of which its sweetness can be appreciated. I long even now for a sweep of clear cold Northwest wind over snow. I am convinced that the roses, luxuriant as they are in these parts, don't really respect the climate, and the proof of it is they have no smell. Col. Hart's gardener told us this morning that of seventy-five varieties of roses growing in his garden, there were only two which had any fragrance.

Tomorrow we go up the famous Ocklawaha river, the grand ne plus ultra of Florida travel, where the steamer ploughs her way through masses of fighting alligators, where rattlesnakes and moccasins hang from every tree and the air resounds continuously with the crack of the rifles of the eager tourists, who never hit anything. We have been down with Col. Hart to see the stupendous craft on which we make this perilous voyage, and were greatly impressed by her size and splendor.

To M. C. (daughter Daisy)

Palatka, Florida

23d March 1879

(CAC age 46, Daisy age 4)

I want to see you, and I wish I had put you in my carpet-bag as I said I would, and brought you down here with me, so that I could take you out every now and then, and look at you. There are lots of little girls down here, at all the big houses we are living in, some of them a great deal prettier than my little fat girl, but I don't want to put any of them in my bag. Why not, do you suppose? The little girls and boys we see running about the streets are all black, and they are all bare-headed, and bare-footed, and bare-legged, and very dirty, only they are so black you can't see the dirt, but they have very jolly times all the same. Mamma and I stopped ever so many times in the streets at St. Augustine to see the little black children playing. Once three or four of them were tumbling head over heels in the sand in the middle of the street, and there was one of them not so big as my Daisy, and when Mamma spoke to her, she came

toddling up to Mamma, and put her little arms round Mamma's knees, and her little black wooly head right down into her dress. Mamma felt quite tender towards her.

Another time we had gone into the court-yard of an old, old house, where very grand people used to live, but nobody lives there now except a negro family to take care of it, And there we found two little black children left all alone playing under the orange trees, and rolling the oranges about in the sand, and one of them had the key of the house and showed us over it, and the little one picked up some orange-flowers and gave to Mamma, and then Papa gave the children some pennies, and they laughed out loud, and when Mamma asked them what they would buy, with the pennies, they said Tanny. So you see the little black children here are very much like the little white children at the North, after all.

Oh there was a pale little girl, five years old who sat opposite us at the big house at St. Augustine, and her papa had given her a little baby alligator, not much bigger than a mouse, and she had dressed it up like a doll, and put it to bed, and played with it, quite comfortably.

Good night, my little girl. Be good and sweet, and don't forget Mamma and Papa, who will be very glad to get back and see you again by and by.

To Miss Hannah Kimball

S. S. St. Johns
en route from Florida
March 28, 1879

Please tell Mother that I had meant to write a letter to her on board the steamer yesterday, but it was too lazy a life, and the facilities for writing were not good. I promised little Francis a letter, too, and he shall have it before many days. We are 300 miles towards home, and on Monday probably shall go 400 miles more.

C.

To Mrs. Amos Cummings (age 82)

"Atlantic Coast Line"
between Wilmington and Weldon, N.C.
1st April 1879

Dear Mother,

I meant to have written to you from Jacksonville, and then I meant to from Charleston, but you have no idea how indolent this sort of life makes one. I think a few more weeks of it would bring me home quite demoralized and unfit for any sort of manly work. We are now on our way to Washington where we expect to arrive tomorrow morning. Well we have left Florida far behind us, and we have many very pleasant remembrances of our fortnight there.

After having almost uninterrupted fine and warm weather since leaving home, we ran into a cold streak at Charleston, and were not sorry to resume our thick overcoats etc. last night when we left by the night train.

We had a very pleasant day yesterday, going up the Ashley river from Charleston on a little tug-boat some fifteen miles to an old plantation called Magnolia, where there used to be a fine mansion, which was burned by the U.S. troops during the war. The owner has made perhaps the most astonishing garden that I ever saw. It extends along the bank of the river for a considerable distance, and consists chiefly of groups of camelias and azaleas. The camelias are now just going out of blossom, though here and there we saw a tree which had not lost all its magnificence, but the azaleas were just coming into full bloom, and such masses of gorgeous color I certainly never saw before. The trees were generally about the height of a lilac, but spreading much more, and covered from the top to the very ground with flowers crowded together, and varying in color from pure white through all the more or less delicate shades of pink and light purple to the most brilliant reds. They were planted in great clumps of ten or a dozen trees, each of mingled colors, and the effect was heightened by the huge live oak trees standing all about, with all their branches hung with waving grey moss. The brilliancy of the whole scene was quite indescribable.

We walked a half mile or so from here to Drayton Hall, an old mansion standing on the river bank once very stately, with flower-gardens and lawns all about it, but now quite dismantled and almost in ruin. It has some fine interior finish which I was very desirous of seeing, so I marched up to the front door and presented my card, asking to be permitted to see the greathall and staircase. Mrs. Drayton came to the door, a pretty young lady, and very kindly showed us all over the house herself, saying she was always glad to have anybody see the house who didn't demand admittance as a right, as many visitors do, some even climbing into the windows when they find the door closed. Mrs. Drayton with her little family lives in a corner of the big house, the rest is as I said, quite empty and falling into decay. It is a noble old place, but the family has gone to ruin like the family place. This is the case all through these regions.

We shall stay in Washington till Friday and then go to New York for a day, which we shall use in seeing divers and sundry friends. Goodbye.

From your affectionate son

Charles

1879-1882 LETTERS TO KIMBALLS

To Miss Helen F. Kimball

29 Pemberton Square 29th August 1879 (CAC age 46)

Dear Helen

I got your note in due season and grieved over your distress of mind (CKC note: evidently due to a disagreement on the subject of the **inscriptions for the statue of Lincoln**, which Moses Kimball gave to the city in this year, and which stands in Park Square), which

however I acknowledge to be quite natural in view of your absences from the scene of action and your sense of helplessness to avert a mistake which once made would be difficult to correct. The model correspondent whose playful sarcasm awaken'd your alarm was presumably Mr. Frank Sanborn, that ornament of Concord, who as an old friend of your father was not unwilling to air his delicate wit at his expense. Much must be forgiven to the exacting requirements of the Newspaper press.

His statement as quoted by you was not untruthful, the inscription "Given to the City of Boston by Moses Kimball" is out on one of the two large blocks of the lower plinth, on the back of the base. The letters are by no means large, and the inscription is rather inconspicuous. The corresponding block on the front of the monument will bear an inscription which is the fruit of much brain-cudgelling on my part, of which the original suggestion came from Mr. Clarke, who wanted to repeat verbatim either in Latin or English the inscription on the statue of some brutal German conqueror, to wit:

Hostibus fuis
Patria salvata
Cente tota liberati
Et Pace restituta,
In superas abivit.

Which we gradually whittled down to this:

A race, set free
and the Country at peace
Lincoln
rests from his labors.

If you had been within reach, I should have taken counsel with you over all this, but you were beyond easy communication, and I have had to do it pretty much alone, your Father of course consenting.

I am glad you have been enjoying your island; don't let what Margie wrote yesterday hasten your return by an hour; Mother is improving though subject to occasional fits of depression during which she is quite without hope. Fortunately they do not last very long.

To Miss L. S. Kimball
July 1880

Well Lulu, I haven't after all said anything apropos of your birthday. I have just had one of those anniversaries myself. They are slightly solemn, but they fortunately don't last more than a day. My little daughter doesn't find them solemn at all. Your afft. brother

Charles.

To M.K.C. [his wife Margaret, age 41, who must have been away]

Clarendon Street

Aug. 1882 (CAC age 49)

You are a miserable object, and you know I've always told you so, and now your Papa [FHC note: presumably Moses Kimball] whom I saw this morning confirms my judgment. I propose to get you onto the highest permanently inhabited land in New England, where the barometric level is of the most exalted character, and where roses blush and violets bloom, and fill the air with sweet perfume, and where the young people gather around the piano and sing Moody and Sankey tunes every evening. Then I expect you will come up like a cork. Don't disappoint me, I pray.

I am rather late home, and find Mother (Rebecca Hopkins Cummings, age 85; see 1904 photo) and Sophia have had their tea and toast together. So I am taking mine in solitary state, with all the things picturesquely grouped around my plate. The tea-kettle stares me in the face in front and pokes out its nose at me, frugal two slices of toast are on the west side, the tea pot and milk jug on the east -- the gingerbread is hiding behind the tea kettle, and the butter and blueberries flank it. Voila! Don't you wish you were opposite? But there is nobody. I have to stare at your Mother's portrait, as the nearest approach to a human face divine

[FHC note: In 1882 the Kimball family moved to a house at the corner of Kent Street and Longwood Avenue, Brookline, often referred to in subsequent letters as just "Longwood".]

1884 LETTER TO DAUGHTER

To M.C. (Daisy, age 8)

Clarendon Street

22d Jan. 1884

....I should think you were having a pretty good time at Grandpa's--better than poor Charley, who has to lie in bed all day and all night and is made to sit up every hour to gargle his throat with something that makes it smart (CKC note: Diphtheria). But then when he isn't gargling, he is feeding. Did you ever hear of the geese in Strasburgh which are kept in a cage and fed all day to make their livers grow fat, so that very swell people may have what they call Pâtés de Foie Gras? Well Charley is much like a Strasburgh goose. He begins in the morning with a quinine pill. Then he follows with a tumbler of milk,-then a dish of oatmeal and cream, then a cup of beef-tea--then an orange; then a magnificent tumbler of egg-nogg, manufactured by Molly (oh my! doesn't she know how to do it!)--then more beef-tea, then a boiled egg--then

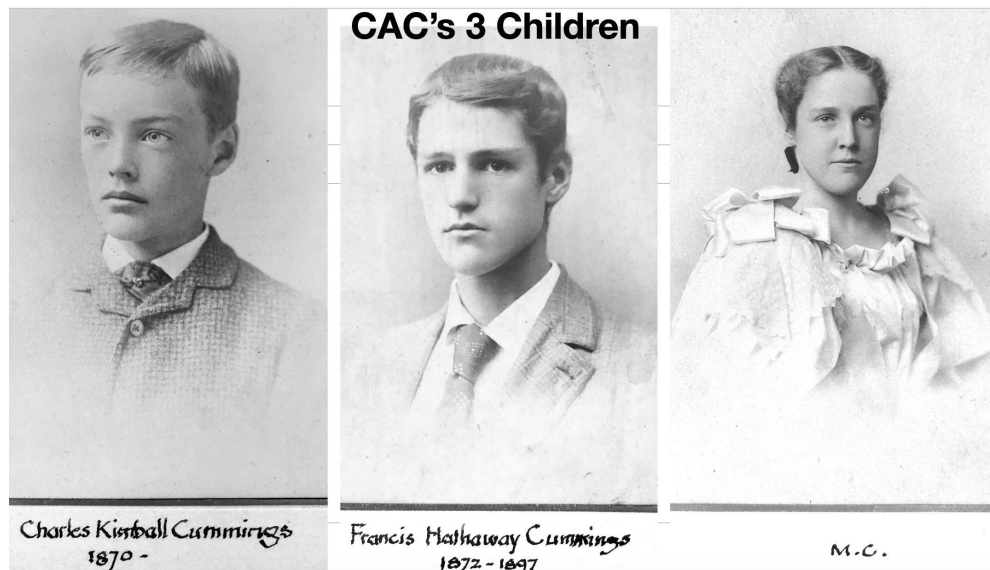
a baked apple of superior quality sent by Granny--then some blanc-mange--and finally a Charlotte Russe brought in by Papa from down-town--finally when he is ready to go to sleep, another tumbler of milk, with a little brandy in it- and a quinine pill to keep all this down, like the stone in the pork-barrel. What do you think of that for a day's feeding, Miss Daisy?

But no small boys come to see him--they don't dare to come near him, poor little fellow--you ought to have seen how pleased he looked when Mamma kissed him the first time for a week. He began to feel as if he really was not dangerous any more.

....We have got a tame mouse in the nursery about as big as your thumb, who lives behind Molly's basket and comes out to get the seeds which the Canary throws about under his cage. He is about as cunning as the Canary, but I think Miss Titcomb has designs on him, for I see a dangerous looking trap with a big piece of cheese in it, set down in that neighborhood.

Good-bye dear little girl--Grandma sends her love to you--and so does Charley--he would send a message, but he is too sleepy, as it is now past nine. I hope you help to see that Grandpa is taken good care of.

Photo Album: CAC Children



These photos were assembled into a large album by CKC and LLC (Lily) in 1903.

1886-1887 LETTERS FROM EUROPE

To Willard T. Sears

S. S. Pavonia

21st May 1886 (CAC age 53)

Dear Sears

We are approaching the end of our voyage, and expect to reach Queenstown tomorrow. We have had a smooth passage, and up to yesterday morning a delightfully pleasant one, with some brilliant and most, enjoyable days. But for the last 36 hours we have been having a good deal of fog and rain, which this Westerly wind ought to clear away before we see land.

This is a slow ship (the Cunarder "Pavonia", about 4500 tons) but an extremely comfortable one, very steady, state-rooms large and convenient, the whole ship thoroughly lighted with incandescent electric lights, table good and liberal, servants civil and attentive. No fault to find anywhere, unless it be that she seems incapable of making more than 13 miles an hour with a fair wind and smooth sea....

Best day's run so far 335 miles.... There has been the usual amount of seasickness, I suppose, among the passengers....and there is a pretty long row of forlorn creatures stretched out all day long on the lee side of the deck-houses in their steamer chairs, the steward flying about among them three times a day with baked apples and oatmeal porridge, etc. Our tribe escaped on the whole pretty well.

We have a large and miscellaneous company of passengers on board, ranging all the way from "Gus" Perkins and family to Patsy Shepherd the pugilist, but including some very pleasant people so that the time has passed very agreeably....I have had some pleasant talk with Edward W. Hooper, who is full of Richardson (H. H. Richardson, the architect), and has had much to say of him and his affairs, also with Herkomer (Sir Hubert Herkomer, the portrait painter), who introduced himself to me the other day....I have been today for two hours in his state-room looking over his drawings and photographs of the house he is building for himself near London, for which Richardson made him a set of elevations. If it ever gets built according to this design, I should say it would turn out one of the best things Richardson has ever done. The house itself will be a wonder apart from the exterior design. It is an immense affair, filled throughout with the most elaborate and sumptuous detail in the way of carving, metal work, stuffs, and furniture. He designs everything himself and the carving and metal work is all done in his own shops on the premises. His father, who is with him on board, does all the wood



Pavonia (Museum of Liverpool, Copyright Priestley)

carving, and he has two uncles, one of whom does the metal work, while another in Long Island weaves on a hand-loom all the silk and velvet hangings for the house.

Herkomer says he doesn't know whether he will ever be able to finish the house, but he goes on as long as the money holds out and then stops till he makes some more. But according to Hooper, he has, during this visit to America, that is since January, painted 24 portraits, at \$2,500 apiece. I should think he might go on some time yet.

I hope you are all going along comfortably in the sky-parlor (CKC note: the Cummings and Sears office in the Mason Building)....

With best remembrances to all your family and also to the young gentlemen in the office, I am as ever

Yours very truly

Chas. A. Cummings.

To Miss H. F. Kimball (sister-in-law, age 50)

The Royal Hotel, Bowness

26th May 1886

Dear Helen,

I told you when we were being taken to East Boston, on our way to the Steamer, and when I for one was feeling much as if we had all been condemned to penal servitude at Botany Bay, that you should have a letter by all means before long if you cared for it. And so I write my first epistle home to you, who did so much hard work to get us off, hoping it will find you well and happy, and rejoicing in the unaccustomed freedom from all care and responsibility respecting your troublesome relations at the Corner. "With a great price purchased I this freedom," perhaps you will say.

Well we have had a long and delightful day. I don't propose to deal largely in adjectives, for the most part, having nearly exhausted my capacity in that direction, on sundry very gushing Journals during my first youthful tour in foreign parts.

But I feel a good deal of satisfaction in finding my anticipations concerning this English Lake Country so fully made good. We have only been twenty-four hours in the region it is true, and what we have seen today is the tamer portion of it--but we have found it not only so beautiful, but so characteristic and individual, that not only Margie and I, but the children also have been in a state of exhilaration all day.

This has been much helped on by the weather which was most unpromising when we arrived last night, and this morning even was cloudy and cold, very cold. But before we had taken the little steamer (steam-yacht, I beg her pardon) at half past ten this morning, the clouds had broken up into soft masses and the sun was shining brightly, leaving a coolness as of our October, -as perfect a day as one could desire for any sort of active out-of-door work. We took the steamer to Ambleside, at the head of the lake, five or six miles from Bowness. You know what Windermere is like, so I shall not bore you with description. I had been much perplexed as to the best way of making the most of our few days in this region--tis an embarras de

richesses--But I finally concluded that we would get today a part of Windermere by steamer, a walk to Rydal, and a drive from Ambleside as far as time would allow in the direction of Patterdale on Ulleswater. So when we landed, from the steamer at Waterhead, we started for the hotel at Ambleside, carrying a big shawl-bundle and the several minor wraps, bags, umbrellas, etc. with which this travelling party are wont to encumber themselves on the march. Before we got far, I was accosted by a highly respectable, very English tourist a little older than I, who had his wife with him, who said he perceived we were arriving as strangers and should be glad if he could give us any information that would be of service to us in any way, as he had been staying some three weeks at Ambleside and had become tolerably familiar with all that a traveller would wish to learn. Pretty well for the average Englishman on his travels, was it not?

I answered, "I take thy courtesy by Heaven, as freely as 'tis nobly given, or words to that effect, told him we were proposing to walk to Rydal, wanted to see Wordsworth's house, and meant to come back to Ambleside to luncheon and then to drive towards Ulleswater. He entered into our plans with just the right degree of interest, said we were wise to walk to Rydal instead of driving, but that we ought not to go by the high road, but by another which we should find more pleasant and which he would show us, called back to Sarah who had meantime been walking and talking amicably with Margie, and told her he was going a little way with us to set us in the right path, and took us through a little lane or two into a narrow and picturesque road which ran along by the right bank of the Rothay, past Fox How, Dr. Arnold's place, and many charming houses both large and small, finally crossing the little river by a stone arched bridge into the village of Rydal. [See FHC's "Tramp" for August 9-10 for comments on this same area and the Wordsworth connection.]

We hadn't the ghost of a notion where Wordsworth's house was and nobody whom we asked was able to tell us until we had gone clean through the village and had reached Rydal water. I wonder if you remember how lovely that water is where the little stream issues from it. We found a little mound of rocks and turf by the roadside where we rested a while, and thought we should like to stay for the rest of the day. It looked like just the spot where Wordsworth might have seen his

".....host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee."

"I gazed and gazed but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought."

But we had to start back. We got to Ambleside by the high road, found Brown the stabler whom our friendly Englishman had recommended to us as trustworthy, and made our arrangements with him for a carriage for the afternoon, went across the road to the Salutation Hotel and got a very good luncheon and then took our char-a-bane for the summit of Kirkstone

Pass. Up we went through the funny huddled little town, up and up by the steepest carriage road which I can remember, for an hour or so, till we had left all trees below us and were hemmed in by bare lonely mountain ridges on either hand.

At the summit we found a little inn, with a sign-board over the door stating that it is "the highest inhabited house in England", which may or may not be true. M. and I walked a little farther on, down the road to get the view of Brothers Water--while the boys scrambled up the steep mountainside to a patch of snow they had descried near the top, whence they returned each with a big snowball the size of his head. We came back through Troutbeck, a remarkable road with striking views--stopping at an old farm-house with some jolly old oak furniture, and got back to the lake in time to take the return boat at 6 for Bowness. Now isn't that a nice sort of day.

We are in some respects a remarkable party. We are said to be the hungriest party ever known among the Lakes. Francis in particular, having had the advantage of frequent and prolonged practice on the steamer, surprises even his parents by his performances in this line.

Behold us, then, Helen, fairly started on our travels, like another Paragreen or Peterkin family. What our adventures are to be doth not yet appear, but you shall know them as fast as they transpire. We think and talk of you all, as you may suppose, and are now beginning to think of the first letters from home. Love to you and everybody at Longwood from

Bruder Karl.

To Miss H. F. Kimball

Amergate, 2d June 1886

The next time I come to England, I mean to come in December. Our experience for the past eleven days has convinced me that the charms of the English spring are apocryphal. Perhaps I am generalizing from insufficient premises, but the plain fact is that since we landed in Liverpool we have had only one wholly pleasant day, and the rest have been an almost unbroken succession of cold, raw, stormy days. Not one day has it been possible to go out without an overcoat, and a winter one has been preferable to a lighter....

We had an enjoyable stay among the lakes in spite of the weather, leaving Keswick Monday and coming to Durham, home of Alice Fell, a mighty quaint old town with a river making a sharp turn, and enclosing a wooded cliff which is occupied by the Cathedral and the Castle--both remarkably fine objects, and worth going a long way to see. The inn of the Three Tuns where we stayed is one of the jolliest imaginable, kept by Mrs. Brown, a comfortable old landlady with two modest and rather pretty daughters, one of whom appeared before us in the queer little reception room before we had been shown our apartments, with a tray and some small glasses of cherry brandy, which in our semi-frozen state was particularly acceptable.

From Durham, we came yesterday morning to Ripon in a pouring rain, and in a pouring rain we drove to Studley Royal, three miles, and paddled and splashed along on foot for another, mile through the park, in a doleful procession under five umbrellas, and explored to our heart's content the soaked ruins of Fountains Abbey, and back to Ripon, and later on to York.

At York is a small hotel, Harker's, which is in every respect the model of what a hotel ought to be. Perfection. We heard two services in two Cathedrals, Evensong in Durham and Mattins (don't say this is spelt wrong, because it isn't) in York.

This was a concession to our poetic admiration of church architecture and church music. We have now enough Church of England to last for the rest of our tour.

Adieu.

C.A.C.

To W. T. Sears

London,

22d June 1886

Dear Sears

I was very glad to get your pleasant letter, and was much amused at the misty moisty photograph, which gave me much the same impression which the actual scene gave me some weeks before. It was a rather dismal departure.--Well we have been now a month in England, and are now just about to leave it. I shall do so with the hope of getting into some climate less like that of a New England November. We have had perhaps half a dozen days which might be called pleasant, but not one which put us in mind that the month of June was half or three-quarters gone. I am still wearing my thick winter underclothes, and never go out without overcoat and umbrella, and women go about the streets in fur capes--the sun never shines more than three or four hours in the day, and evening generally closes in cold and gloomy.

But enough of complaints. We have had much enjoyment out of our English journey in spite of the detestable weather. We had a week among the Cumberland Lakes, which made a pleasant beginning, and then we ran across to Durham, saw the noble cathedral and the equally interesting castle close by it on the bluff overlooking the river; then came down in the rain to York and Ripon, where we explored Fountains Abbey--then to Matlock, Leamington, Warwick, whence I made a solitary run to the Cathedrals of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester--then to Oxford for a couple of days, and finally to London, where we have been for ten days, and whence we expect to go tomorrow night to Holland.

London is prodigious and makes one feel tired after going about it as a stranger for some days. It is immensely interesting in many various ways, but least of all, I should say, in an architectural sense. The streets look to me mean and dull, and it is very rarely that you come on anything which strikes you as fine. The riverfront between the Parliament Houses and the Temple (as far as the Embankment goes) is quite imposing, and I rather think has changed a good deal since you saw it--as you stand for instance on Waterloo Bridge and look on one side up to the Westminster Towers and on the other down to the big dome of St. Paul's, the great curve seems really worthy of a great capital. So does the view from Hyde Park corner, and the view from the lower end of Regent Street looking down Waterloo Place and across St. James Park to the towers of the Palace and the Abbey, over the trees. But there are very few such points.

How small the world is! The first morning after our arrival, as we sallied out for a walk down to the Abbey, we met Arthur Hotch just at the foot of Regent St. A day or two later in the National Gallery, I found Wm. G. Russell, who came over a week later than we, and whom I was specially glad to have a pleasant talk with....

We went down yesterday to Bushey about fifteen miles out of town to see Mr. Herkomer. He gave us a very cordial invitation to come and see his preparations for his castle. We spent three or four hours there and stayed to luncheon. It is mighty interesting to see the details of his "lay-out" which is on a scale somewhat palatial. He has been busy ever since he got back in making a big plaster model, 1/2" to the foot, of the whole concerns, from Richardson's drawings. We found his father, his uncle and his nephew hard at work in the carving shop; in the carpenter's shop some men were working out the arch of the big drawing-room mantel, twenty feet span or so-- an Otto gas engine of twelve horse power was reposing in a corner--the blacksmith's room was unoccupied, but some of his wrought iron lamp brackets were standing about, etc.

Herkomer is a restless genius and tries his hand at everything. His etchings are on a large scale, and some of them are extremely fine. He has an art school at Bushey, close by his house, with some fifty pupils. In short, he is a character. He is about building some studios for his pupils, and wants to build of wood in the American style, but was at a loss as to color, as he did not like painting. Of course I told him to get some of Cabot's stains and said I would ask you to send him some specimens, but before I left, he said he would telegraph to Cabot to send the samples by mail....

I am glad to hear the Carpenters' strike is at an end, and hope the dwelling houses are all approaching completion rapidly. I was very sorry to hear of the condition in which poor Mr. Richardson left his affairs. It is sad to see a man cling to business as long as he did, only to drop into ruin at last....

To Miss H. F. Kimball

5th July 1886

I am quite duly ashamed of my negligence, first in not doing anything about this plan before I came away.. (CKC note: one of the buildings of the N. E. Hospital for Women and Children of which H.F.K. was president).. but more in delaying so long sending you some sketch of what I meant to suggest. This is it, as nearly as possible. If you will take it to Sears, he will have it put in presentable form....

To W. T. Sears

Coire, Tuesday, 10th Aug. 1886

Dear Sears,

I was very glad to get your letter a day or two ago at St. Moritz, a little village high up among the mountains on the extreme Eastern edge of Switzerland (the highest village I believe in Switzerland, being nearly 6,000 feet above sea-level) where we had driven from Innsbruck, all the way up the valley of the Inn, a delightful drive of two days, and I think one of the most

desirable ways of getting into this country. We were extremely glad to escape from the hot dull cities of Germany, although they were very interesting too, all of them, each in its own way, but the great capitals were very sleepy in midsummer, everybody being out of town, much as with us. I enjoyed the splendid collections at Berlin, Dresden, and Nuremberg, however, just as much as if the high potentates had been at home. We were much amused at Carlsbad; of all places I ever got into, it is I think the oddest not only as far as its outward aspect is concerned though that is amazingly quaint and picturesque, but also on account of the ways of the people one sees there. They say that 50,000 persons visit the place annually--not all to drink the waters probably, but by far the greater number, I should suppose. When we were there, the place was packed. At two of the principal fountains, which are enclosed in spacious and elegant buildings, an excellent band plays every morning from six to eight o'clock. Everybody turns out then and at each of those places you may see a slow procession of water drinkers, male and female, of every nation in Europe, each with his Cadsbad regulation cup carried in his hand or strung by a strap at the waist, going up to get his cup filled at the fountain or marching slowly about to the music of the band, sipping the water. It is nearly boiling so that it has to be sipped. At eight everybody goes to breakfast, but not generally at his hotel. No, he stops at a baker's and gets a certain number of rolls which he carries in a pink bag to some one of the countless out-of-door restaurants, where he sits down and eats them, with whatever accompaniment his physician will allow him. He must eat no butter, no fruit, drink no wine, else the internal effect of the waters will be disastrous. For the rest of the day, any number of diversions are at his command. The drives are beautiful; there are concerts of various kinds at half a dozen places every day, and the prettiest little theatre you ever saw, opened only last April or May.

But I think I have said enough about Carlsbad. You must go and see it some time if you want to be entertained. When we left it, we went to Baireuth and heard Parsifal, concerning which I don't trust myself to write much. Suffice it to say that we went into the theatre at four and came away at ten, and are still alive and pretty well considering.

Zermatt, 15th August (letter continued)

We have got so far into the heart of Switzerland--under the shadow of the Matterhorn, a tremendous pyramid of rock which towers above the town. I took a swell carriage with four horses at St. Moritz to drive to Coire over the Albula Pass, and thence through the valley of the Vorder Rhine to Andermatt and over the Furka Pass to the Rhone Glacier. This programme we accomplished very successfully. From the Rhone Glacier, we had intended going over the Grimsel to Meyringen and so to Interlaken but changed our plans and continued our drive down the Rhone Valley to Brieg where we struck the railroad.

Then a long walk through the narrow valley of the Visp, and a drive of three hours afterwards brought us to this place, where I suppose we shall stay the greater part of the week..

At St. Moritz--no at Pontresina, an hour's walk from it--I was accosted in a photograph shop by Arthur Beebe, who said Mrs. Fiske was staying in the village and wouldn't I go and see her.. of course I would--so he escorted me to a modest house on the edge of the village where I made a little call on that lady. She has been spending most of the summer there, I believe.

I was much interested in your account of the way the work of the office is progressing. I should think the castle at Watertown was much as it was when I saw it last, for as nearly as I can remember, the second story was practically finished then. But I suppose the strike of the carpenters stopped things for a while...

Remember me very kindly to all your family and to the boys in office and please let me hear from you as often as you find convenient.

As ever yours

C. A. Cummings

To W. T. Sears

Lugano, 13th Sept. 1886

Dear Sears

We have set our big boy at work again. He is in the family of an excellent German lady, who to gives him a daily lesson in German, besides constant conversational practice. He has also lessons in Greek, French and the violin, which will, I suppose, pretty well take up his time. He will stay there through the winter and join us in Italy early in the spring.

We have left Switzerland at last to our regret, and have come today over the St. Gothard railway to this beautiful spot halfway between Como and Maggiore. Here is a fine large comfortable and elegant hotel with next to nobody in it. The cholera spectre has scared everybody away from all this region though I have no doubt it is as safe as in any other season..

The Gothard railway is an amazing work. From Brunnen on the lake of Lucerne to Lugano is perhaps a hundred miles--the express does it in about four hours. In that distance, my children who amused themselves by keeping tally, counted fifty-six tunnels, big and little, including the great one, 9 miles long, which we rattled through in 18 minutes.

But far more remarkable than this, which is only a straight bore of unusual length are the loop-tunnels, so-called, which enter the face of a cliff at one level and come out of the same face a hundred feet or so higher, having described a spiral with a heavy grade, like a section of a corkscrew. You come out of one of these holes, and looking out of the window see far below you the road over which you have just come disappearing in the side of the hill. That means pretty accurate engineering..

To Miss H. F. Kimball

Königsee Bay, St.B. 14th Oct. 1886

Dear Helen

I am commanded to write you a letter, and I have learned that resistance is vain. This is the letter of an unhappy man whose soul is filled with bitterness. If you find my handwriting shaky, not to say illegible, you may attribute it not to advancing age, nor yet to the uneasy motion of the K. Bay railroad wagon, but to the emotions of disappointment and mortification

which are raging within me.. We have come abroad to no purpose. I have heard before this that "The best laid plans of mice and men, gang aft alee". Now mine have gone all alee, and I want to go home. If you ask me in the words of Byron "Why dost thou weep and wail?" I will tell you. We have given up the Salzkammergut. Now, if there was one bit of Europe that I had set my heart on seeing once more before I departed this life, it was this very region, where in my Schönerosenzeit, I did once spend a never-to-be forgotten week. I had laid out a lovely programme from Vienna to Gmunden by rail-- then to Ischl. and thence by carriage across to Salzburg, taking in as many of the lakes as might be practicable. We were to leave Vienna on Sunday. On Sunday, Daisy broke down and had to be put to bed under medical treatment. She was not able to travel before Wednesday. Up to that day the weather was delightful. On Wednesday it changed and grew very cold and rainy, so much so that instead of going to Gmunden we kept on to Salzburg, whence I said we would at least take a carriage to Berchtesgaden and the Königsee. But today, after a hail-storm in the night, there is a bitter cold wind blowing, a black lowering sky and later rain so that the seven hours' carriage Journey seemed folly or worse, and we most reluctantly took the train for Munich. Now at near noon, having smashed my plans, the weather is improving and threatens to become fine. That will be just my luck. "I never loved a dear gazelle, etc.". But enough of grief!

We found Vienna delightful. I don't remember to have heard you speak of it, and I rather think Margie's remembrance of it was somewhat dimmed by lapse of years. But it is a sharp contrast to all the other German cities, and by far the most attractive of all, to my mind. In fact the spirit and temper of the people, as one sees them from the point of view of a traveler, whose judgment must of necessity be a superficial one, seem more French than German, and yet with a certain cordiality and bonhomie superadded to the mere politeness of the French. We were much amused by the variety of forms which the farewell of the shop-keepers and others assumes. Throughout Germany, I think the Adieu was universal, pronounced Ah-d-je! But in Vienna you get Empfehle mich! and Kuss'n die Hand and Habe die Ehre bestens zu empfehlen, and half a dozen others which I can't remember. The greetings are quite as varied on the railway trains. A dignified Austrian officer who was our silent companion in the 1st class compartment to Salzburg, but whose dignity did not prevent him from continually spitting on the floor like any low-down Yankee without any Von to his name, greeted Margie as he left with a polite Adieu, and as I raised my hat when he passed me, said with profound manner "Ich habe die Ehre!" And the next day a jolly civilian, as he got out, turned and ejaculated "Mein Compliment!" upon which I took a leaf out of the officer's book and gave him "Ich habe die Ehre!" Margie had much ado to keep from laughing, and told me I had probably done a horrid thing--that Ich habe die Ehre was most likely the special prerogative of military gents, but I was not abashed. How did he know I wasn't an officer in disguise?

I assisted at a sitting of the Austrian Haus der Abgeordneten, the lower house of the Reichsrath. A scrumptious new palace or Parlamentshaus has been built for them since you were in Vienna on the Franzensring opposite the Volksgarten. I went with Francis to see the interior of the building which is very handsome, but didn't suppose we could gain admission to the chambers during a session. To my surprise I found that nothing more was needful than to ask for a ticket at the proper office in the building, upon presenting which one is at once admitted to the gallery. This is rather different from the fuss which is made over a ticket to the House of Commons. Once in the Chamber one might imagine himself in the House of Representatives at Washington, except that the language is different and the members seem to

be gentlemen. I mean that there is nothing to indicate that this is a sham legislature, belonging to an Emperor instead of the people--The K.K. is kept quite out of sight. The presiding officer sits by himself in plain clothes, quite unlike the venerable guy of the House of Commons--the three clerks in front of him ditto. A rather seedy looking old gentleman was speaking when I was there. What he was saying I hadn't the least idea, no more had, I presume, the twenty or thirty fellow-members scattered about the big room, all of whom seemed occupied with their own concerns.

The hall is semi-circular and has two galleries-- the lower divided into loges like those of a theatre--presumably for dignitaries--a big decorated one in the centre; the upper for the public.

Stuttgart. Saturday. We have stopped here for a day on our way from Munich to Heidelberg--and have today accomplished the feat of traveling from Augsburg, 117 miles in seven and one-half hours. The German railroads beat the world for slowness-- and some of them are as badly built as the worst roads I have ever seen in our Southern States. They are all, I believe, single-track roads. (Perhaps there may be one or two exceptions).. Best love to everybody at Longwood.

To W. T. Sears

Heidelberg, 19th Oct.1886

Dear Sears

I am, as you may suppose, very glad to hear that the Clarendon Street house is let to so good a tenant as I should suppose Dr. Quincy to be, and for so good a rent. It is more than I supposed I should get for it, although it is the amount I mentioned to the brokers.

We have finished, or nearly finished, the first part of our traveling, if I may divide it into two parts, having finished up Germany, Switzerland and the Italian Lakes and got so far back on our way to Paris, where we shall settle down for some weeks of rest. I never expect to enjoy anything in this life more than our six weeks of Switzerland, and our three weeks or so in Italy was in a different way not less delightful. I think I wrote to you last from Lugano. We went from that lovely place to the queer little town of Orta, on the lake of the same name, where we stayed for a couple of days, and then went down to Milan. There we spent I think four days and then came up to Como and Bellagio. We spent a week at the latter place--and left it with reluctance. The weather was perfect, warm but not too warm--the grapes were fully ripe and the harvest just beginning--the lake and its shores and the little towns on the edge were about as lovely as anything on earth can well be.

We came through Brescia and Verona, where the smell of carbolic acid in the streets was suggestive of the experience they have had during the summer (the cholera scare), and were going to stop for a week at Venice--but although there was no cholera there, the city was reported as being so fearfully dull and empty that I thought it would be foolish to get our impressions of such a city at such a time. So we passed it by and came to Vienna.. We stayed there nine days, and found it as I remembered it, a most charming city-- bright and lively, with brilliant shops and some splendid buildings, by far the handsomest city in Germany. But after

all, as far as modern architecture is concerned, there is very little in Germany to detain an architect very long. Vienna has the best show..but even there, there is more show than substance, more splendour than good taste. At Berlin there was nothing worth noticing, of modern work--at Munich ditto; the architects work in a mighty narrow groove.

We find Charley very contented with his life at Heidelberg, and I fancy he is making tolerable progress with his three languages. He is growing "like a house on fire", and is now nearly two inches taller than his father..

To W. T. Sears

Paris, 20th Nov. 1886

Dear Sears,

We have been here a month or so, and have taken it pretty easily, giving comparatively little time to deliberate sight-seeing, but seeing a good deal nevertheless, as one can't help doing in such a city if he keeps his eyes open. I find immense changes in Paris since I was here as a youth. The city is vastly more magnificent than it was then, but certainly less interesting and much less picturesque. Yet it is wonderfully imposing. The hotel at which we have been staying (Pavillon de Rohan) fronts on the Rue de Rivoli, just opposite the arches through which you go into the Place du Carrousel, and so through to the River, and runs through to the Place du Theatre Français. The rooms they gave us when we arrived, looked out onto this brilliant square, and straight up the Avenue de l'Opera to the Opera House. I have rarely been so struck as when we first looked from these windows. It was in the early evening. Everything was lighted up, the avenue through its whole length was full of moving white and red carriage lamps, the fountains playing in the square--no theatre scene was ever half so brilliant. But I miss some things; the old front of the Tuilleries for example, which used to close up the view down through the garden from the Place de la Concorde. That board fence running the whole quarter of a mile or so between the two corner pavillions is a melancholy reminder of what Paris lost in that dreadful week of 1870. Another queer contrast strikes me in the fact that the army is so much less conspicuous than it used to be under the Empire. I don't speak of that as a change for the worse, but it does certainly take something away from the brightness of the Paris streets. During the four weeks we have been here, I have not once heard or seen a military band--not even so much as a fife. We see squads of soldiers marching now and then with a single drum beating, oftener without even that. The shop-keepers and dressmakers, etc. complain bitterly of the bad times, and long for a court again to make things lively.

I went off for a few days and made a little solitary tour in the centre of France. I saw six cathedral towns, Orleans, Bourges, Nevers, Auxerre, Sens and Troyes, and enjoyed it mightily. It is an untrodden region for the great body of tourists,- except Orleans, which is the least interesting town of the six; very few English or Americans ever stop in any of these places. Yet they are very quaint old towns--with many remains of the old domestic architecture of the 15th and 16th Centuries, with queer little narrow crooked streets, and with cathedrals worth crossing the water to see. Those at Sens and Troyes have the most splendid glass I ever saw; Troyes especially, where the triforium is pierced through the outer wall and glazed, and the whole triforium and clerestory all around the church is filled with ancient glass of the most superb character. The effect is indescribable. I wish you had been with me to see it.

We are going into Spain for a month or so, where I presume we shall find traveling a very different thing from what it is in civilized countries--slow trains, dirty cars, bad hotels, and nasty people. But interesting towns, which I have all my life wanted to see. Now is my chance; if I don't see them now I never shall. I gave my wife the option of going with me or staying behind and joining me later; but she chooses to go along. Fortunately she is a pretty good traveler and can bear "roughing it" now and then.

To W. T. Sears

Cordova, 15th Dec. 1886

Dear Sears,

Your letter of the 15th Nov. reached me at Mad-rid three or four days ago, and I was as always very glad to hear from you.

We have as you will see by the date hereof, got well down into the south of Spain. I am glad of it, if for no other reason than because we are now able to keep comfortably warm, which we have not been before since leaving Paris. The whole north of Spain is frightfully cold--and the houses are colder than the streets. It is a wretched country, an ugly, barren desert, with a lot of the most picturesque towns to be found in Europe, and some specimens of most magnificent architecture. The cathedral at Toledo has, I think, on the whole the noblest interior I have ever seen, and I don't forget Rheims or Milan.

I hope you keep well, with enough to do at the office and not too much. Keep me apprised, please, of what is going on.

As ever Yours most truly

C. A. Cummings.

To W. T. Sears

Rome, 17th Feb. 1887

Our spell of cold weather came to an end at Madrid--after which we had the loveliest weather imaginable for six weeks or even more. Nothing could be more delightful than the winter climate of Southern Spain, if this winter is a fair specimen. Cool mornings and evenings, days bright, sunny and warm like our best October days. At Granada the air was pretty sharp, but still the weather was magnificent for our purposes, and I picked roses in perfect condition still growing in the sheltered places under the wall of the Alhambra.. It involves a good deal of hard traveling, for the distances are immense and the trains extremely slow, generally starting and arriving at four in the morning or something like that--but the towns are many of them immensely picturesque, and the cathedrals are surprisingly fine--I never expected to see any churches to equal those of the North of France, but France has nothing to equal in my opinion the interior of Toledo or Seville.

Tangiers was the most foreign place I ever found myself in. There is no trace of European civilisation, and nothing to remind one of modern times. The streets are full of the strangest figures, splendid big fellows in flowing robes stalking about as if they owned the

world. As soon as our steamer came to a stop in the harbor she was surrounded by little boats full of these same fellows wanting to take you ashore, and one magnificent fellow came over the side, looking for all the world like Salvini in Othello, not a bit less imposing, and took charge of us, handing the ladies into the boat with immense style.

To W. T. Sears

Carcassonne, 3d May 1887

Dear Sears,

We stayed in Rome rather longer than we had meant to do. Then we went up to Florence for three weeks, making a pleasant excursion of three or four days to Lucca, Pisa and Siena--then to Venice for a week, where we were just too early for the great festival of the opening of the Exposition for which immense preparations were making--then across Italy again to Genoa and along the Riviera. The poor Riviera is pretty nearly deserted since its dreadful shaking up in February, and most of the houses are closed. I did not see so extensive traces of the earthquake as I had expected, but at San Remo and again at Mentone there was an occasional house with one end fallen out and many others with stagings up for repairs. But they evidently had made all haste to repair damages as quickly as possible so that few traces might be left visible. The hotel people and shopkeepers feel pretty blue.

We drove from San Remo to Nice, stopping at Mentone for lunch, and again at Monte Carlo for a couple of hours in the afternoon, long enough to inspect the great philanthropic institution of Mme. Blanc. Very imposing it is, to be sure, the elegant Casino standing at the foot of a luxuriant park, with waving palms, flowers and grass in admirable condition, uniformed police standing about handy in case of trouble, and everything giving evidence of the most careful supervision and the most liberal outlay of money, governed by perfect good taste. My boys were sorely mortified when I got my card of admission, to find that they could not be admitted to the Salles de Jeu, the management, with a touching regard for the morals of youth, allows no one to look on at the play who is less than twenty-one. They were allowed, however, to go into the excellent reading room and into Garnier's sumptuous theatre where a first-rate orchestra was going through a good programme.

From Marseilles we are taking a rather round-about way up to Paris, via Avignon, Arles, Nimes, to this place, where is the superb restoration by Viollet le Duc of the walls of the city on the hill--thence to Toulouse, Figeac, Clermont, Nevers, etc. to Fontainebleau and Paris.

Lots of interesting architecture all through these regions. The porch of the little church of St. Trophime at Arles is, I think, one of the most perfect compositions I know of anywhere.

To Moses Kimball

Toulouse, 4th May 1887

Dear Mr. Kimball

..We got through with our stay in Venice, I think, just in time to escape downright illness. There seemed to be something wrong either in the climate of the place or about the house, I couldn't tell which. I am not given to uneasy suspicions as to the hotels at which we stay, but it

really seemed as if everybody at our German Pension was afflicted with some malady or other, and I was not sorry to get my tribe out of the place, beautiful as it was. We did not have for the most part the right sort of weather for enjoying Venice to the full; it was not until the last two or three days of our stay that the air was warm enough or still enough to tempt us into a gondola. The weather has continued rather unsettled ever since we left, and I am afraid must have somewhat interfered with the splendor of the festivities of the present week for which such elaborate and costly preparations were making when we were there.

Margie was assailed by many doubts as we came across Italy to Genoa and took our course for the Riviera. The earthquake had shaken her confidence in terra firma as far as that coast was concerned, and I think she would have been glad to go over the Swiss Mountains or through them in order to avoid it. But I could not see my way to the South of France by any other route and it did not seem to me that there was any more danger of repeated earthquakes on the Riviera than in any other part of the world. So we came to Genoa for a night, and were glad to get away from it the next day when we took the train for San Remo.

I could never be sufficiently grateful for having got my impressions of that lovely shore before the days of railroads. It was very little pleasure to travel along it by rail and find ourselves underground a considerable part of the time, for we had no sooner got ourselves into a condition of proper enthusiasm over the splendor of the scenery, than our transports were cut short by sudden darkness, smoke, rattle, smell, etc. etc. I observe that the European engineers make a tunnel where an American would never dream of it. Every little spur of rock which runs down across the line of the road, which in our country would be got through by a cutting is here bored by a tunnel and in point of fact all through Europe you rarely see a cutting twenty feet deep, and I have noticed several tunnels with apparently not more than ten or fifteen feet of material over the roof of them.

We spent a couple of days at San Remo, a beautiful spot, with lots of fine hotels, now mostly closed. The Hotel Royal at which we stayed, we found to be a most elegant establishment, and as comfortable as it was elegant, with a charming garden in which date palms were waving, and in which I counted, I believe, more than twenty kinds of flowers, including roses, carnations, heliotrope, and I don't know what others.

I took a carriage from San Remo to Nice, being very desirous to renew my old impressions of this splendid road.

On this occasion for the first time in our travels, the house was divided against itself, Margie declining the long drive, and preferring the railway, with all its tunnels. So she and Daisy started off in the train for Mentone, making an appointment to meet the rest of the family at the hotel there for lunch..

We had a couple of hours or so at Monte Carlo, where my two young gentlemen were somewhat chagrined to find themselves refused admittance to the Salle de Jeu. I was as much surprised as they, and as sorry too, for it was a phase of human life which I wished them to see. It was delightful to find the managers of this celebrated institution with so strict a regard for the morals of youth. The playing was not very heavy for the most part, but I saw one comfortable looking gentleman with his sleeves hauled up going in for rather large stakes. At every turn of the wheel he distributed about fifty Napoleons in little piles of five or six all over the table, and waited the result. He generally won somewhere, hauling in five times his stake. I saw the banker hand over to him once, six bank notes of 1,000 francs each. He was still

playing away tranquilly when I left. I confess I was quite fascinated by the spectacle, though I did not put down any money, and Margie had to be quite severe with me to get me away from the tables.

Fontainebleau, 11th May

We have got nearly through with our French traveling and are now at the gates of Paris once more. We have been touring rather rapidly through the South of France and have seen a dozen or so of more or less interesting places, which have given us important additions to our mental picture-gallery, Carcassonne among others. I don't remember whether you stopped at that remarkable place on your way into Spain. It is simply a medieval fortress, with a little town packed away inside it, set up on top of a hill well out of the way, and left so, quite without change or any attempt at modernisation. The old walls have been carefully and skilfully (sic) restored by Viollet le Duc, the small cathedral, likewise the old streets, narrow and crooked, without shops or public buildings or any swell houses, look as if they had never seen anything later than the 14th Century.

How interesting this palace of Fontainebleau is! I had never seen it before today, and I think I have never been through any royal residence which better repaid the trouble of going over it. The forest seems to me a rather poor affair. Any two hours' drive in Berkshire County or New Hampshire to say nothing of the woods of Essex, nearer home, would show one forest scenery which would make this royal article ridiculous. But it is the best they have, and we ought not to grudge them their pride in it, or the fees they get for showing one through it..

To Miss H. F. Kimball

Paris, 17th May 1887

Dear Helen,

Margie tells me that you are to have a birthday shortly, whereupon I congratulate you, as one may who has had birthdays himself, lots of 'em. My Keeper tells me also that a mere congratulation won't do. I must write you a letter, or at the very least a piece of a letter as a sort of tag to a bigger one which she is writing. So I do it, as I do everything I am told to do, like gentle Jane in Sullivan's operetta. You have really no idea how much I am improved since I have been in constant training.

Paris is a remarkable city. It is remarkable in various ways, and perhaps in none more than in the way it takes possession of the American woman who is going home and surrounds her with dressmakers, milliners, shoemakers, trunk-makers, dazzles her eyes and bewilders her brain with its Bon Marchés, et Grand Magazins du Louvre, etc. etc., till she can neither eat nor sleep nor think nor talk except under this demoniacal possession. This, I grieve to say, is getting to be much the condition of my poor Peggy, who between her Hoschde and her Rouxel, and her Simon and forty other attractive devils like unto them is growing old before her time and bids fair to go out of the celestial city (I don't mean Heaven) with very prosaic associations. Well, we have been abroad a full year, and I much fear I haven't got out of it half the knowledge I ought to have got. I have left undone the things I ought to have done and I have done those things I ought not to have done, and there is--. But no matter, we have

enlarged our stock of impressions and memories, and shall enjoy overhauling them quietly at home, no doubt. Home looks attractive ahead, with all its worries and with all the small slavery of business, though I should like another month or two of Switzerland this summer..

Paris wears a very different aspect now from that which it presented when we came last November. The horse-chestnuts under our windows, at the side of the Théâtre Français are a solid mass of fresh green leaves and creamy white blossoms,- the river runs along between rows of bright foliage, and the Champs Elysees are a delight to behold. The life, what one sees of it in the streets and theatres, is the same brilliant spectacle which it has been and will continue to be, irrespective of wars or political changes.

But what an unspeakable meanness and smallness is at the heart of the French character! A characteristic example of it is the steady persecution which attacked M.Lamoureux, the proprietor of the Eden Theatre for venturing to bring out a fortnight ago the opera of Lohengrin. The storm was brewing all through the rehearsals--and broke out on the night of the first representation when the people who came to the theatre were hooted and insulted, their carriages turned back, the glass marquise over the door smashed with stones, etc.

[FHC note: according to Wikipedia, "Lohengrin was first publicly performed in France at the Eden-Théâtre in Paris on 30 April 1887 in a French translation by Charles-Louis-Étienne Nutter... conducted by Charles Lamoureux..." see [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lohengrin_\(opera\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lohengrin_(opera))]

The performance was carried through and repeated for some nights, but a sort of terrorism was set up which finally obliged the manager to announce the withdrawal of the hated piece. Lamoureux says he is ruined. A banquet was given him last night at the Grand Hotel by his musical friends at which he made a manly speech.

A rather singular spectacle is to be seen just now every afternoon. In the great Salle d'Etats in the Pavillon de Flore, which Louis Napoleon built for the delivery of his speeches on the assembling of his sham parliament, the Crown Jewels are put up at auction before a crowd of Jews and jewellers from all over Europe. There being at present no Crown in France, the good Frenchmen think they have no need of Crown jewels. Don't you see? The sale is presided over by six or eight highly respectable looking official gentlemen, all of whom amuse themselves by screaming out in various accents of encouragement or despair the amount of the bids. The effect is grotesque. The plunder is kept in a big glass case which is lowered when each day's sale is at an end into a steel safe--a cover shut down over it and four substantial French soldiers put to bed on the cover. [See Wikipedia: "All the jewels from the Crown Jewels were removed and sold in 1887...." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/French_Crown_Jewels.]

I went into the quiet old Courtyard of the Sorbonne this afternoon, with the view of seeing whether any eminent men were lecturing there whom I ought to see. I could not find anything very attractive..

To Miss H.H. Kimball

Beddgelert, 23d June 1887

Dear Hannah,

Here have I been writing to you constant and intermittent letters for the past twelve months with a constancy quite remarkable under the circumstances and you have treated them with studied indifference; until it must now be at least six months since I have had any word at all from you. Well your last chance is gone, next Tuesday we sail away from these attractive shores, and this is the last letter I expect to write to anybody with a European date. This is a place with historical associations, as I have no doubt you know, since I believe you were here on one of your journeys. If you were, I presume you heard all the little boys in the streets of Beddgelert spouting away in Welsh: "Hell-hound, by thee my child's devoured, the frantic father cried, and to the hilt his vengeful sword, he plunged in Telert's side", or words to that effect.

We are spending, as you see, our last week of travel among the mountains of North Wales, having spent Sunday at Tintern and come up through Ludlow and Shrewsbury to the lovely vale of Llangollen, as sweet a spot as one need desire to do nothing in. The weather from which we had not expected much, seeing that everybody says it always rains in Wales, is and has been the perfection of June-- deliciously warm, with fragrant breezes to temper the heat, and the hills and fields in spite of the long absence of rain, looking beautifully fresh and green. I am greatly delighted with this region.

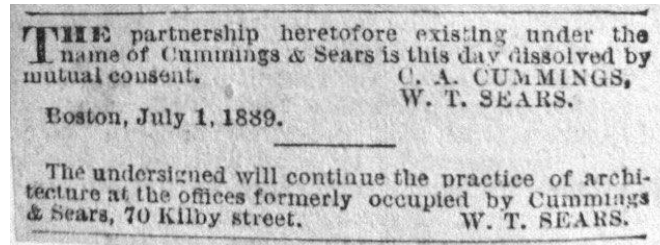
Bettys-y-Coed.. I continue today in a still pleasanter place, which I presume is quite familiar to you, the grounds of the Royal Oak at Bettys-y-Coed, by the brink of the river which runs in front of the nice hotel. Here we are installed until tomorrow evening. Today we have come from Caoruaroon partly by rail and the rest by a very comfortable wagonnette over or through the famous pass of Llanberis, which the English affect to consider equal to an Alpine pass, ridiculously enough, it seems to me. It is fine undoubtedly, but I prefer the White Mountain Notch, to say nothing of the Franconia. But I am afraid there is no spot among the New Hampshire hills quite so snug as Llangollen, or quite so pictorial as this here Bettys-y-Coed. (You see I like to write the name.) These two places are worth coming a long way out of our path for to see. Welsh scenery has a very distinctive character of its own, quite different from that of any other mountain region I have seen, the English Lake region, for example, though the Llanberis pass is not so unlike that of Honister which I remember a year ago. I think, Honister is the finer.

Speaking of Welsh scenery, I must warn you, as the most proper of the Kimball family (I mean the most considerate of Mrs. Grundy's opinion) that Margie has taken to sundry very rowdy habits, which she declares her intention of persisting in when she gets home.

One of these is the wearing of an English sporting cap. She affirms that it is extremely comfortable, that it protects her poor eyes from the sun, that it is very light, etc. etc., the true motive being, I believe, that she thinks it killing. I see her now under one of these things, belonging to one of the boys, seated on a bench a little way off, engaged on her last letter home..

CAC retirement from architectural practice in 1889

Announcement clipped from newspaper by Helen Frances Kimball (HFK)



1889-1894 LETTERS

To M. K. C. (CAC's wife)

Washington, April 1889 (CAC age 55)

..We have had quite a busy day, and a pleasant one. The weather is soft and languid but with a certain southern deliciousness in it: the air fragrant, moist and a little hazy, with sudden and violent showers both yesterday and today.

We saw the Patent Office this morning but found it uninteresting: most of the models were burned up some years ago, and now I believe models are no longer required so that the collection is not what it once was. Then we saw the new Pension Office, an enormous building with a hideous interior court surrounded by innumerable offices with 1500 clerks at work.

Then to the Treasury and the silver vaults, the Navy Dept. with some beautiful models of the new cruisers now building, to the State Dept. with the Declaration of Independence and Jefferson's writing desk and Washington's sword and Franklin's cane, modest reminders of the really great days of the republic.

Then at one we went into the White House where the people were assembled in force to pay their respects to the new President (**Benjamin Harrison**). I wanted to see the fun but not to shake the victim. There must have been three or four hundred people, I suppose, and it was quite amusing to see how quickly the thing was done. I don't suppose the President was in the room twenty minutes in all. He is a little man with a smug, ordinary face, and seemed a little shy. A tall Quaker in solemn black with a phenomenal hat, and a wife in full Quaker regimentals, were conspicuous in the crowd. They waited until almost everybody had gone away and then they marched up, he with his big hat square on his head, and held out their hands. It wasn't the thing to say anything to the President, but our Quaker had his little speech all made up and wasn't to be cheated out of it: "I just wanted to say that I voted for thy grandfather in 1840"; and so he passed on. The President didn't seem at all overcome by the statement.

After lunch we went out to Arlington, the old Estate of Gen. Lee, and now the site of the great soldiers' burying ground. It is a charming spot on the heights opposite Washington, finely wooded and looking over the valley and up and down, a noble view...

To M. K. C.

New York, 1890

..It has all been very pleasant here. (CKC note: He was in N.Y. for the Convention of the American Institute of Architects.)

At our preposterously swell Hotel Netherland, where I occupy a very nice little room on the 15th story looking out over the town towards the East River, there are I don't know how many architects.

We went over to the evening meeting which wasn't very interesting, after which I took a midnight walk with Preston. Today I have been at the meetings all day and they have been quite interesting. My paper was received this afternoon with much favor, and Ware begged it to read to his class, so I leave it in his hands..

To M. K. C.

Boston, 20 May 1890

..The fine scenery of the Common and the Public Garden is even more alluring than usual, and the blaze of color around the Statua Gentilissima del Gran Commendatore is quite dazzling. What the grand scenery of Lakewood must be under these smiling skies I do not even try to imagine to myself, but I picture you as wandering under the shadow of the great cliffs and by the borders of the rushing streams, and drinking in inspiration and health at one and the same time. **Francis** (age 18) feels the sweet influence and awoke me at something after eight o'clock this morning, saying he had been out and taken two photographs on the Jardin Publique--one of the statue and the tulips-- the other of the bridge and the State House..

To M. K. C.

Washington, 21st May 1890

..We have taken a drive in a little fly for all the world like the things we used to gallivant about Naples in, except that it was cleaner, and had (apparently) no fleas in it, and that we paid a dollar instead of fourteen cents. This driver was an intelligent fellow and drove us all about the upper part of this handsome city, up one street and down another, showing us all the swell houses, and pointing out every mansion inhabited by a Senator or Representative or Judge or other high mightiness..

1891 CKC Disciplinary Issue (as Freshman)

Cambridge, Feb. 8 [1891]. Newspaper clipping by HFK: "Waifs from Harvard" column.

When the freshman foot-ball eleven defeated Yale last November, the event was celebrated by a big bonfire on Jarvis's field. Thereby hangs a tale.

The fire began to die out after an hour or so, and as the men of '93 did not much like the idea of dancing around glowing embers, they began to look around for fuel, led by a certain enthusiastic freshy. The first thing to be found was a broad 12-foot gate; and so the gate was appropriated for the celebration. The next thing was a set of four wagon-wheels; but the cause was a good one and the wagon-wheels must burn. Now after these had been thrown onto the fire, a wicked proctor appeared on the scene and learned the leader's name. Nothing more was heard of the matter for several days, when, much to his chagrin, the merry ringleader was notified that he was suspended until Easter.

The freshmen, unwilling to see so patriotic a brother suffer, circulated a petition for the offender's reinstatement. Nearly every '93 man signed it. The document was presented to the faculty, and now hero Cummings [CKC] is again a student in good and regular standing. [And he graduated in 1893.]

1892 CKC College Essay (selected)

October 6th, 1892 - English 12 (Junior, Class of 1893) - Daily Themes - **A Squall**

I was overtaken by a squall last week when I was sailing a catboat [presumably the **Marlin**], and as nearly everyone knows, a catboat is not just the kind of vessel one would choose for a squall. I was running under a whole sail, east from Beverly [i.e., toward Magnolia] and my sensations were rather confused by the suddenness with which the wind came upon me. I worked somewhat mechanically and performed the proper functions with my nerves under a good deal of strain which although not fear was I think something akin to it. When finally everything was snug and the boat riding safely, I felt a singular relaxation, which, although I considered afterward with some care, I could not explain to myself except by saying that I had been afraid. This was undoubtedly the case, though I had not been conscious of any fear at the time. (Professor's comment: "Diffuse.")

Francis' 1893 Tramp through England, Scotland and Wales (excerpt)

[On July 25, **1893** CAC's son **Francis** (FHC) began a walking "tramp" through England, Scotland and Wales on July 25th, 1893, at the age of 21, after two years as a Harvard student (in the Class of 1895). He departed Boston on the SS Philadelphian, pictured here, a cargo ship for Leyland Line (F Leyland & Co), built by Harland and Wolff of Belfast, Northern Ireland, launched 20 August 1891; source: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_ships_built_by_Harland_and_Wolff_\(1859-1929\)#cite_ref-HW244_201-0](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_ships_built_by_Harland_and_Wolff_(1859-1929)#cite_ref-HW244_201-0).



See his letters, notes and photos written up and bound separately. He returned Sept. 20, 1893. Opening excerpt follows.]

July 25, 1893

My dearest family –

After taking leave of you at Longwood Tuesday evening, we drove in town, picking up my luggage at Young's and arrived at the Charlestown Hoosac Tunnel Docks, Pier 6 at a little after 10 P.M. The steward met us and showed us to our staterooms, which are the only two on board the Leyland Line S.S. Philadelphian [pictured here], the newest of the line, and sister ship to the Lancastrian. The staterooms are very commodious, furnished with two bunks each, electric lights, large water tanks, and a sofa. So far, so good (*hear me snap my fingers*).

After counting our baggage and finding all present, we sauntered out onto the immense covered dock, littered with bales, barrels, and freight of all kinds, where some 30 negroes were running hither and thither loading barrels of lard. As they rolled the barrels up to the gang-way, they sang snatches of plantation melodies, and in the dim light, these, mixed with the shouting of the foreman, the rumble of the donkey engines, and

the rattle of the chains as the barrels were let down into the hold, formed a picturesque scene, and reminded me of a scene from a play. ...

[back to C.A.C. letters]

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, Sept. **1893** [note: this is the first mention of their summer place, designed by CAC on 3 acres in Magnolia, now part of Gloucester MA.]

..Parker arrived duly at noon yesterday in time for a dip in the sea, which was yesterday particularly fine with a strong surf which treated your man with great disrespect, causing him to brace himself well on his legs to avoid being knocked over by the big waves. The water was not cold but most exhilarating. The boys [Charles, age 23, and Francis, 21] went off at 3.30 in the cart to Wenham and got back somewhere near midnight. They were very quiet, however, and got up to breakfast very promptly, disappearing shortly after. Here they are again, now ready for an early dinner preparatory to sailing over to Prides Crossing for the rehearsal (of an operetta by A. P. Loring, given in the Jackson's barn).

The **farm operations** absorb my interest. Joe Crispin and a man have nearly finished the fence, which should look very well, and offers an inviting opportunity to train creepers over it.

And Brother Wilkins has spread another load of shells on the road, which after it has been rolled once or twice, promises to be a road which we shall not be ashamed of..

To M. K. C.

230 Clarendon Street

19th April 1894 (age 60)

..I have been busy as usual. A couple of hours at the State House this morning over **my report** [see accompanying version] which finally went through without any essential change. I think it is a rather refreshing document in its frankness. I shall not be sorry on the whole to be free of this business though it has not been an unpleasant one in any way. But my own work has gone behind.

To M. C.

Magnolia

August 1895 (age 62)

..I have had my hair cut and am now quite equal in personal attractiveness to my highly critical son or any of his friends. You shall judge. I am thinking of going about bare-headed in the style of the day..

“The Crown of Beacon Hill”, CAC 1894

From "**Save the State House - The Memorial of a Century of Freedom**" by C. K. Fay, Boston 1894. The Remonstrants' Side of the Interesting Controversy. [Inserted here in the bound version of the Letters assembled by CKC in 1933.]

There are signs that the people are waking up to the danger which threatens the State House on Beacon Hill. They must do more than wake up if they wish to save it. The impression has become general; (the press has lately fostered it) that its destruction is a matter of necessity; that its foundations are weak, its woodwork decayed, and its general condition unsafe and threatening ruin.

It is very necessary to say with emphasis that this is an entirely false impression, and that among the various parties directly interested in replacing the present building by a new and more ambitious structure not one has claimed that there is any weakness or failure in any part of the State House except in the dome. The dome is a small hemisphere about fifty feet in diameter, of which the framing is of pine joists or planks, considerably lighter, no doubt, than we should use to-day in a similar work, and which rests on two wooden trusses. These trusses have been carried down at one extremity by the weight (as is understood) of a large water-tank which was put in at the time the elevator was introduced. It is also doubtless true that the framing timbers just spoken of have suffered more or less from dry rot and the ravages of worms. But the replacing of these timbers with sound ones of greater size, and the blocking up of the dome to its true level, is a trifling matter, involving (as one of the Commissioners admits) no difficulty and small expense, and could be done without any interference with the daily use of the building below.



It is true, further, that the interior disposition of the wings at the ends of the building as executed by Bulfinch was changed in the lowest story during the tasteless and unskilful alterations made some thirty years ago, under the direction of Mr. Washburn, by the insertion of an intermediate floor, which divided the ample chambers

of Mr. Bulfinch in order to give the Legislature some necessary committee-rooms, but which greatly detracted from the propriety and dignity of that portion of the interior. These additional rooms have now been rendered unnecessary by the ample provision made by Mr. Brigham in the extension buildings, now nearly completed, and nothing prevents the removal of the intermediate floors and the restoration of the wings to their original condition.

But all this has really very little to do with the case as it now stands. If the Commissioners wished to retain the present building, there would be nothing heard of its bad condition. They would go to work quietly where they found repairs needed and put it in a good and safe condition. They do not wish to retain it. It is very old, they say; it is a hundred years old; it cannot stand much longer; better take it down now while we are concerned with it, and have something new and more in accordance with what we are just finishing behind it.

Well, it is not to be doubted that their new building would be in many respects of construction better and safer than the old. It would certainly be more splendid, and more in accordance with modern methods. But is that the only consideration?

We say, No, nor yet the chief consideration. What is most valuable in the State House of a hundred years ago--its history, its associations with the men of other days, the inexpressible, undefinable flavor of earlier times when life was simpler and when the name of Massachusetts stood for all that was noble and fine in citizenship--can never be transferred to a new State House. Add to this, which is a consideration rightly enough characterized as "sentimental", the simple, noble, and dignified aspect of the building and the extreme improbability that any more ambitious successor will ever possess these qualities in equal measure, and we are justified, I think, in saying that the destruction of the State House would be a lamentable concession to the modern American spirit which carries us every year farther away from the "nobler modes of life, with sweeter manners, purer laws," which our fathers knew,- the spirit of false progress, false ambition, false pride.

Charles A. Cummings

CAC Memoir of Moses Kimball

[On February 21, 1895 CAC's father-in-law Moses Kimball died. The following are excerpts from a Memorial Pamphlet, "Memoir of Moses Kimball", by Charles A. Cummings, reprinted from the **New-England Historical and Genealogical Register** for October, 1902; the complete article is an Attachment to these letters. See also https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Moses_Kimball.]

Moses Kimball, for fifty years a familiar and picturesque figure in the life of Boston, was of good Old Puritan ancestry, being descended from Richard Kimball, 1595-1674, of Rattlesden in the county of Suffolk, and his wife Ursula, who came over in 1634, and after living two years in Watertown, were among the founders of the town

of Ipswich in Essex county [FHC note: as was CAC's fourth-great-grandfather Isaac Cummings, 1601-1677], with which town their descendants have been since identified.

Moses Kimball was of the seventh generation from Richard, and was born October 24, 1809, at Newburyport.... While Moses was yet a child, his parents removed to Sandy Bay, now known as Rockport, on Cape Ann. ... At the age of fifteen, this chapter of his life came to an end, and the boy came to Boston to seek his fortune. ... The buying and selling in a store did not afford a sufficient outlet for the restless energy which was characteristic of his temperament, and he embarked on several ventures, one after another, with indifferent success.

[“Mr. Kimball married, June 25, 1834, Frances L. A. Hathaway, daughter of John Hathaway of Boston; she was born in Dighton, Mass, which had been the home of her ancestors for many generations -- the first of the name, Nicholas Hathaway, having come to America about 1639” -- added in handwriting by his daughter Helen Kimball.]

...With the assistance of his brother David [in 1838] he bought the great part of the collections of the old New England Museum, which was breaking up, added to them from sundry other sources, ... and in 1841 opened the **Boston Museum**, a collection of objects extremely miscellaneous in character, the greater part naturally of little importance, but including many things of real value and interest.... [FHC note: CAC here omits mention of Kimball's interesting business relationship and long correspondence with **P. T. Barnum**.]

In 1843, the theatre was added to the attractions of this establishment, though in deference to the still lingering Puritan feeling in the community, the dangerous word was avoided, -- the hall in which the performances were given being called the "lecture-room." ...

The enterprise was successful from the start. It was soon evident that the space at the disposal of the Museum was far too limited for its needs. In conjunction with Mr. David Kimball, a fine new building was erected at large cost, which included a spacious and lofty hall of distinctly architectural character for the Museum proper, and a well appointed theatre in the rear. ... The establishment, which was opened in November, 1846, was complete and on a firm and permanent basis, and its hold upon the interest and support, we might almost say affection, of the community, grew stronger year by year and brought a steady prosperity to its founder. ...

Mr. Kimball's public life divides itself into two chapters, comprising respectively his services to the city and to the state. In 1848, he was a member of the Common Council, and in 1851 an alderman.... Mr. Kimball's most important service to the city was in the various boards of charitable and kindred work....

Mr. Kimball was, however, most widely known from his long experience in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was a senator for a single year only, in 1854, but his service in the House of Representatives, beginning in 1850 and continuing with occasional interruptions till 1876, brought him in contact with men of influence from every part of the state. ... One of his colleagues, in some reminiscences printed shortly after his death, says:

"When I was a member of the Senate, and Mr. Kimball still a member of the House, I remember how quickly the Senate lobbies would be cleared when the word was passed round -- 'Kimball is speaking.' As chairman of the Finance Committee, of which I was a humble member, Mr. Kimball did Massachusetts a service which should never be forgotten. He was in a constant fight, fighting all sorts of jobs and schemes, and he won every battle. He saved the state an immense amount of money." [FHC note: Kimball was known as the "Watchdog of the Treasury"; see http://brooklinehistoricalsociety.org/history/proceedings/1926/1926_Address.html.]

With his removal to Brookline ["Longwood"], in 1882, Mr. Kimball's long service in the Legislature came to an end. Mr. Kimball made three journeys to Europe, in 1867, 1872 and 1877-78....

Mr. Kimball's vigorous constitution, unweakened by illness (for he was never seriously ill in his life), yielded slowly to the advances of age. ... The death of his wife, which occurred in the autumn of 1894, after a union of sixty years, was a shock from which he had no strength, and perhaps no wish, to rally; and his own death followed hers, after a short three months....

LETTERS TO MKC & FHC IN COLORADO 1895-1896

(CKC note: my mother with my brother Francis had just gone to **Colorado for the winter**; he had been found to have **tuberculosis**.) — [This would have been FHC's Senior year.]

To M. K. C.

The Corner, 6th Nov. **1895**.

Today I have been at Magnolia for three hours or more.

..Isn't my hand tolerably steady--and yet I am just returned from the banquet above alluded to..

This morning I took a train to Brookline and went to see Mr. Cabot (Edward C. Cabot) who has been, I am sorry to say, very ill again. I fear he is breaking up, and he seems himself somewhat discouraged. Dear old fellow, it went to my heart to see him so feeble. Did I tell you that the Society is thinking of having his portrait painted?

To M. K. C.

The Corner, 12th Nov. 1895

..George Burgess is here (for his wedding to Miss Elizabeth Wadsworth), placid in mind outwardly at least; and indeed he says he feels quite calm. Chew was expected but telegraphed that he couldn't come till tomorrow. He will arrive in time for the ante-nuptial A.D. feast; and it is to be hoped that as that function will terminate only twelve hours before the ceremony at the church, the loving-cups may not be too potent either for bridegroom or best man. Charley who is running both occasions, answers, I believe, for the appearance of both the important characters at the appointed hour and in good condition.

I got from Mr. Scudder this afternoon a formidable package of Ms. [manuscript] being Miss Bulfinch's book, which I have told Daisy she is to read to me while I recline on the sofa. Fortunately Miss B's handscript is a legible one, and I do not expect it will be necessary to read the whole, but only those parts which have some connection with what I may write.

Daisy has been playing the Wedding March to Burgess at his request. She is to go with him to the Wadsworth's tomorrow morning to see the presents. Burgess has gone off to bed early, feeling very affectionate towards everybody; it's quite delightful..

To M. K. C.

The Corner, 23d Nov. 1895

..Only a postal from you today but that was enough to tell me that the boy (FHC) was then mending and that he was to be dressed the next day, which would be Wednesday. That was good, but this is Saturday, and I should much like to hear how he is at the present moment. However, we will be patient.

Rosy was extremely nice and friendly and recommended herself strongly to the children who talked with her, I suppose, more than they have done before since they were born, all together. Daisy had tea brought in, and things were very pleasant.

I can't find any time to get anything done of my own. It is dreadful the way the time gets eaten up. What am I to do? I might as well be in Colorado! Bulfinch MS. to read and introductory chapter to write, report on architectural exhibit at the Mechanic's Fair, blowing-up letter to Magonigle, Rotch Scholar in Italy, who is cutting up rough.

A droll thing happened in church today. The last hymn was given out and the choir began without the organ. I supposed the organ man was overcome with sleep; the tune was "O Thou whose power" etc. etc., perfectly familiar to everybody. They made awful work of the first verse. The second verse went worse and they stopped short in the middle of the second line, and then a head was protruded over the rail and the basso profundo exclaimed in a loud and distressed voice, "Doctor! there's something the matter with the organ; it won't work!" Whereupon the Doctor took up his hymn-book and finished the verse ore rotundo, and pronounced the benediction, and the congregation dispersed, I fear, in anything but a devout frame of mind. Will you think of a trained and highly paid choir being unable to get through a simple and familiar hymn with the score before them, because the organ had given out!..

To M. K. C.

27th Nov. 1895

..Charley has just been over to the Brunswick to get a New York paper with an account of the wedding to send to you. He got home bright and early this morning and came to breakfast with Harley, having had a jolly visit apparently.

I went out in the rain after dinner and spent an hour or so very pleasantly with Moore. Charley and Daisy go to Magnolia with their bikes, if the weather is propitious.

Thursday, Thanksgiving Day

The children departed on their wheels, escorted by Jack [the family dog], for the nine o'clock train to Magnolia, where Charlie has to see the two parties who have bid for the house..

To M. K. C.

The Corner, 30th Nov. 1895

We sent off a round robin to you from all the Thanksgiving party, which I presume will have reached you safely.

I have been working through the Bulfinch MS. and young Scudder is coming to see me on Wednesday about illustrations..

To M. K. C.

The Corner, Nov. 1895

It shows how far away you have got that my latest word from you is dated last Tuesday, just after your arrival at Denver. I am particularly anxious to hear again just now, from what you said of **Francis**, and his losing his voice. I preached a little at him when I wrote last and I hope he will prove to be docile and sensible.

Miss Wadsworth (I beg her pardon,- Mrs. Burgess) said she had a pleasant letter from you.

Harley took dinner with us yesterday, having gone in the afternoon to Magnolia with Charley. They went off after dinner to the Mechanic's Fair. There is an exhibition of posters there which is very interesting and much in Harley's line. I went to the Art Club to see the remarkable show of drawings made for the illustrations to the Ladies' Home Journal, large drawings in pen and ink and in India ink and reduced by photography for printing, mighty interesting. The Hungarian band brought over the water to fiddle at the Vanderbilt wedding, so they say, was there and played some queer music, interspersed with whistling and shouts, very dramatic.

Charley started off this forenoon for Waltham. I don't think he will have a very prosperous journey on his wheel in the mud and rain, but there will be the advantage that he will be the more likely to find "the little lady" (CKC note: "at that time, L.L.P." - Lydia Lyman Paine, daughter of RTP and future wife of CKC) at home.

[This is a reference to "Stonehurst", the Waltham summer home of Robert Treat Paine (RTP), Lily's father and interestingly a key member of the Committee that had overseen the

design of Trinity Church beginning in 1872. Lily was the first child baptised at Trinity Church, in 1876. The Paines' winter house was 6 Joy Street, built in 1826 by George Lyman, who had developed the Mt. Vernon Street area.]

I get very sentimental now and then. Last night, for example, when I walked up the avenue just after sunset and the west was very splendid and bright when the rest of the world was getting sombre, I said to myself, there is you out there with the little boy, and it looks very inviting, and I wouldn't mind keeping right on till I got there where they are.. I really hated to turn round and leave it all behind me!

Daisy has now gone to Longwood [the Brookline home of Moses Kimball, CAC's father-in-law, and family] to see the aunties, saying she doesn't feel like staying in the house any longer. She seems extremely well and is on the whole pretty good..

To M. K. C.

Nov. 1895

We have just finished dinner, Peggy dear, Charley and I with Phil Howard and Mr. Nims (Nimsey) with "Jim Lee" (not a Chinaman) for a non-eating guest, having had his dinner before he came. The occasion of all this addition to our small number was the weekly meeting of the new and select architectural club, not at this house but at the house of one Bigelow (Herry Forbes Bigelow), a new member who was anxious to entertain the members. Charley has been reading up his notes on Latin 12, or whatever the course is which treats of Roman manners and customs, the subject being the Roman baths. So they have all gone off together to Mr. Bigelow's..

Did you see that the poor old Cephalonia struck a rock near Holyhead when going into Liverpool a couple of days ago, but was got off without trouble, and then finding herself leaking, I suppose, was run ashore on the beach and the passengers taken off and sent to Liverpool? I don't think I hanker after a winter voyage to England!

To M. K. C.

The Corner, Dec. 1895

..We had a big meeting (of the Examiner Club) last night. Hyatt was hard on the Women Suffragists; he says reasoning from biological analogy, there is great danger of physical and mental degeneration in everything which tends to lessen the distinction between women and men and that the suffrage would be a long step in that direction. You don't want to become philogerontic, do you?

To M. K. C.

At the [Boylston National] Bank 3d Dec. 1895

We are all sitting here around the table waiting for the honorable president (Charles Torrey) who is detained down town somewhere, while somebody or other is trying to convince us that he is a safe man to make a loan to.

But to show you how my time goes: besides the two bank mornings this week, I have on Wednesday afternoon an Executive Committee (of the Boston Society of Architects, B.S.A.) meeting, on Thursday the Permanent Committee of the Museum [of Fine Arts], on Friday afternoon and evening the B.S.A. at Cambridge, and on Saturday the Rotch Committee. At all these, except the Permanent Committee, I have to preside, so that I don't feel at liberty to be away.

Daisy has the first meeting of the Sewing Circle here tomorrow. Signor Bartolme has orders to provide nourishment for forty hungry girls. She will doubtless give you a detailed account of the function in due time..

To M. K. C.

The Corner, 7th Dec. 1895

..I can't wonder that you have these blue days once in a while, but I hope it isn't the prevailing tone. Remember, I am ready to come out at a day's notice whenever you say the word, and if you get unhappy. I shall want to come. I can't bear to think of you out there, feeling left to yourself and homesick..

Daisy gave you, I suppose, an account of the opening feast of the Sewing Circle. There were "twelve basketsful" left over, and we have lived on chicken salad and lobster croquettes and ice-cream refrozen and chocolate rewarmd ever since. The amount of sewing accomplished must have been tremendous, most of the girls arriving from 12.45 to one, and leaving before two.

I haven't told you of our great field-day yesterday (B.S.A. meeting at Harvard). We had fifty members, 20 more I suppose than ever attended any meeting before. Moore as curator showed us over the **Fogg Museum** [established earlier in 1895; see <https://harvardartmuseums.org/about/history-and-the-three-museums>], which has its good points, but more bad ones: fine entrance hall, rather fine semi-circular lecture-room. Then to the new architectural school, which is Agassiz's old Zoological Museum and work shop, Morse (Prof. Edw. S. Morse) and Shaler (Prof. Nathaniel S. Shaler) were among his students and were recalling with much zest, especially Morse, the high-jinks they used to have there (their bedrooms were in the building), then to Shaler's house where Mrs. S. and Miss S. received us and gave us tea. Then across the street to the Colonial Club where we had dinner. When I was introduced to Eliot (Pres. C. W. Eliot), whom I thought I had never met, he appeared to recognize me, and said "It's a long time since we have met, Mr. Cummings. I think the last time was at the Examiner Club." I didn't in the least remember it, but we were on an easy footing at once and it was as if we were old friends. I had him on my right at table and Shaler on my left. The dinner was very pleasant, but you should have seen me trot out the speakers. My friends, the architects, gazed on me with tender delight; they didn't know it was in me! How I did slobber poor old Norton (Prof. Charles Eliot Norton), who was, I think, a little more lugubrious than usual, and Shaler who was most entertaining, and the President, who was immensely dignified and affable.

It was great fun. We separated at half past ten or thereabouts..

To M. K. C.

The Corner, 11th Dec. 1895

..I had a pleasant quiet family dinner with the Allens (Francis R.Allen, of Allen & Collens, Architects) on Monday. They have shaken off the dust from their feet and are now parishioners of Emmanuel. **Dr. Donald** (Rev. Elijah Winchester Donald, D.D., rector of Trinity from 1893 to 1904) was too much for them to stand, in more ways than one. He is, for instance, a square friend and supporter of Tammany. [But note that Rev. Donald officiated at the wedding of CKC & LLP at Trinity Church in 1898.] Allen says a good many people are leaving the church.

I have had a cold but pleasant excursion this afternoon. Did I tell you that the B.S.A. have it in mind to have a **portrait of Edward Cabot** painted for the Society? The question of an artist is a difficult one on several accounts. In the first place, we have no money to spend on such luxuries and the sum will have to be raised partly or wholly by private subscription. Then Cabot is so much of an invalid that he couldn't go to an artist but would have to be painted at his own house. He himself, when the subject was mentioned to him, suggested Mrs. Emerson, wife of Ralph, who has painted some portraits which he greatly admired. That was thought to be an important pointer, and as the two are old friends, we thought there would be a manifest advantage in giving her the work. But nobody knew anything about what she has done, so I went to see Emerson a fortnight or more ago to ask him about it. He was greatly delighted with the possibility of his wife having the work and said her things were most or all in Milton and he would be only too glad to take us to see them. So we made an appointment and this afternoon, Preston, Lewis and I met him at the station and went out. We took carriages at Milton and went to William Forbes's house where was a full-length portrait of the small boy of the family. It was a very agreeable surprise, really a fine portrait, then to Mr. Watson's (a brother of Mrs. E.) where was a little boy, also good but not as good. Then to Emerson's own house where was a portrait of himself, so like, so very like that it made us laugh. Forbes's house was delightful; Emerson built it a good many years ago and it has some charming rooms, particularly a great square hall in the middle of the house. Emerson's own house is immensely amusing, the greatest variety of dodges of all sorts and kinds, and some irreverent critic likened it to a freight train coming round a curve.

Harley Parker has been convicted of astigmatism and will appear henceforth in spectacles--so he informed me today! **Josiah Quiney** is elected Mayor of Boston for 2 years, the third of the name, but a sad drop from the other two..

To M. K. C.

The Corner, 13th Dec. 1895

..Charley has now gone out for his nightly run up Newbury Street to Massachusetts Av. with Jack at his heels. As he gets himself up for the job, you may imagine how, and runs like all possessed, he runs some risk of being shot by a policeman as a fugitive from justice, but he has escaped thus far. It's his way of getting exercise just now. His dinner engagements are recommencing in earnest..

To M. K. C.

St. Botolph Club, 14th Dec. '95

..My children have both deserted me; after going out to Hammond's pond together for the skating, they came in and dressed in a hurry and went out to Cambridge together, Charley to a dinner given by some fellow at the A. D. Club [[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A.D. Club](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A.D._Club)] to meet some girl, and Daisy to the Eustis's, both to go to the French play afterward.

To the concert and heard 2 movements, of a Brahms symphony, one rather fine, t'other hideous; a lovely Beethoven violin concerto; and an amusing Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt, and then came to the Club..

Sunday

..Charley went off shortly after breakfast with Lincoln Davis for skating; Daisy arrived from Cambridge about noon..

The music began again at the St. Botolph this afternoon, with a concert by Kneisel's men.

I am gradually getting to know all the corners of the Public Library. I have been studying lately a lot of South Italy photographs. Yesterday when I asked for them, I found they had gone to the bindery to be bound into volumes. But Fleischner said, "If you want to look at them, you can go down to the bindery. Go across the court and in at that door in the corner and ask for Mr. Ryder and he'll show them to you." So I hunted up Ryder and he was extremely civil and set me down at a bench where I worked very comfortably. While I was there, a young man came along and said, "I hope the noise of my press (in the adjoining room) doesn't disturb you?"..

To M. K. C.

16th Dec. 1895

..I told you, I believe, of my declining to be a candidate for reelection in the B.S.A. (as President). I enclose a communication from the Nominating Committee in reply to my last letter, which will explain itself. I could not decline so signal an honor tendered in such a way, and so I accepted the nomination..

To M. K. C.

20th Dec. 1895

..Daisy has just gone off to dinner at the Paine's, to go with Lydia (LLP, Lily) afterwards to Cambridge to John Fiske's lecture on Chattanooga and its great battle, one of a series of four lectures which he has been giving in Sanders Theatre. Charley has brought Phil Howard home to dinner and to the first meeting of the new and very select architectural club, which convenes in your nursery at eight o'clock! Isn't that a new departure for your eldest son? Lee, Rafey Emerson, Parker, Thomas, Howard, Bigelow, and Cummings are the members. I don't know what measures they propose in the way of mutual improvement, but it is evidently a serious affair..

To M. K. C.

22d Dec. 1895

..I went to church, hoping rather than expecting to hear a word from Hale (Rev. E. E. Hale, D. D.) on the one topic on which every preacher in the country should speak, but he apparently has not heard that anything unusual is going on, for there wasn't a word or an allusion to remind one of it. That's what used, I remember, to anger me during the war.

At the club last night, there was no concert, Dr. Chadwick introduced me to Signor Rotoli, of whom you may have heard, a singing teacher of some distinction, with whom I talked a while. He is a Roman, and seems to know everybody there. Your Marchese Ungero, he says, was at Chicago during the fair, in charge of some portion of the Italian exhibit..

To M. K. C.

St.Botolph Club, Dec. 1895

..I got this morning your letter of Monday; you had not then got the Christmas box, but I hope it came along shortly afterwards. Half the fun of that would be lost if you had to open it after Christmas had passed by. But I guess I shall hear on Monday that you got it in time.

Tell Francis by the way, that I have just now been talking with Gen'l [C.G.] Loring, who said his daughter had received a very beautiful photograph of some cliff or other, which had excited his admiration. He asked whether the photograph was taken in colors or was colored afterwards. I ought to have told him it was Colorado. But I always think of those things too late! He asked with interest how F. was getting on.

Then I had a long talk with Darwin Ware all along of Judge Holmes and the Venezuela business. Ware is a sound old fellow; he can be depended on to take right views of things.

I have been trying to get ahead a little with my poor old book, but it's curious how hard I find it to settle with an easy and quiet mind to this work. But I have really made a little progress during the last month. But I wish I had begun the thing ten years earlier.

My own belief is that you will find Dr. Anderson will want Francis to spend next winter in Colorado. If he does, you can ask whether Davos [??] will not do equally well, which would keep him on the same side of the ocean with us. I want to see Francis's cough yield. How is it that that persists so obstinately, if the lung has cleared so much as Anderson thought?

Sunday afternoon.

..I have been hearing a couple of quartettes by Arthur Foote and H.W. Parker, but I didn't care very much for them though they had some rather good parts. To my great surprise, I came upon Mr. [Edward C.] Cabot quietly sitting in an arm-chair enjoying the music. He said "it was an experiment" his coming out, but I hope he will be none the worse for it. He is, I think, much pleased at the arrangement by which his name is still kept at the head of the list of officers of the B.S.A. (as President Emeritus; C.A.C. was President).

Prof. Swain, the engineering man of the Inst. of Tech., has just made a report on the present condition of the "Bulfinch State House", which the papers pretend to think "sounds the knell of the building". He introduced himself to me just now, evidently feeling a little as if his report might have had the air of reflecting upon **ours of last spring**, and anxious to know if I thought so. We had a pleasant enough talk over it..

To M.K.C.

Dec. 24, 1895

Everybody has been so busy today (everybody meaning for the occasion Daisy and her papa) that no word has been put on paper for the exiles.

But I don't mean that any day shall go by without at least a line.

I am glad to see that Francis was able to take a rather longer walk. Does he continue to gain, and how is his appetite? As to his sleep, I.. needn't ask, your quotation is characteristic. Tell him to keep right along and get strong against my appearance in the Rockies..

To M. K. C.

Dec. 1895

Nice letter from you yesterday morning dated Thursday. Francis had been down stairs for the first time, sitting in the sun, and I hope he was the better for it; but I hate to think of his being so weak and invalidish; tell him to pray to get strong so I can hear of his doing something out of doors. But your letter was encouraging.

I went to the Examiner Club supper last night and sat down by Major Livermore who asked with much interest after you, and desired his kindest regards. You must have made a good impression on that warrior.

Charley is in New York all this time attending to the Robb-Henderson nuptials, but will be back at breakfast tomorrow I presume. He will doubtless give you an account of the festivities. As for me, I shall dine in solitude and go afterwards to Cambridge by appointment to spend the evening with Brother Longfellow ought to be there; but he is far away. Edward Wheelwright whom I met the other evening at the Memorial Club dinner said he met him at the Cappucini at Amalfi..

To M. K. C.

New Year's Day 1896

..I am beginning to get a little tired of being in the house all alone save Jack (CKC note: our beloved fox-terrier) and the servants, and shall not be sorry to see my daughter tomorrow evening when she is due. Charley was at work last evening from 5.30 when he got home till 10 o'clock on full-sizes for his house. At that time he was interrupted by Charles Sturgis who came in from some dinner party and stayed a half hour or so. The papers say the chimes were ringing

all over the city at midnight but I didn't hear them--indeed I must have gone to sleep pretty promptly, as I failed to hear the people coming home from Trinity as I always have done..

To M. K. C.

Jan. 1896

This is my time for writing on the magnum opus if ever [**A history of architecture in Italy** from the time of Constantine to the dawn of the renaissance, <https://archive.org/details/historyofarchite00cumm/page/16/mode/2up>]; no bank or committee today, but yet I feel somehow impelled to begin at least a letter to you.

Your letters are far less cheerful of late, and it seems as if you were getting homesick. That is accounted for largely, no doubt, by your feeling poorly yourself, but I wonder how much Francis's condition may have to do with it. I can't make out that he is showing any improvement; what you say is all negative. He must not go out evenings, nor play golf, nor sit on piazzas after walking, etc. etc. Have you asked the Dr. to make another examination? or is it at all manifest that his special condition,- i.e. as to the lung,- is improving? You may think I am asking the same questions over and over again; but remember I have to get everything at second-hand, and I have to answer a great many questions, as well as ask them..

To M. K. C.

Jan. 1896

..There is a large piece of property on **Sudbury Street** belonging partly to Mr. Bailey's estate and partly to that of his partner Mr. Jenkins, now occupied by very old and shaky tumbledown buildings, chiefly occupied as a stable,-and which we as Trustees have finally determined to pull down, and build a big commercial building on the site. I have had Charley in mind in connection with this project from the first, but said nothing to him about it until the project was ready to begin upon. Of course it is too much of a thing for him to manage alone, but I told him if Andrews would let him bring it into the office (**Andrews, Jaques & Rantoul**, in whose office C.K.C. was a draftsman) and do it there, with the office back of him, I would give him the commission. He was much excited over it and begged me to let him do it himself with the help of an engineer to ensure safe construction. But I said no, the thing is too important and the chances of failure in one way or another are too many and too serious. Today he has had a talk with the firm and he is to do the thing in their office, in his own name, with the assistance of the office force. It is a wonderful piece of good fortune for him, and he will get more experience from it than from three years of ordinary office-work as draughtsman.

I am bidden to the Twentieth Century Club tomorrow afternoon, to lunch and speak for ten minutes on the proposed restriction of the heights of buildings on the Back Bay, in view of the monster apartment-house on Commonwealth Ave. over against David P. which rejoices in the appropriate name of Haddon Hall.

Excerpts from C.K.C.'s Journal 1896-1897

[CAC's son CKC kept a diary or Journal from January 1896 through November 1897 in which he records his feelings about his love of Lydia Lyman Paine (LLP, Lily) and about the illness and death of his brother FHC, as well as his early career in architecture. Excerpts from these notes of CKC to himself are interspersed below with his father's letters, approximately chronologically.]

January 1 — Billy Rantoul and I began to tracing the working drawings for the Cambridge Field Shelter, a brick and sandstone building the firm (Andrews, Jacques and Rantoul) is doing for the town of Cambridge in connection with Olmstead & Elliot. Just before five Mr. Jaques said sailed in and said to me "I'll let you off early if you'll walk home with me, Mr. Cummings." I told him I appreciated his offer, but had to stay and copy my full sizes of Buckley Wells house. The office all wooosed up. I felt very swell today and lunched off roast duck with Jimmy Lee at Frank Atwood's. ...

Jan. 2 — Went around town and picked out plumbing fixtures.... Nimsy and Phil Howard came to dine and then we went to the Second Meeting of our new architectural club at Harry Bigelow's rooms on Newbury Street. Howard Lee and I read papers on the Roman baths, Lee's being especially good. Beer and Welsh rarebit afterward. This afternoon I dropped in to a musicale at the Greely Curtises... I saw and had a few words with little Miss **Lydia Paine** who I had supposed would be there.

Jan. 8th — Mr. Jaques came into my coop and said I had got through the election committee at the **Tavern Club** and that my name was being sent around to the members. I hope I may get in.

Andrews gave me an interesting criticism and talk on finials, which I always enjoy though he is pretty changeable and hard to please. His ideas vary with the weather.

I saw the **Gurney steam heating** people [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Goldsworthy_Gurney] about Wells' house, and Mr. Sanborn their constructionist took the plans to give me a figure. Whittemore from Walker-Pratt came up and bid \$1756.

Called on the Shattucks for an hour but didn't get much amused somehow. They were much interested in my house, apparently especially about the one Mr. Stourll gave me to build, but which I gave up because he wanted me to go on with Ball & Dabney's sketches. That really was a disappointment to me as Lexington is a fast growing place, build a pretty house there would without doubt help me much. Dined with Papa alone as Margaret is at Manchester with the Sturgis's and then worked on Wells' outside finish. Was invited to dine with Mrs. J. Murray Forbes to meet Miss Augusta Kellogg who is engaged to Billy Rogers.

Jan. 12 — Just caught my train for Pride's where I had a good day in the country with the ugly speckled Squab Robbins. We had a first-rate **sleigh ride** to Magnolia with dog **Jack** running behind all the way.

Jan'y 14 — Dined with Steve and Rita Crosby and went to the Bancrofts' dance where I had a pretty satisfactory talk with **Lydia** in old John's workshop. We agreed not to let restraint be any more of an impediment to our communication than absolutely necessary. Awfully hard, I find it, to express most of the things I want to say to her. I know what I want to say in a way and she always makes it perfectly easy for me, but I am invariably awkward about it. Once in a while, I do make a point however and she is always very prompt in acknowledging it. Lydia asked me for a waltz at the Leap-year ball and Rita Crosby engaged me for the Cotillion.

Jan. 16 — got up very early and breakfasted by **gaslight** & went to Cambridge and examined Bill Rantoul's new house that he has just built for Coolidge Roberts, Esq. with Billy. It is largely finished in oak panelling and is very handsome. Mr. Hoare (of Roberts & Hoare, who were the contractor) is immensely proud of it. Bill introduced me to Tom Baker who is to be the foreman on B. Wells' house and is to begin framing there on Monday next. [...]

Jan. 20th Was elected to the **Tavern Club** at which I am very proud and pleased. Just in time for the big dinner of 100 tonight for the opening of an exhibition of portraits of the members by each other, which were immensely amusing. [...]

Back to C.A.C. letters:

To M. K. C.

Jan. 1896

..I am all alone this evening. Daisy went off to Jackson (N.H.) this morning, Charley going to the station with her. He is staying at the office tonight as he did last night until late, all hands being engaged in finishing up a set of competition drawings for some schoolhouse in the suburbs. [likely Middlesex School of Concord]

Helen and Hannah gave me beautiful books: De Amicis Spain, 2 vols. very much illustrated, and Episcopal Palaces of England, very handsome. You and Francis were very ingenious in your presents, and they were most welcome and interesting.

I am very anxious to hear whether **Francis** continues to improve. The Doctor's report was so wonderfully good..

To M. K. C.

January 1896

..I have come to feel pretty sure from all which your letters have told me of **Francis** that he would not be allowed to come away after a single winter. All the people I have talked with here, who have been in Colorado themselves in search of a cure or have had friends there have had pretty much the same story to tell, one winter to cure and a second to strengthen. And while it is desolating to me to think of prolonging this separation indefinitely, yet if you can see a steady improvement in Francis, and a prospect of sound health at the end, the exile will not

be insupportable. I will come out in the spring, and we will try and have some pleasant journeying together.

Well, dear, the election was unanimous, as far as the president was concerned, and I must confess to a good deal of gratification at the result. It seems to mean that I have not practised the noble art of Architecture all my life quite in vain, even if all my best things are either torn down or burned or worse. I will be silly enough to send you the note which Andrews (the head of the second ticket) wrote to the Secretary with the request that it should be read at the meeting. I know it will please you as much as it pleased me..

This is just an additional word to say that you may count on my coming out early in March, or at any other time when you think best. I will drop everything and run, at your call..

To M. K. C.

10th Jan. 1896

..What is this I read about your going upstairs after dinner and drinking punch and champagne!

Charley's invitations come now thick and fast. He had one for every night this week and I don't know how many ahead. I think he counts up 28 dinner invitations thusfar.

Charley brought home Phil Howard this afternoon to dinner though he himself was going out to dine with the Sturgis's. Phil woke up after Charley had departed and was really lively for him.

Once he laughed right out loud, first time I ever heard him. Phil was going to the meeting of the new architectural club; I suspected that Charlie's social engagements would make him a rather irregular member.

..I got yesterday from Edward Robinson (not the artist, but the curator) the announcement of my new dignity, and I think I must send it along for you to enjoy (He was chairman of the Council of the **Museum School**, 1896-1901 [at the MFA].)

I sent the Transcript yesterday, with a cutting from the 'Tiser giving two letters from Harvard professors in reply to Roosevelt's letter. (CKC note: Letter from Hon. **Theodore Roosevelt** to the Harvard Crimson, endorsing President **Grover Cleveland** and severely criticizing the position taken by certain Harvard professors, among them Prof. Wm. James, on the **Venezuelan dispute**.)

F. will enjoy James's reply. I forward tonight the Outlook, which has the best account I have seen of the affairs in **South Africa**. What a mess the world is getting itself into. Just think of these three things all on the carpet at once: Venezuela, S. Africa and **Armenia**!

To M. K. C.

12th Jan. 1896

..I didn't go to the concert, as I was alone. Went to the Art Club, where they have hung up 90 or 100 of the worst pictures ever painted and given prizes of \$2,500, \$1,500, and \$1,000

to three of the worst of them. It was rather amusing to hear the artists one and all swearing at the awards.

Charley has departed on a run for the station, to spend the day with Robbins at Prides Crossing. Jack has accompanied him. Charley Barley is coming for supper tonight, also Hand (class orator).

Here come the people from Trinity Church, well dressed as usual, holding up their skirts and picking their way across the street through the rather deep snow.

I had a most grateful note from Miss Bulfinch, all along of my reading her MS and telling her I should write my introductory chapter for the pleasure of doing it and not for any other compensation. (CKC note: Introduction to Miss Bulfinch's "Life of Charles Bulfinch".) I will send you the note. The book will not create a sensation, but it is really a very pleasant picture. (I believe I have said all this to you before!! I must repeat myself continually; don't tell me my mind is going, please. It's a tender subject.)

To M. K. C.

Jan. 17, 1896

..Lina has come to dinner preparatory to going with Daisy and me to hear Van Daell lecture on French literature at the Institute. I went over on Wednesday evening to hear Despradelles on modern French architecture. It didn't amount to much as matter, but was a good exercise in understanding rapid French, spoken with the most extravagant pronunciation and accent, great contrast to Van Daell's extreme distinctness and deliberation. I don't know whether you will have heard of the death of Martin Brimmer on Tuesday. A distinct loss to Boston I think, for he was a thoroughly public-spirited man, not only interested, but active in helping forward good works, especially in the way of art. Also a shining example, sorely needed in these days, of that decaying and neglected species in Natural History, the Gentleman.

I sent you a long notice of John Spaulding. Queer that I should have so completely lost sight of him for 25 years and more. Good fellow, but much of a crank, especially in his ways of giving. He has left several millions, and though a bachelor has made no public bequests. One can't quarrel with him for this considering the very large amounts he gave during his life-time. But a half million or so would have come very handy, say to the Art Museum.

I went to the Museum and had a long confab with E. Robinson about the Art Commission and the things that are likely to come up for its decision. Very interesting. Mr. Brimmer's death will be a loss here (he was president of the **Museum of Fine Arts**), though he has been too feeble for some time to do much. He was really with Charles Perkins the founder of the Museum and has been its constant friend and helper.

Daisy and I went to hear the Chieftain, last of Sullivan's operas (but a very old one revamped, Elson says) last night..

To M. K. C.

The Corner, Jan. 19, 1896.

..Daisy grows more and more interested in good music (though just at the present moment she is playing "Utopia", well, that is good music too in its way). Did she tell you of playing the Schubert Symphony and the Egmont overture with Mrs. Marsh at the **weekly Symphony class**? That pleased her much I think. The bulk of the concert was made up of a fearful and wonderful piano concerto by Brahms, with not one interesting moment in it. The audience didn't appear to think so however, for Joseffy (2) woke them up to a higher pitch than I remember before. (CKC note: Mr. Joseffy played Brahms' piano concerto (B-flat #2) in Boston, January 17 and 18, 1896.) Eight times, I think, he was called out to bow and scrape and embrace the grinning Paur and the patronizing Kerneisel and it seemed as if the noise would keep up for the rest of the evening. I had a couple of hours at the club after the concert. You can't imagine what a luxury it is to have nobody to tell you she can't get to sleep till you come!

I told you of Martin Brimmer's death. I went to his funeral at Trinity yesterday, and then to an Ex. Com. meeting at Cabot's old office (now Everett's) where we arranged for a subscription to pay for Cabot's portrait (CKC note: Portrait of Edward C. Cabot, by Mrs. Emerson, now hung in the Public Library).

Charley is at Georgetown today with a "crowd", - Sturgises, Shattucks, etc...

To M. K. C.

24th Jan. 96

..We have been having dinner-party No. 2. at which I was just a little reluctant to be present, but I hate the American plan of separating the interests of old and young so much that I said I would "come to the party". And really it has been very agreeable and nice. I had the Sturgis and the Paine on either hand, and they let me talk to them as much as ever I liked and talked back without showing that they were bored. And that in these days is a very nice thing in a young girl. Lucy you know as a real little lady.

But I was also really much pleased with **Miss Lydia Paine** (CKC note: who later had the honour of becoming his daughter-in-law), who seems a very sweet girl and thoughtful and serious-minded, interested in things which I believe most of that set care very little about. I think you would like her much. [See CKC Jan. 24 Journal below on this.] The men were Sturgis and Louis Frothingham.

I have been this afternoon to the meeting of the **Art Commission** at the Mayor's office and enjoyed it much. We were short-handed, Mr. Brimmer's death leaving a vacancy and Prince, being absent. Gen. Walker, the Mayor and your humble servant, being therefore the only members present, with Edward Robinson, Secretary. Well, there was no very important business, but several things of minor interest, as thus: a bronze statue of Sir Harry Vane was given by some citizen, I forget who, to the City for the Public Library and has been now for some months standing in the middle of one of the special library rooms. It was done by Mac-Monnies, who made the swell fountain in the great court at Chicago, which you will remember. It is a beastly thing in my opinion, and what we had to do was to accept or reject it, and if the former, to assign a place for it. I spoke my mind with freedom, saying that I thought it entirely out of place where it is now, that it would be still more out of place in a place which Peabody had suggested for it, at one end of Bates Hall, that I should be happier if it could be rejected, but that I supposed that could hardly be done at this late day, and recommending

that it be placed in one of the niches in the entrance hall, which had been suggested by Langford Warren. So the vote was passed to accept the statue provided it was placed in one of the aforesaid niches.

Then there is a statue of Gen. Charles Devens which is to be placed in the State House grounds, and there was a question of the pedestal for which the Sculptor Warner had sent drawings; certain details I thought needed correcting, so I was made a committee with Gen. Walker to make such changes as I thought best, and to communicate with Warner and make a contract for the pedestal. Then the City gave \$1,500 for a bust of Dr. Holmes to go in the Library, and the work was given to a young sculptor of Quincy whom the Mayor knows and being in Paris had sent half a dozen photographs from his clay model for our inspection, etc.etc.etc. Very interesting work, just what I like, and as I am the only man on the Commission whose business it is to have some Judgment about such things, they defer to me in a very flattering manner. How I bless my stars whenever I think of it that I was prevented by a kind fate from going into trade when I was a youth, and led instead into the paths of art, and among congenial people who have had something to think about other than making money. Yet without a mighty good and patient father, I couldn't have done it..

More from C.K.C.'s Journal

Jan. 24, 1896 – Lunched at the Tavern and dined at home where we had a dinner of eight which went off well. ... The little lady [**Lily** Paine] looked prettier than ever.... She talked with Papa most of the time & said afterward that she liked him immensely. I sang Dio Possenle after dinner and better than usual I think....

Jan. 28 — Talked with Harry Bigelow about going to the firm with my commercial warehouse for the estate of Bailey and Jenkins which Papa has given me to build. ...

Jan. 30 — Had a talk of two hours with Mr. Andrews and Mr. Jaques about bringing in my job into the firm, but keeping my own name as architect. As I had feared, they refused, we both arguing hard. I want awfully to start in and do it by myself, but I cannot quite persuade Papa to let me yet: perhaps he may. I feel terribly keen over the matter.

Sat with Salty and others at B.A.A. and then dined at the Arthur Emery's, but was bored again. They made me sing some of **my foolish songs**, a thing it is hard to do if you aren't in the mood for it, and I wasn't.

Jan. 31 — After two long talks with Jaques & Rantoul, I got this proposition from them: that I leave their employ, hire an office (my regular coop) and all conveniences of them, including help and draftsman, and make a division to be hereafter decided on, of

the commission I receive for building the commercial warehouse. I didn't waste much time in accepting this, and so the matter was settled to my intense joy and excitement.

Back to C.A.C. letters:

To M. K. C.

Jan. 30, 1896

Here we are, Peggy Junior and her father, she in her own room and he in the nursery, she busily directing the invitations to the shindy of the 21st Feb. while I write a word or two to the exiles. For really I write to both when I write to one, knowing that both are interested in pretty much the same things.

Francis dear, was my sermon a particularly nasty one, that you ask so sarcastically why I didn't use red ink or blood? I didn't mean to be disagreeable in any way, but once in a while I get very nervous and fidgety about you, and fancy you are not taking all the care you might. That was rather a knock-downer of Dr. Anderson's in reply to Mamma's question about the ranch; wasn't it? I don't see why it should be so bad; there are ranches and ranches, I suppose, and I don't believe everybody on a ranch goes without decent food. Every man is a crank on some point or other.

Examiner Club, Monday night

Did I tell you about it? Smoke-talk last night at St. Bottles, a naval officer with a raucous voice gave his experiences in four years' service, surveying a route for a **canal across the Isthmus, south of Panama**. It was interesting but a little Munchausen like, and I was amused to find afterwards that men didn't seem to place the most implicit reliance on his mosquitoes which stung through canvas suits, and his swarms of flies which made an object invisible ten feet off.

David Kimball was here the other evening for an hour or so to compare notes with me over the applications we had had for portions of the \$10,000 **charity fund** provided for by your Father (Moses Kimball). We found to our surprise that our lists were almost entirely different, only three or four institutions being on both. We crossed off some definitely, marked some as approved by us and David took the whole batch saying he would leave it at Longwood within a day or two, that the sisters may mull over it, and do what seems to them good. If you have any suggestions to make, we should be very glad of them.

The children are rather gay this week, particularly Charley, who was at Pierce Hall Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and with four dinners this week. It is only fair to say, however, that he went on Tuesday only that he might look out for Daisy..

To M. K. C.

Monday, 3d Feb. 1896

I am sorry to begin with telling you of a loss we have had which will grieve you I know as much as it has grieved us. Our poor little **Jack** has departed this life. Charley took him down to Magnolia yesterday and the little fellow met his fate under the wheel of the barge, going from the station. His back was broken and he only lived a minute or so. Charley carried him home to the Little Hill and buried him in the woods behind the house. I have never seen Charley so broken up over anything before. He could not command his voice while he was telling Daisy and me about it after he got home, and finally ran upstairs to his room and shut the door. He didn't go out after tea and was very gentle all the evening. I couldn't have believed the thing would have been so great a shock to all of us. Positively I felt as if a child had been taken out of the house, and I have the same feeling now as I write to you about it. Yet he was only a dog!

I have just come from the old West Church, Dr. Bartol's, which has been transformed, with little alteration, into the West End Branch of the Public Library.

Daisy and I went out to Milton yesterday. We had a very pleasant little dinner. I got to the Club in time to hear the Kneisel people play the Mozart quartette.

Charley and Daisy have gone off to Lohengrin. Daisy will go with me on Wednesday to hear Fidelio, which she has never heard, and I anticipating pleasure in listening with her ears. She has steadily grown in her appreciation of good music within the year, I think.

From CKC Journal:

Feb. 2, Sunday: "Poor little Jack died today, the most affectionate dog, and the best friend I have ever known. We went to Magnolia together & Jack in some way got run over by the wheel of the barge full of people. I heard one yelp & when I looked behind saw Jack on his back. He writhed once with his head & shoulders & arms without apparently being able to move his legs. When I reached him & carried him to the side of the road, he gasped once or twice, without knowing me & then it was all over. I cried like a child right there: I couldn't help it. I got a sack and carried him across the fields to our house, where I dug a grave for him and buried him. I wrapped him up in an old jacket of mine and put pine bows in the grave and then said mob prayers. It was the first time I had ever been thoroughly broken up over anybody's dying. It kept coming back to me over & over again all through the day, how much I had loved him & how much Jack was part of my life, & it seemed as if I had lost my best friend, & I really believe I have.

I walked a long way up the West Parish Road, lunched at Stanly's & then got Bill Douglas to drive me to Manchester, stopping on the way at the Wells' house where Sanborn has done considerable masonry in the past week. Another week of good weather may finish the job.

Back to CAC Letters:

To M. K. C.

4th Feb. '96

..I took my luncheon today (pretty poor one it always is) at the museum. The company made up for all deficiencies, Mr. Cabot (first time in many months), Arthur Astor Carey, Phil. Hale, May Hallowell, Miss Lombard, Mrs. Stone (The "Permanent Committee" of the Museum School, of which C.A.C. was Chairman." I took occasion to felicitate Phil Hale on his engagement..

To M. K. C.

5th Feb. 1896

.."Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown". I find it no joke to occupy my exalted position in the Society. This confounded Hartwell business is growing more troublesome. (CKC note: Hartwell & Richardson, Architects had been charged with violating the Code of Ethics in Competitions.)

I had hopes of avoiding a hearing of the charges but after two long interviews with Hartwell himself and half a dozen with various members of the Committee, I fear it has got to be gone through with. And I am afraid it will be a very uncomfortable business.

I think we may perhaps leave Boston on the 4th [of April]. It will be rather awkward for me to leave anyway, for there is the big building on Sudbury Street for which I should like to sign the contracts and see the plans through, and several pieces of work for the Art Commission (another meeting tomorrow at the Mayor's office) as well as the Society work. I never had, I think, so many irons in the fire..

To M. K. C.

8th Feb. 1896

..Did I tell you about Fidelio, which we heard, all three of us, on Wednesday evening, C. being fortunate enough to have a ticket given him by Bella (CKC note: Bella Shaw, afterward Mrs. Frederick E. Lowell). It was very well done, and the prison scene was most harrowing. I didn't suppose I was to keep you in ignorance of it, even to spare your anxiety.

He went to the Bachelors' Ball on Wednesday night at 12 o'clock with Phil Howard, and he waked me up about half past one, saying he had a chill. I got him to bed as promptly as possible and gave him a tumbler of hot whiskey and water and covered him up with all the blankets I could lay hands on, and he shortly went off to sleep. In the morning he was pretty hot and had a good deal of pain, so Dr. Beach came about ten and looked him over thoroughly and said id he had got a pretty severe attack of grippe.

He was pretty hot all day, and at night, I slept on a lounge in the same room.

Don't worry about him more than necessary. You shall have a bulletin every day. Parker and Thomas have been in this afternoon, and Hannah; Helen came this forenoon.

Daisy went to hear Tannhäuser last night and Lucy Sturgis came home with her for the night.

You ask for particulars about poor little Jack. C. said, he can't imagine how he got caught but may have got a kick from the horses. C. thought he didn't live half a minute. Harley has promised to make a watercolor drawing of him for Charley.

To M. K. C.

Feb'y 1896

Last night we all went over to see the architectural drawings. Charley's house, rendered in lamboyant water colors by J.H.P. was entered in the Catalogue thus:

"Charles A. Cummings. Sketch of house at Magnolia",

much to Charley's disgust and my amusement, and everybody else's. I had told him to make that K. pretty plain.

To M. K. C.

Feb'y 1896

..I have this minute finished reading your letter of Monday, and I feel ten years younger than I felt half an hour ago. Your last letter was not very encouraging but this which tells me of Dr. Anderson's examination seems to me the best news I have heard for six months past. I had begun to fear that he would send you away from Colorado. Feed him up, and get him fat; you have not told me anything about his weight, which must of course have gone down rapidly during that fever turn. I feel much as if I would like to take the train tomorrow and come out and see you, and take some of those pleasant walks.

And Oh my! aren't you getting popular and swell. I fear you will be forced to apologize for the husband if he comes out. I was accosted this noon as I was coming home to lunch, by Gen. Walker, who stopped with much effusion to say that he heard of you from his son. I said yes you had seen a good deal of him, apparently, and that he had been extremely kind and attentive, to which he replied that it was unnecessary to say that Francis (his Francis) had much enjoyed seeing you etc. etc. etc.

Charley is getting gay: 3 parties in successive nights, Tuesday to Pierce Hall, last night to Papanti's, tonight to the Country Club, on the invitation of Mrs. Gardner! He is just now somewhat excited over a third commission (possibly) from Stowell of Lexington, who has had sketches made by Ball & Dabney, with whom however he has become dissatisfied and has thrown them over and wants Charley to take the sketches and work them out. Professional etiquette forbids such a thing, but Stowell still wants to manage it somehow; result uncertain. He has just been writing a line to Francis.

The Common would interest you at present. It looks like the devil. All that portion of it south of the Central Path which leads from West Street to the Public Garden is torn up and looks across as if a convulsion of nature had disturbed the surface, part of which is excavated five or seven feet deep, while other parts heave up into small mountains. A corduroy road has been constructed from the West St. gate to the parade ground, for the carting of earth from the subway excavation on Tremont St. mall, and an elevated railroad runs from the Boylston Street.

corner, also to the Parade Ground, on which a steam train goes whistling back and forth all day long. Charming resort.

The aunts are all coming to dinner.

Adieu, dear Peggy, and adieu dear boy; take good care of each other till I can see you.

To M. K. C.

Boston, Feb'y 1896

I find it nearly as hard to get my letter written as you do. These last few days have been more than usually busy ones, many items of business coming up which had to do with the convenience of various persons all of whom were in a hurry.

You will be impatient of all this however until you have had the daily news of Charley. No sensible change of temperature; nothing new to prescribe. He has been very quiet all day. He is much remembered by his female friends: the Shattuck's (Corina) sent him a pot of jonquils, and Mrs. Crosby some pinks, and Mrs. Blake sent a note to you asking if you would let Daisy write her of his condition. While I write comes a box from Miss Wagniere with violets, and a superb mass of roses from Miss Paine, and some tulips from the aunts. Charley sends his love.

I have not told you of my last compliment, namely a note from Prof. Moore, asking me to give a lecture in April or May at the Fogg Art Museum, one of several which he is arranging.

Goodbye dear exiles, take good care of each other..

To M. K. C.

The Corner, 16th Feb. '96

..Daisy and I went to the concert last night and heard a really charming symphony of Tchaikowski (I don't suppose I have got very near the spelling). I didn't expect to care much for it but Daisy had heard it, I think, earlier in the season, and had also heard Mrs. Marsh play portions of it. It was very odd, but interesting.

I am worrying along with my introduction to Miss Bulfinch's book. I don't think it will make any reputation. I don't seem to settle to it easily as I sometimes do.

Mr. William Endicott (of Hovey & Co.) has been chosen president of the Trustees of the Art Museum, "and I can't think why", being a pure man of business if ever there was one, and a Philistine to boot, narrow-minded and obstinate. But he is tout ce qu'il y a de plus respectable. He becomes my colleague, but Good Lord haven't I said all this to you before! So much for writing every day, "You see, I can't do myself justice".

To M. K. C.

Boston, 25th Feb. 1896

I take shame to myself for clean forgetting your daily letter yesterday. It was an uncommonly full day forenoon and afternoon. I believe it is the first day for a fortnight at least in which a letter has not gone to you from the Corner.

So I am hastening to get this line into the fast mail which leaves at two o'clock that the interval between the last letter and this may be reduced somewhat.

I heard Charley's voice lifted up in song before I was up this morning and Martha Eustis, who übernachtet with Daisy, thought him "the liveliest invalid she had ever known". He is making steady progress but the doctor is super-cautious as you know and has not let him up yet.

The looks of the house just now would drive you crazy: Clark's men polishing the floors; Edward Robinson (CKC note: our negro chore-man, a poet) and a fellowman and brother moving things upstairs. Barthlome (caterer) consulting with Daisy in the nursery; Charley shouting for more griddle-cakes; 2 men carting off Francis and Daisy (Fuller's portrait of them, to be exhibited, greatly prized by C.A.C. - [can anyone locate this??]) to Copley Hall to my infinite anxiety. Such are a few of the incidents from which I was glad to escape.

Extract from a letter from Miss **Ellen S. Bulfinch** to C.A.C.:

Garden St., Feb. 27, 1896

My dear Mr. Cummings,

..My mother and I are very sensible of your great kindness in preparing it and we feel sure that it will add essentially to the value interest of the book.

Your words seem to me most true and admirable, and I am especially grateful for the appeal you make in behalf of a simpler taste and a more self-denying temper. Such words have a wide application in all departments of life in these last tumultuous days of the century.

I shall be very thankful if the volume may help in any humble way towards creating a purer and nobler standard of life and artistic effort.

It will not then seem in vain to have made public this modest life of a past time, with all its disappointments and struggles.

..I remain, very sincerely and gratefully yours,

Ellen S. Bulfinch

To M. K. C.

The Corner, 28th Feb. 1896

I note what you say about looking after my appearance. I have got that all laid out ahead. I shall have my hair cut the day before I start and let my beard grow on the journey. Then I shall have the old brown trousers pressed which I got in Quebec, the coat and waistcoat won't need it; and my old Vienna overcoat may need a bit of binding here and there, and some of the brown spots touched up with ink. I have found some old ties of Francis's in his drawers

which will do nicely. So I think I shall be fitted out for traveling in fine style and shall be sure of your approbation.

Charley is to be dressed tomorrow and come down to the nursery, and if the weather is good, he ought to get out by the middle of next week, I suppose. He continues to receive beautiful flowers. Some gorgeous roses, big as peonies came 2 days ago from Mrs. Blake, and today some lilies of the valley from Mrs. Sturgis, and some pinks from Katy Peabody...

To M. K. C.

2d March 1896

..I hope to hear you are all right again, and I don't like to hear of Francis having an increasing cough in spite of the doctor's report that the lung is "clearing well". How much does that mean?

The confounded old fight over the **State House** is on again and is taking more of my time than I can well spare. I was at the hearing this morning for more than two hours, and nothing has come of it thus far though this was the third hearing. There is another next Monday, at which we shall try and marshall our forces, with some of the old guard like Henry Lee and Prof. Norton, to awe the Committee if possible.

I am invited to the annual dinner of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers tomorrow evening and think I shall go, and see whether they make a better show than the Architects. They propose to discuss the State House business and ask me to "say a few words". Barkis is willin'.

Sophy (Miss Sophia Titcomb, who had nursed C.K.C. during his illness) went off for good this morning. I rather hated to have her depart. She gave us a sort of sense of security.

Charley is going along all right. I told you yesterday I think that he came down to dinner, and this evening he is sitting before a fire in the library. It will be some days yet before he will get out of doors.

Mrs. Blake (Mrs. George Baty Blake) accosted me today in the State House to ask after him, saying he was "a dear". She said she had had a letter from "Margaret", but had wanted to hear again. She looks very fresh and smiling.

Just think, only a month more, if all goes well, and I shall see you,- Patience! and let me find you well and happy..

Longwood. 9 o'clock.

P.S. I open this to say that just as I was leaving the house this afternoon, in came Mrs. James (Mrs. George Abbott James, an old friend of M.K.C.'s) and her boy, come to see you. They came in, in spite of your absence and made me a pleasant little call. How animated she is, and how completely she seems to have come out of her invalidism. It is her silver wedding day, and she said she could not let it pass without making an effort to see you. There's devotion for you!

To M. K. C.

8th March 1896

..We are not, as you see, at church. I have been somewhat irregular in that respect, and now not having the fear of my sister Helen before my eyes, I fear I shall become still more so.

Charley and Daisy are going through the German song-book down-stairs and I am writing in the nursery to that accompaniment. Was ist Sylvia, Ave Maria, Sei mir gegrüßet, etc. etc.

The neighbors are still assiduous in their inquiries; Dr.Donald walked along with me last night towards home, and said when I told him he was about the house freely but hadn't been out, "Well then tell him I'm coming to see him.."

Here comes the "rising young architect", Douglas Thomas, for a morning call on the invalid.

I went with Daisy to the concert last night. Suite by Arthur Foote, rather interesting to my surprise. The composer arose and bowed modestly in the balcony in response to generous applause. Mozart symphony lovely, last movement exciting and altogether delightful.

We had a long and interesting meeting of the Art Commission yesterday. Several points came up, among others that of the gateway of the C.H. (Chestnut Hill) Reservoir, which is to be taken down, and perhaps replaced by a better one.

To M. K. C.

18th March 1896

Dear Peggy,

Daisy sent off a twelve page letter, I believe, to Francis last night. I didn't read it, but I understood her to say she had asked him and possibly you for some more detailed information concerning the things we are to bring out.

Dr. Beach is to come again next Monday, and thinks by that time if the weather is good, Charley may get out. He and his slave have really turned out a very creditable set of plans for the stable (for Bulkeley Wells, at Magnolia). He has taken to reading conscientiously, and is going through the series of biographies of American statesmen with apparent interest.

Well, we have had today, thank Heaven, our last hearing on the State House matter. I have little doubt we are beaten and the old building will come down. The Committee are dead against us and nobody cares. I send you the reports of two more hearings. They have been quite lively, but nobody cares. It is mortifying and disgusting..

To M. K. C.

23d March 1896

..Well, I have engaged my passage for Saturday, the fourth, and I find that leaving Boston at 10.30 a.m. and spending four and twenty hours each at St. Louis and Kansas City,

we are due to arrive at Colorado Springs on Thursday. If we can take the Union Pacific from Kansas City on Tuesday evening, we can save twelve

To M. K. C.

March 1896

This is the day after the party, and perhaps we all feel a little sleepy inasmuch as the lights were not out much before two in the morning and I was up half an hour later than that waiting for the caterer and his small army to get washed up and packed up and to vacate the spot so that I could look the door after them. It was a very successful little party, everybody said, but then everybody always does say that. But Daisy was radiantly happy over it, and all the girls were dancing all the time and the contingent remainder of boys stood round properly and Gott hammered away at the box, and Clara (Mrs. David P. Kimball) and I sat on the sofa and talked, and so forth and so forth, and so I guess it was all right. Daisy's staff did their duty nobly; Jim and Percy particularly were like sons of the house, as nice as nice could be. Charley, I am sorry to say, didn't get to sleep before midnight (recovering from pneumonia upstairs) if he did then; but he seems none the worse for it today, and has been reading N. Nickleby and playing his fife by turns and eating big breakfasts and lunches until now when he has dropped off into a nap. Clara was nice and got called Mrs. Cummings by at least half the boys, but didn't mind..

To M. K. C.

March 1896

..I met Major Livermore most unexpectedly at the dinner of the Engineers.

That by the way turned out to be quite an occasion. There were 150 men or more at the tables, with the guests of honor at a cross table at the head of the room. The Mayor led off with a cast-iron speech. Dr. Lorimer (who had previously "invoked the Divine Blessing") followed with a really eloquent speech albeit a little fervid, and then your husband got on his legs and being deprived of the subject on which he had expected to hold forth, was obliged to plunge into the darkness of the unknown, very uncertain where he would come out. However, I put them in good humor by saying to the President that when he sent me my invitation, he thought he was only inviting an architect but I assured him that I was an engineer before I was an architect and felt very much at home in that company; that in some obscure drawer in my house, there was a roll of parchment with a bit of blue ribbon tailing out at one end of it, etc. etc.,

To M. K. C.

March 1896

At the **State House** this morning and blazing away in great style. I had a royal good time, and was much hand-shaken when the hearing was over; man after man whom I had never seen before, as one well as my own friends, coming up and patting me on the back. But it's no good, I think the Committee have made up their mind and are strong against us.

In which case, however, there is much Joy in telling them what a set of fools they are. I told them this morning that the Commission represented not the civilisation of Massachusetts but that of a mining-camp in the West, and of the communities that grew out of those conditions.

C. says today he feels as strong as ever, and his legs are beginning to fill out. The doctor hasn't been for a week or more, but is coming in on Sunday, I believe.

To M. K. C.

St.Botolph Club 29th March 1896

Here is, I hope, our last Sunday in Boston before seeing you. Verily the time is short. I have more things to attend to than I know how to find time for and I know very well that some of them will have to be left undone. But I don't know that anybody will be the worse for that.

I wish you could have been behind a screen down stairs for the last half hour or so and heard that magnificent quintette of Schumann. It was not familiar to me but it was positively exciting. Faelten was great on "the box". No more of this sort of thing for me this season!

Well, my dear, we are defeated so far at least on the State House business. The Committee has reported against us as we presumed they would, but by a vote as nearly equal as was possible, 6 to 5. We are cast down but not destroyed. Now comes the fight in the legislature.. As to that I have nothing to do, and can only stand by and watch. Edward Robinson came to the house this morning for an hour; and this afternoon I have been talking with him here. He has had this afternoon a talk with Wolcott [Governor] which was on the whole mildly encouraging as to his attitude, though he would not of course commit himself to anything.

I read and corrected a proof of my introductory chapter to the Bulfinch memoir (**Life of Charles Bulfinch**, by Ellen Bulfinch) the other day, which looks like progress. I had on Thursday (perhaps I told you) a meeting at the Library, with Mr. Endicott and others over the placing of sundry statues, etc. And I went out to Cambridge yesterday, to get the slides for my lecture and to try the hall, as to desk, lighting, etc. etc.

Charley sent off a thick letter to you last night. A chattering crowd of young women downstairs, the history class. Last meeting. Your letter of Wednesday and Thursday, with F.'s to me has just come. More orders! If they continue, we shall surely have to put off our start..

From CKC Journal:

March 29 — ... Last Monday the little lady was here playing with Margaret. I stood it as long as I could hearing her voice etc. and then called down to her and asked her if she wouldn't like to come up into my office and look critically at my stable drawings. She came with much cheerfulness and I showed things off. It was great and did me a world of good. The little lady was the same as ever and looked mighty pretty to me. People don't seem to think so as a rule however and I am usually pretty critical. Wrote a long letter to Mamma today and sent her especial sketches of the stable. ...

April 4 – Papa & Margaret departed for the West. Lena Hardy and I drove down in the hack with them. I had a word with the little lady [Paine] at the train. Splint spent a pleasant hour in the public library looking about like a tourist.

April 6 — to work again at the office. Walk with the little lady. She talked very earnestly about things and I was happier than I almost have ever been. ... Out to Longwood to stay. ...

Back to CAC Letters:

To Miss Hannah Kimball

St. Botolph Club April 1896

I was very glad to get your pleasant letter last night and to know that your forces had effected a junction with those in camp at Colorado Springs. Great must have been the rejoicing on both sides over the meeting.

I don't know how long you are expecting to stay at Colorado Springs, but long enough I hope to get well rested before another start, and to give Peggy the benefit of the comfortable feeling of having somebody by who belongs to her.

Will you say to Helen in reply to her scrap enclosed in your letter, that no book by Royce on California has been published since the volume in the series of State Histories, issued in '86, ten years ago, and I hardly think that is what she wants, as it is a historical study of the rise and progress of the State. It is by no means a small book, but if she thinks it is what she had in mind in writing to me, I will forward it to her at any point she may name.

The weather here ever since you left with the exception of two or three days have been indescribably bad. You are lucky to escape it, but it doesn't seem to be exactly ideal in Colorado. Pray remember me very kindly to all your sisters including your sister Margaret, also to your nephew whom I remember meeting with much pleasure when they were in Boston and whom I hope to see when I am in Colorado some weeks hence..

To M. K. C.

April 1896

The lecture (at Harvard) was successful, at least so people said, though I think it must have been powerful dull. My time was up long before I had finished what I had meant to read and I had to wind up in somewhat unseemly haste and fire off my remaining slides in quick succession.

Queer to think we shall be en route before you read this. I hope we shall find you well and happy. I have 500,000 things to do before Saturday.

To M. K. C.

En route, April, 1896

Here we are, spinning along down the Western slope of the Berkshire Mountains towards Pittsfield.

We started in bright sunshine, but it is now snow- ing briskly and the whole landscape looks like January rather than April, hills all white, ponds and small streams frozen, the rocky sides of all the cuttings covered with ice, etc. But it is beautiful to look at, a quick succession of lovely snow- pictures all through this hill country, only not quite what one would desire for the first week in April. We left in the usual rush; there are people, I presume, who can do this thing quietly and without hurry, but I never expect to. We had a great send-off; at least the young woman [Daisy?] did, at the station. Charley and Lina (Caroline Hardy) rode down with us, and at the station was a squad of young women and another squad of young men. Daisy was smothered in flowers and candy and books and train-letters, a bunch of violets as big as a cabbage, and another of lilies of the valley equally big (these were from male admirers). Jimmy (James Purdon) and Peroy (Percival Lombard) came, both with tributes, and were very nice and friendly. John Kendall was there also, and Theo. [Frothingham].

We left Charley without compunction; he seems perfectly well and starts in on Monday at the office. He was to go tonight to Mrs. Sturgis's for Sunday. We had a rather unusual meeting of the B.S.A. last night. I didn't go to the dinner, having too many things to attend to at home. When I opened the door at eight o'clock, the boys hadn't finished eating, the long table was full, every chair occupied, except the one at the head, and I hadn't fairly got through the door before the whole room broke out into applause. The boys at the other end of the table, under the lead of Waddy Longfellow were very musical through dinner, singing nautical choruses, etc.

When we came to the serious part of the evening, it was quite another sort of thing. I had to report to the Society the action of the Ex. Com. in the affair-Hartwell, and as was expected, some of the hotheads were not satisfied with that action,- thinking the culprits should have been expelled and not merely censured. One or two were slightly impertinent, and the tone of the remarks and questions became so objectionable that Ware (Prof. W.R. Ware) very gently and gravely remonstrated and that not proving effectual, Peabody (Robert S. Peabody), who had stood it as long as he could, got up and said he was not disposed to have the Committee put on trial and questioned; they had been given this extremely disagreeable task to do, and had done it as well as they could, exercising their best judgment; that they had the welfare of the Society and the profession as much at heart as any of these critics and should not be lightly found fault with, etc. etc. Then Blackall, saying that he for one had perfect confidence that the Committee had acted wisely and for the best, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, moved that the Commission's report be accepted. I put the question and the motion was carried without a dissenting vote. So that's over.

To M. K. C.

On the train going east from Colorado

6th June 1896

Here I am at the breakfast table with a plate of strawberries in front of me, waiting for my broiled chicken etc.

That was a very tender parting and lasted a good while. Such things are not all pain, for they give us a new and stronger realisation of the depth of love and trust and all sweet sentiments, which are at the bottom of our lives, and which we are apt sometimes to forget in the stress and worry of ordinary every-day existence. For that moment at least there was not one of us, old or young, who was not full of the purest love, and there is something so divine, in that, that it is worth some pain to have the good which comes with it. That is quite a little sermon, dear, isn't it?

Nothing in sight but the boundless prairies of Nebraska, dull and monotonous of course, but green and covered with farms. Villages infrequent and quite uninteresting, also, of course. Only two or three travelers in this car; my opposite neighbor, who you feared might prove annoying, was not at all so, but is a quiet and sleepy personage, who sat absolutely motionless last night till he went to bed, and is equally so this morning, has apparently a great appetite for sleep.

From CKC Journal:

May 20 — [after a dinner in Lexington] ... Rode to the Paine's in Waltham and talked with the little lady on the terrace for about 3/4 of an hour. During which I asked her to be my wife, and she refused, saying she didn't love me. The night was very cold and sharp, and we both wore wraps. At 9:30 we went into the house where I said a few words to the family and then left the place and rode home.

June 2 – The bids for the Bailey warehouse all came in today. Very high: rent ranging approximately from \$200,000-\$170,000. Trustees are to wait till Papa comes home before deciding. [...]

June 8, 1896 – Papa arrived on the strength of Mr. Tories telegram. Saw him and Bailey at the bank in regard to the warehouse but nothing was decided. We dined at Longwood and enjoyed Papa's talk of the woolly West.

Francis is not so well. He has had a setback but they hope to be able to send him into camp by August for Mamma and Margaret will probably come east.

June 9, 1896 – Papa lunched with me at the Tavern [Club], and we had an interesting talk with Ned Robinson and George Upham over the **State House** preservation bill, which helped, which passed the third reading in the House today. The whole matter of reconstruction is to be modelled exactly after Papa's Report of last year and is in the hands of the Governor, the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House to carry through. It is a great triumph for Papa and I think he is much pleased.

June 18 – Margaret got home from Colorado today. Mamma sent her on suddenly, thinking it better for her and better for Papa to have her with him. I was no end glad to see her though I couldn't jolly up at all, and I think she noticed it, too.

It brought the whole thing over me sharper than ever, somehow, seeing Margaret again, because she and the little lady are very fond of each other and I think the little lady feels especially affectionate toward her now. ... I went to the Rice-Perkins wedding and to Amos Lawrence's spread at the Bishops'. The little lady was there and it cut like a knife, seeing her. I went home miserable.

SUMMER 1896, MOSTLY FROM MAGNOLIA

To M. K. C.

At the Bank

9th June 1896

Here I am again in the thick of it, with no more time at hand than I know what to do with. And I am very well satisfied that it should be so, for when I am idle, my thoughts are not always the most cheerful in the world.

I tried to keep you well informed of my progress homewards (from **Colorado Springs**, where he had left M.K.C. and F.H.C.). We got in yesterday afternoon and I had just sat down to telephone [this is the first mention of telephones] to Charley when he appeared with a big roll of plans under his arm, looking very professional indeed. He was very glad to see me apparently and has been as nice as possible ever since. We had a confab over the plans. Then I went out with him to Longwood to dinner. At Longwood, I was very cordially received, and Elizabeth (Mrs. Julian Rowan) took it for granted that I would make that my headquarters as long as I liked. I was glad to accept the proposal for I don't care to go down to Magnolia just yet. At eleven a long confab with Torrey over the plans and estimates (of the **Sudbury Building**). Things don't look quite so desperate as I feared; some of the estimates may be reduced materially, and I think we shall probably succeed in putting the thing through without essential change in the building. Charley is very modest and manly in his whole bearing on the matter, and I think has pleased the trustees. It is a mighty fortunate opening for him and teaches him more than he could learn in five years of a draughtsman's life. Now I am going to meet him and go to lunch at the Tavern Club.

It was queer to find myself at the familiar bank (**Boylston National Bank**, of which he was a Director) table again just as if nothing had happened and to receive my little shiner which the cashier handed me with a facetious remark "I must be pretty well exhausted by this time". Well, I went and lunched with Charley [at the Tavern Club], and was pleasantly greeted by one man after another who came up to our table or stopped me as I went by: Edward Morse, E. Robinson, Harley, D. Thomas, G. Upham, etc.; and we stayed talking in a corner chiefly about

the State House, half an hour after everybody had gone. They seem to think the old building is safe, unless some trick of the enemy may yet prevail.

Harley says his Mother and he are going abroad in the autumn for a year or two, and D. Thomas will probably go with them. That's nice; isn't it? He said they were not without hopes of Charley also, but I said he was tied by the leg, important professional business.

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, 9th June 1896

..We shall have a much smoother road of it, I think, and when I get half a dozen loads of clamshells spread over it, I think it will be a better road than it has ever been. The deacon has grown young, I think, and doesn't mind taking a big stonehammer and dealing a few blows at a refractory rock; but I observe he soon hands the hammer to a younger man and sits down awhile.

Mr. Andrews (Robert D. Andrews) came down with Charley last night; Charley took him out for a sail before tea. Also Townsend (Frederick Townsend of Albany), a classmate of C's, and who has been at the Magnolia for a few days before going up to Murray Bay, came to supper, gorgeous in a dress-suit, and was nice and entertaining, talking intelligently about Japan, China, and Russia which he had seen in a journey round the world after his graduation (with Harold J. Coolidge).

Today Longfellow appeared and was warmly welcomed. He is the same old sixpence, and seems well. He thinks he would have taken the Roman School (that is, Director of the American Academy at Rome; it had been shortly before this offered to C. A. C.) if he had had the offer before he came home. He would be just the man for the place..

To M. K. C.

Longwood [the Kimball home], 21st June 1896

Here is a very hot Sunday. We have all been sitting about on the piazza trying to keep cool. I would go in to church, as it is my last chance for the summer, but the heat forbids. Charley has just gone into town to work. He is industrious to the last degree. He handed me at breakfast the inspector's permit for the Sudbury Building; and there is now nothing in the way of signing the contract and going ahead with the work.

Daisy evidently had a whirl of a time at Class-Day, and said she hardly knew what she was about, most of the time.

Daisy says you are thinking seriously of taking a house next winter. I should think that might have its advantages and strong ones, but wouldn't you miss the life and variety of people which made it interesting at the hotel last winter? You will know best of course, and of course you won't let any consideration of cost stand in the way of doing what promises most comfort and pleasure for you.

I am a little uneasy about your bicycle-work. I can't afford to have you laid up in Colorado with a broken back.

Charley has been asked to sing with the Glee Club on Commencement Day, and has accepted, I believe, Jolly! Adieu. Sunday is a bad day, because it brings me nothing from you..

To M. K. C.

23d June 1896

It is a very **sad letter** I got from you tonight and has made me rather blue. My atmosphere depends very greatly on what I am hearing from you, you see. I wish I could help you, and I sometimes think I ought to be with you. Tell me if I shall come.

We are to go down to Magnolia tomorrow afternoon. I haven't much heart for it, but shall try to make things as pleasant as possible.

I have been in town all day, as I am every day, though I accomplish very little, it seems to me. But when I get to Magnolia, I suppose I shall only come up on the regulation days, Tuesday and Friday..

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, 28th June 1896

..Barlow came with him for the Sunday but goes up this afternoon leaving for Murray Bay on Monday. He graduated with distinction from the Law School as perhaps you saw by the paper, a Summa Cum. They have had a good sail in the **Marlin** all the morning [the small family "cat-boat" sailboat; also mentioned in CKC's bound 1893 Themes from college].

It is very interesting to hear of the little cottage (at Manitou Park) "with 3 rooms and an open fireplace". I hope you may both take solid comfort therein and find it pleasant to live in and to look back upon. I should like to make you a little visit in it.

I read your account of your bicycling with many a shake of the head. I don't more than half like the idea of your riding about. Is there any riding at Manitou Park or are the roads too rough and hilly? Charley remembers it as a beautiful place.

From C.K.C. Journal:

June 24, 1896. – We moved to Magnolia today, and I am glad to be once more at home.

June 27 – Barlow came to us for Sunday. We got right out in the **Marlin** [sailboat] which Bill Douglas has just painted and put in commission. Lee went too. We had a rather quiet sail but a good swim.

June 28 – Sunday bright clear summer morning with steady S.E. breeze and smooth sea. Barlow and I sailed around Misery [Island] and home to dinner. I enjoyed

this day thoroughly. I have felt all along that with a friend and in the Marlin on a fair day, I could be comparatively happy and I was. It seemed very soothing.

And yet a times the Marlin makes me still sadder because as she is one of my best friends (I really think of her now in that way – I don't know why, but I think I have a great deal of real love for the boat just as if she were alive like Jackums [Jack the dog]). It makes me realize how happy I should have been with the little lady [Lily Paine] aboard of her. This thought is very powerful and I can't go aboard without the old despair coming on me for a time. But on the whole, I am happier on the Marlin, and it is good to have her again in the water.

It rained after lunch, but we all went to Wells Acres and went over his house and stable. Papa pointed out some faults, and advised me to place the kennels opposite the stable. [This is the end of CKC's Journal for 1896, except for a summary written near year-end. He made more entries in 1897.]

Back to CAC Letters:

To M. K. C.

Boston, 30th June 1896

Your letter made me feel more than ever as if I ought to be with you, to lighten if by ever so little your burden. I suppose in less than a fortnight the sisters will be with you. That will be a great comfort to you, and if you are able to leave by the first of August, it will not be very long before we can be together. But if you want me there, say so at once and I will come.

I have two young **doctors** (to spend the summer with F.H.C. in Colorado) on the string; I haven't seen either of them yet, but Dr. Brackett gave me the address of one, and Dr. Monks is to send the other to see me here at the bank. I don't see how I can make any but a provisional arrangement with either of them.

Daisy spent most of yesterday with Lucy Sturgis at Manchester. Charley goes tonight to Wareham to the Dabneys.

To M. K. C.

Little Hill [their Magnolia house], 1st, July 1896

C. Sturgis came down with Carley tonight to tea after a sail and a swim, but has gone up to town, having to take his bar examination tomorrow and going to Murray Bay the next day. He looks rather fagged, has been working pretty hard, I presume.

I have been in town all day again today in response to an appointment to meet the new Commission on the State House, Governor, Speaker and President of Senate. I had previously declared that I would take no position of profit in connection with this work which would put into the enemy's mouth the taunt that "these architects were struggling for the loaves and fishes just as we said!" When I got to the conference, the other fellows were all so strong in their asseverations that I must go on in some capacity that I finally yielded so far as to say that if they really wanted me as Consulting Architect with the understanding that I was not to be

looked to for any work in the preparation of plans or the superintendence of the work, I would take that position without pay. So thus it was left and the appointments will probably be made at once of Arthur Everett and Bob Andrews as architects, with your own particular old gentleman as Consulting Architect. Great dignity without emolument or responsibility! How does that strike You? Our conference was in the Governor's room and was a very pleasant one, lasting an hour and a half, perhaps. Wolcott makes a very affable and dignified Governor, and is pleasing everybody..

To M. K.C.

Magnolia, July 2, 1896

..I went up to the station to meet Daisy with my new possession, a little mahogany bay horse. This little beast seems to be precisely the sort of little beast I want, as gentle as a lamb, as steady as an ox, and fleet of foot. I have tried him in front of a steam engine two or three times, and with a succession of electric cars in Gloucester, and he shows a supreme contempt for both. He trots uphill by preference and needs no urging. I shall probably discover some out or other in due time..

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, July, 1896

..Daisy has gone sailing on the Marlin with Ned Sturgis, one of the Groton twins, who came over to breakfast this morning for the purpose and by appointment. Do you think that is safe? I strolled over to the Chasm and watched the Marlin as she sailed into Gloucester Harbor. They had a fair wind going, but I don't know about their getting back. 0780

Robert Andrews is coming down tonight to übernachten and tomorrow comes Longfellow for a day, I suppose. Here come the sailors just in time for dinner, having been becalmed off Norman's Woe, and so belated. Sturgis seems a nice serious fellow, but where did he get that fearful British accent, more, English than most Englishmen, by far..

To M. K. C.

Little Hill, July 1896

I have just got back from the station whither I drove our amiable and smart little **horse named John James**, to bring back my daughter who spent the night at Eastern Point with Charlotte Elliot. Tomorrow she goes to lunch with Lucy at Manchester and will probably drive Frances Foote over. So you see she doesn't pine altogether in seclusion, though she is really leading a very quiet and reasonable life and says she enjoys it thoroughly. All Lucy's warm and lively descriptions of the camp life didn't make her wish to leave this place. What a fortunate accident it was that led us up onto this little hill and provided this pleasant summer home for us all. It was never more beautiful than just today, for I have gone in for a heroic treatment this time in the way of tree-cutting and trimming, and we have for the first time in a good many years a free and broad view over the beautiful meadow and a much less interrupted view seaward. Don't I wish Francis could have some of it this summer! But he will, I hope, get great

delight out of his camping. Percy and Rodman mean to leave Saturday (Percival Lombard and Rodman Peabody, friends of F.H.C., who were going out west to camp out with him). Lulu's letter says that Francis has evidently improved in condition during the last week or two. That is good to hear, and you will leave for home with a much easier mind.

Did I tell you of our latest problem in the Art Commission? This is all about a bronze statue of a bacchante, a dancing figure holding an infant Bacchus on one arm and dangling a bunch of grapes in the other hand. Very graceful and light, an admirable piece of modeling and posing, but the faces both of woman and child perfectly beastly. The thing is by MacMonnies, the same fellow who did the Harry Vane, and McKim ordered it of him and wants to give it to the Public Library to be placed in the centre of the basin in the Court, with a fountain around it. I told you, I remember now, of the appointment of the Committee of experts to advise the Commission. Well, Norton and Quincy Shaw decline to serve. Of the rest, Vinton, Walker and Robinson favor the acceptance of the statue. Warren and I dissent vigorously, on account of the vulgarity of the faces. Robinson feels this as strongly as we, but thinks the technical merits of the work too eminent to be offset by this consideration.

So there we are! and we shall probably have an interesting meeting of the Commission to receive these opinions and act on the offer of McKim. I am likely to be again in a minority of one.

I had a little sail with Charley last night, but there was so little wind that we didn't get far.

Tell Francis the flask contains brandy, not whiskey and does he know how to open the cover? A gentle twist first and then it opens direct on the hinge. He will excuse the absurdity of an old fellow instructing a Harvard man how to open a brandy flask! But I nearly wrenched the cover off of Charley's by trying to open it without unscrewing.

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, July, 1896

..I sent word to Longfellow that I would not come down on Sunday, not caring to leave my daughter alone. Really I wasn't very anxious to go, though it would have been pleasant enough for a day.

Since dinner, my daughter and I have read two short scenes from a play of Goldoni, which we propose to continue at the rate of two or three pages a day till we finish the comedy. Perhaps you will surprise us in the midst of it for we do not make rapid progress though it is pretty easy Italian.

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, 3d July 1896

Fourth of July tomorrow! How nice! We are reminded of that pleasing fact by the spiteful popping of fire crackers down in the village, and about midnight we shall doubtless be wakened out of our first sweet sleep by the ringing of that diabolical chapel bell, which the

boys, little or big, have long before this connected with their dens. And there is no Policeman Burke on hand to protect the innocent inhabitants.

Our poor old "box" has got pretty near the end of its pounding, as far as this family is concerned. I bought a new one today, a second-hand New York piano made by Francis Bacon (not the Lord High Chancellor), in good condition and of very sweet tone. What with a horse yesterday, a piano today, and a gang of plumbers in the house all the week, I tell Daisy that the Manchester poor-house looms in the near future.

I had a first sitting with my two colleagues on the State House to devise the best method of getting at work, as we are very anxious to lose no time..

To M. K. C.

July 4th, 1896

Your letter which I got this morning gave me the happiest moment I have had since I left you on the platform at the station. I carried it in my hand a little while before opening it, so much I dreaded to hear what the Doctor had found in his examination (of F. H. C.). Of course I know that this improvement may be lost by a minute's imprudence, or even by an exposure involuntary on Francis's part and beyond his control, yet it seems to show a power of recuperation which is encouraging..

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, 11th July 1896

..I have enjoyed having Longfellow here and I think he enjoyed it too. He made himself very nice in every way though he was not feeling well and had to be careful about his feed. But he talked with Charley and played duets with Daisy, and chinned with me over all sorts of things, and listened patiently while I read my MS. to him. We generally agree on men and things, too well indeed for lively talk, but it's comfortable. The children liked him much. Charley said he was bully.

Your nice and cheerful letter came along promptly and did me good. Daisy brought it up, and the boys arrived from the sea shortly after so that the house is no longer lonesome. Johnny Post is mild as usual but perhaps with a trifle more of animation. [See sketch of Post in CKC's Avenger Log of 1915.] Harley, like Longfellow (the only point of likeness I have discovered) is a little out of condition, the cause of which he ingenuously explained was the eating of a quart of ice cream when he was overheated, and then, to complete the cooling process, lying in a bath of cold water for half an hour or so! Wise youth!

There has been a pleasant squirting noise in our ears all day from the hose which has been playing away all by itself with a sprinkling nozzle on the lawn, which looks all the greener for the drenching. The nasty urchins are just coming into blossom; there is a continuous line of them around the horseshoe and also the whole length of the rustic fence bordering the lawn..

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, 14th July 1896

..Longfellow wants me to come down to Gerrish Island, and perhaps I may go for a night, but I don't know. The architects' office is now established in the **State House** and I met my colleagues there this morning on my way up from the station. It is rather slow work getting started, but I think the work will go on steadily and I hope without further opposition from anybody..

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, 15th July 1896

There is no satisfaction in sending newspapers as they are full of nothing but the sickening accounts of politics and politicians. The country never was so unutterably nasty as it is today.

I have been in town today though as you know it is not my day, to be at the Art Commission meeting. Mayor not there. Prince, Endicott and Robinson. The chief business was to consider the acceptance of the dancing bacchante which McKim wishes to present to the Library to be put in the middle of the basin in the Court, as the centre of the fountain. The statue is seven feet high, but we had before us only a statuette of it perhaps 24 inches high. Following the custom of the Commission in previous cases, a committee of experts was appointed to give their opinions on the statue for the guidance (not the control) of the Commission. The seven appointed were your unworthy husband as chairman, with Robinson, Vinton, Warren, Walker, Norton, and Quincy Shaw. Quite a team; isn't it? I don't know whether they will all serve; at any rate, it will be difficult to get them all together in mid-summer I reckon.

I called at Emerson's office and made an appointment to go out to Milton with him tomorrow afternoon to see his wife's portrait of Cabot.

I don't know whether you will have seen in any newspapers a notice of the very sudden death of Ex. Gov. Russell this morning. It was only Sunday afternoon that Daisy and I saw him driving home, evidently just from Chicago. He was much exhausted, and only stayed long enough to have his bag packed, and left for a fishing camp in Canada, where he seems to have died quietly during the first night. I suppose it is a clear case of exhaustion from over-excitement and fatigue. What a truly American death! This is indeed vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on t'other side!

To M. K. C.

Magnolia, 18th July 1896

..I went out to Milton yesterday afternoon as I told you I was to do, with Emerson to see the Cabot portrait (CKC note: Portrait of Edward C. Cabot by **Mrs. R. W. Emerson** now hung in the Public Library). [Mrs. Emerson painted the portrait of CAC.] I rather dreaded to see it, for it is awkward to have to face the artist over a work that you don't much like. But there was no need for uneasiness in this case. I was greatly pleased with the picture. The likeness is extraordinary, and the thing is well and solidly painted and a good piece of color.

Milton is delightful; everything very fresh and green, and a sort of comfortable finished look to everything you see which is a wonderful contrast to what you see in the West. Charley had a long day yesterday when he sailed over to Nahant for his new tender and brought it back, getting home just after me at 8 o'clock. He went alone and without any oars or compass, against my protest, but came out all right, though he was becalmed for an hour or two both going and coming.

To M. K. C.

19th July 1896

Here is one of the loveliest of summer mornings, with everything very bright and sparkling under a Southeast breeze. The young people, including Howard and Percy, Charley and Daisy have gone sailing on the good ship Marlin and I have brought my writing out on the piazza. I hear the people in the chapel beginning their service with their single verse of Old Hundred in which I join, the sea is very blue, **the Nahant shore and the Blue Hills beyond are soft and clear**, and all is very peaceful. Yet somehow I feel a little homesick. I am looking forward to seeing you as much as Francis is to seeing the boys.

I observed that Francis said the Aunties were expected to arrive on Thursday, so I imagine you all together today, and take great pleasure in the thought. Weren't you glad to see them! Curious how our course of life is laid out for us. Little you could, any of you, have imagined a year or two ago that you and your sisters would all be together in a valley of the Rocky Mountains while I kept house here. But we are never without plenty of reminders of that fact; I think I will go for a walk by myself up into the old blueberry patch in the woods.

As for Howard (Philip B.), he did nothing but smoke cigars from morning till night. He grows old fast. I think he is now considerably older than I. Pity!

To M. K. C.

23d July 1896

Here is a splendid day, with a rushing westerly wind which has blown all the fog out to sea, which has been hanging about us for two days past and making the air soggy and lifeless. Charley was to go to Framingham this afternoon with Bob Blake and to the Camp of the brigade in which Aug. Rantoul is on service, he being in **Battery A**, "the gentlemen's battery". He goes on Saturday to Mrs. Bancroft's (the John C. Bancrofts at Newport) for the Sunday.

I have written Longfellow that I will come to Kittery Point next Wednesday.

To M. K. C.

24th July 1896

..I have been in town all day, coming down in the 5 o'clock train. You don't know how impatiently I wait for you, but I wish it was to be both, instead of one (CKC note: M.K.C. was coming home, leaving F.H.C. in the West).

To M. K. C.

1st Aug. 1896

..We have had a variety of guests today. First came Lucy Sturgis whom Daisy drove up for at noon, and who stayed to dinner. At two o'clock arrived Mr. Graves, one of the A. J. & R. draughtsmen, and just as we had finished the soup, William Ware appeared. As Charley was here, we had quite a table full. Bulkeley Wells was here, also, having come to take the architect over to look at the house. Later we all went down to the pier. There was a fresh breeze, fair for Gloucester, but a little too fresh for me; the sea was pretty rough and I backed out, but the rest started off gaily with the Professor for ballast, and ran over to Eastern Point in 45 minutes, landed Ware, and beat back against the wind getting home at half-past seven. Johnny Post was also of the party. Ware will come back on Monday for a day.

Daisy and Post have now at half-past nine gone over to look in at a hop which is going on at the Oceanside..

Sunday.

Torrents of rain this morning with a strong S.E. wind. There being no sailing or walking, Daisy and Charley astonished me at half-past ten by appearing in the parlor ready for church, whither accordingly they betook themselves with Johnny Post..

1897 LETTERS

To M. K. C.

Boston, Feb'y, 1897

..Sturgis (Charles R. Sturgis) comes here to dinner tonight and he and Charley go to the concert.

I had Charley proposed for Junior Membership of the B.S.A. at the meeting last night by Peabody and John Pickering Putnam, two highly respectable sponsors. He will be voted on at the April meeting. That lets him exhibit some drawings at the show of the B.S.A. and Architectural Club in April, whereat he is greatly delighted.

We had a good meeting last night; we always do now.

To M. K. C.

St. Botolph Club Feb'y 1897

Well, here I am again with a vigorous snowstorm driving outside while you are speeding away from me as fast as ever you can go. It was curious last night when I woke up from time to time to reflect that we were being hurried along, you in one direction and I in the opposite, as if

by a remorseless fate, in which we had no voice. It was nice to have Theo (T. L. Frothingham, son of James) on hand last night to pilot me over to New York through the intricate mazes of the various elevated roads. For a fellow who doesn't know the ropes, such a journey is slightly confusing, especially at midnight.

I stood still on the platform and saw your train pull out of the station at Jersey City and felt much as if my occupation were gone, like Othello's. Then I took myself to the ferry boat and went over to the city.

To F. H. C. [in Colorado]

The Corner, 26th March 1897

My dear **Francis**

Really now, I thought Mamma quite understood that I was not expecting to leave until about the first of April, knowing that to be a very busy date. It is pretty near at hand; now, and next week has the Examiner Club, the Permanent Committee, the B.S.A., besides special business for the Art Commission and the Rotch Scholarship which I shall probably have to cut anyway, and the Bailey Estate business.

Brother Longfellow (CKC note: William Pitt Preble Longfellow, one of C.A.C.'s best friends) and I have had our last sitting together for the season. He took dinner with me last night and we read to each other before and after. Charley went to the Tavern Club dinner given to Capt. Mahan.

Mamma's picture of Daisy shaking out the feed for the horses with a litter of black pigs swarming under her feet is amusing. "Freedom and a variety of situations", says Mill, "constitute happiness".

To M. K. C.

St.Louis, En route to Colorado April 1897

Just a last line, which after all may not get to you ahead of me. Yet it may.

At this whacking big hotel, excellently kept, we have run into the whole Italian Opera Company, to Daisy's intense excitement. They seem to possess the house, and furnish the child with an inexhaustible source of amusement. She wanted me to stay over tonight to hear them in Romeo et Juliette. But I resisted successfully,- Marguerite et François being much more attractive just at present..

To C. K. C.

Redlands, Cal.

16th Apr.1897

I ran across an old student of mine in the street yesterday, Willard by name, afterwards of the rather distinguished firm of Babb, Cook & Willard of Chicago or St. Paul, but who came

out to this place some three years ago. He is a handsome fellow of forty-five or so, as tall as you.

Harold Warren asked me just before I came away if he might have the drawing of the Acropolis to put in his exhibition. I said certainly, and that you would deliver it to him on application.

I am not sure that I returned to the Athenaeum the architectural books I had out, a volume of Schuaase, and Norton's **Church Building in the Middle Ages**, etc. Will you ask the lady at the delivery desk if there are any books charged to me besides what you may have out yourself and if so, hunt them up. They will probably be in the nursery.

Send along anything you may see of interest, for Heaven's sake, for I am in danger of stagnation, mental and physical. The weather is tropical - 88° to 92, every day this week..

To the Misses Crump [of New Orleans]

California, May 21, 1897

My dear Cousins

I was greatly surprised to learn of your good mother's sudden death. She seemed when I saw her so lately to show no appearance of feeble health, and you say in your letter that you were not prepared for this event. I feel as we all do very deep sympathy for you in your great loss and sorrow.

But I know that in a little while you will feel, if indeed you have not begun to feel already, a certain sense of relief and gratitude that she is now free from pain and apprehension, and has been spared the long decay of strength which must have followed the progress of her malady had she lived to struggle against it longer.

And then you have all of you the comfort which must come to you from the remembrance of the faithful and loving care which you have given her.

My wife and daughter both wish to be most kindly remembered to you. You have their cordial sympathy as well as mine.

Your cousin

Charles

To M. K. C.

Boston, June 1897

..I spend a considerable portion of my time answering questions about you and **Francis** and **Daisy** (all in **Las Cruces, NM**). I am thinking of having a slip printed containing the answers, which I can hand to people who stop me in the street.

I found your letter of Thursday, and have thought of nothing else ever since.

(CKC note: F.H.C. was then very ill of **tuberculosis**; he died in September, at Dublin, N.H.)

It is dreadful to me to think of you as so unhappy, and if this continues, I must drop everything and come to you. Nothing else is of any importance to me in comparison with you, and I feel absolutely restless and at sea while I know you are so troubled. I ask myself as you do, what can we do? And I cannot give myself any satisfactory answer. But, don't let yourself be discouraged; some way will be found.

Charley is in town tonight, assisting at Barlow's annual dinner. He has been working hard at the house most of the day finishing up the details of the Wells house. Yesterday he was at it all day.

I really can't write any more, no subject seems worth talking about with your letter in my mind.

Goodnight.

I wish I could be with you.

[This is the last CAC letter we have before the death of FHC.]

From CKC Journal, including death of Francis

[Long 1896 year-end "post" in CKC journal including:

- The Wells buildings took a good deal of time until the middle of August when his family moved in. ...
- The Sudbury building progresses steadily. I visited the works three or four times a week and get a payment on account monthly. My only new work is a house at Manchester on the old badge Batchelder land for Mrs. Robert Sampson of Pittsfield to cost \$6,000.
- I had lots of good sailing in the Marlin. Margaret and I went for some jolly sails. Once we got up at 5 and sailed to Bakers [Island] before breakfast in a whacking nor'wester, and I to town at 10.
- Went to a dinner at the Fred Seares, where I took in Mrs. Jack Gardner and sat on the rocks with Hetty Sargent...
- Had one splendid sail to Nahant and back all in a day to fetch my little rowboat tender that Harly gave me as a parting gift.
- Barlow and I took a short cruise in the White Wing to Marblehead overnight with Sturgis. [see CKC's White Wing log dated 1893.]
- About August 15 I took my vacation and went first to George Burgess in Berlin Falls for a few days. ... From here I went to Murray Bay [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/La_Malbaie], stopping over a day and night in Quebec enjoying the town thoroughly....

- Even in the pleasantest kind of surroundings, I could never get the little lady out of my head for an hour. Her face was always with me and the memory of her hung on me like a weight of lead. I felt usually that I wasn't myself except by an effort.
- On the way home from Quebec, I visited my cousins, the John Kendalls at their farm in the lovely town of Lancaster N.H.
- In November sometime I got to feeling worse about the little lady than I had for some time.... Margaret had been seeing a good deal of her, visiting the Paines in Waltham.... So I wrote a long letter saying everything that was in my mind and asking her over again and saying I must see her again. ... Just before Thanksgiving I rode out to Waltham on a horse and saw her. ... I told her I wanted to keep on seeing her as it was such a comfort and help to me. She said she wished I would and told me how much she cared for me and respected me. ... So I kissed her hand and said goodbye again and rode home feeling sad enough. Whenever I see her now there seems to be a sort of radiance and richness of beauty about her: totally unlike (I think) anything I have elsewhere seen about any other woman.
- The next time I saw her [Lily] was at 6 Joy Street [home of RTP and family at the time, and eventual home of CKC/LPC; see photo from PDF book "6 Joy Street" by Regina Cockerill], when I just had a short call and talked on ordinary topics, except that she told me about a walk she had taken with Rev. Dr. Donald, when they talked very closely together. Again at a little Sunday afternoon tea that Margaret and I were asked to, and then I had only a minute or two with her.



The tall sash windows, framed by classical pilasters, reflect the Federal-era emphasis on symmetry and proportion. While the core structural elements appear original to Alexander Parris, and they remain intact, the paneling appears to have been modified, likely during later renovations by the Paine family.

She asked me if I would tell her something about architecture as she said she wanted to know more about it. I caught rather eagerly about this because I thought it would give an excuse for seeing her often and regularly and would prevent any awkward silences.

June 3, 1897 – Went to Waltham and found Lily alone. We immediately went out and walked through the woodpaths and fields to a broad rock, high up and commanding a view to the south and west. Here we sat down and conversed for two hours in happiness. ... She asked me to come out to see her again before she goes to Dublin N.H. in July, so that she may find out her feeling for me definitely once and for all. She doesn't believe the present relations between us can possibly go on much

longer. I think she said too, it was such a great strain on both of us. ... Of course I said I wanted to come and would next week. I held both her hands in mine – she was not altogether unresponsive – and told her she must love me – told her she couldn't realize what she was to me and begged her to pray God that He may let her love me and she said she would. ... I have never loved her as much as now, and I prayed to God with all my heart this night, thanking Him for his goodness to me, and asking Him humbly for Lily. Dear little girl!

June 11, Friday – To Waltham by appointment, a lovely day after a long week's rain. Lily and I walked through the woods and I told her she knew what I wanted to know. She became serious and sad-looking and of course I knew at once that the time was not yet and it was a good deal of a blow as I have been making up my mind to expect success this day. She was awfully sweet however and we sat on a big rock side by side, I holding both her hands and talking to her. ... She said she didn't believe it would always be waiting and that it would come out all right in the end, or else she wouldn't be acting in this way if she didn't believe so. ... Earlier I recited a verse or two from the **Commemoration Ode** to Lily, the part about Lincoln [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Commemoration_Ode], and told her about my **enlistment in Battery A**.

Thursday July 1st — Went out to Waltham: Lily and I went along through a wood path and then sat down in a meadow till supper having a good chat. Mr. Payne and Bob and Ethel were at supper and it was jolly. They all decided to take my **height** [6'3"], so I was backed up against the door of Mr. Paine's den and measured. There were more than a hundred names on the door with Phillips Brooks at the head. I came just second: an inch below him, and this seemed to raise me in the family's estimation a bit. [See comment on this story in RTP's autobiography.] Then I wrote in Lily's and Ethel's birthday books and read Lily a short quotation from **Emerson's** essay on Intellect that I have lately read and liked very much:

... "All our progress is an unfolding like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can _____ no reason. It is vain to hurry it. By trusting it to the end, it shall ripen into truth and you shall know why you believe..."

Lily and I had our usual sit out on the terrace and it was a beautiful night. I bicycled home.

Thursday July 8th — To Waltham from Waverly where I had been over the McLean Asylum with Rev. George Prescott. Found Lily playing Chopin's old Prelude... We had tea out on the terrace. George was there and also Mr. Arthur Lyman and the rest. We sat talking all together for some time afterwards, about the **Life of Nelson** and the artillery, during which Bob got off some cracks at me.

[The Life of Nelson by Robert Southey, original edition 1813 — [https://catalog.hathitrust.org/Record/009357471?type\[\]=author&lookfor\[\]="Southey, Robert, 1774-1843."](https://catalog.hathitrust.org/Record/009357471?type[]=author&lookfor[]=) — new edition published by Heinemann, 1897]

July 10th — Got a fine letter from Mamma today talking encouragingly and sympathetically about Lily and also a corker from Margaret.

July 14th 1897 — Went in to say good-by to Dr. Donald who is going abroad. He asked about Francis whose picture Lily had shown him last night and spoke in a splendid way about being helpful to him. He said I could make him happy by simply showing him strength: he thought that sort of comfort was never given by intention but emanated from the intimate character and affections of a person. [...]

Margaret (who had got home to Boston yesterday), Aunt Nell [?] and I went to meet Papa, Mamma and **Francis**, who all came **from California**. Poor Francis was pathetic in his happiness at getting home. He is very thin and terribly hoarse, but has capital spirits, and full of jokes and fun: he seems glad to see me too, which pleased me a good deal. We all went to Longwood.

July 15th — To Waltham & for their last time till fall, as the Paines leave to spend six weeks in Dublin N.H. I got there at 4 and sat in the woods on "Lost Rock" till 6 [with Lily Paine]. Lovely warm afternoon and we were both very happy, I am sure. I told her about the family's arrival and **Francis's** condition and the extreme sadness of it to me (I had been with him all this morning, driving around town and lunching him at the Tavern Club).

Sept. 11 — [C.K.C. now with the family staying in or near Dublin N.H.] Saw the little lady for the first time for nearly 2 months, except just a glimpse the other day. I went up to the Paine's house on Beech Hill and we sat on the verandah for two hours talking and looking at a fine sunset.

Sunday Sept. 12 — I fell in with Lily walking home from church (I had been with my aunts) and took her out rowing on the beautiful lake till lunch time.

Sept. 13 — Fetched Lily bright and early and took her up Lone Pine Tree Hill, a low spur of Monadnock.

Francis was taken seriously ill yesterday afternoon. He had just got home from a drive with the aunts, Margaret and me to Peterborough, where he had a severe hemorrhage and was left very weak and dispirited. He suffered intensely during it. I was with him, but could do nothing to help him except to give him pieces of ice. Dr. Richard Cabot is looking after him.

Saturday Sept. 18, 1897 — I left Dublin yesterday morning, and thought dear old Francis improving, but in the afternoon, just after seeing Papa & Aunt Helen off for Dublin, I got a telegram from Mamma, asking for a nurse and a doctor for consultation: this meant to me right off that Francis was dying and it was pretty sad; and it was hard to think of him suffering so much and me not being there to help him. I went to Dr. Henry Jackson and made every arrangement for starting today and hurried down to Magnolia and back to Longwood,

We reached Francis at noon and found him more comfortable because of morphine. But the oxygen which we brought gave him instant relief and it was such a blessing to see him not suffering. He has been suffering torture literally for two days, and bearing it like a hero, God bless him. Dick and Hugh Cabot have been with him constantly and we are grateful to them for it.

I went in and saw my dear brother for about 15 minutes. He was terribly weak and breathing hard, all the muscles of his face and neck starting [??] out at every breath. It was so pitiful, that I could hardly hold onto myself before him. And he was affectionate even then. I shall never forget his happy smile when he stretched out his hand as I came in, and held it all through. He couldn't talk much: just a word now and then and his eyes kept closing. I told him all the things I had seen & done in town and at Magnolia : how Jo Lane was wanting him to visit her in Saint-Louis etc: and it all pleased and interested him, I think.

(The other day when I was going to Lily and asked him if he had any message to send, he smiled very affectionately and whispered in my ear "**Tell her to hurry up**". I told her about it.)

Francis likes the nurse, a Miss Coleman, very much, & she has a beautiful way of looking after him & of giving him oxygen.

Sunday Sept. 19 — **Francis died this morning** at 2.30. We all went in to see him. He lay there quiet and peaceful, all his suffering over, and it was impossible not to feel glad for him. I realized right off, I think, that he was surely in heaven and was an angel even now with God, and was happy and probably looking around to help us all in his old generous way. I didn't feel any sorrow for him. The hard part is to feel that my brother is gone from me, and that the son is gone from Papa and Mamma, that they loved so dearly. I prayed like anything that I might be always good to them and be as much comfort to them as I can. All the aunts are here.

I telephoned to Lily of it and she came right up and was with Margaret a long time & apparently very sweet and lovely, as she always is. I saw her in the afternoon & walked home with her, and she talked to me about Francis and about her mother too. When I was leaving her, I got all broken up: partly because my own love for her and my own selfish grief came out so strongly and I was miserable & cried like a baby all the way down the hill. But gradually a wonderful peace and strength seemed to come to me and I went down to the lake where the sun was all red & gold and said my prayers and went home a better man, I am sure.

Sept. 22 — Dear Francis was buried today. People have been very kind and many of them truly sympathetic, especially Donald and some of the boys. Jamie Pureson has been like a brother to Francis all through (he was in Dublin with us when he died) and we are grateful to him for it.

Oct. 9 — Rode out to Waltham and found Lily again. It was fine and cold, and we walked to a splendid pine Grove at the foot of Prospect Hill and sat there and saw the moon through the trees when it was dark. It was the old feeling of peace and bliss to be near her again, even though she does not love me enough to want me always. The sad look in her eyes is not there as often and she seemed mostly radiantly happy.

Oct. 16 — Another long walk and sit in the woods with a little lady: almost 4 hours with her. When I said goodbye standing in the porch, I asked her if she should have cared if I had been hit by a shell at Fort Warren last Wednesday, or some such ridiculous and rather unmanly question that I had no business to, and felt pretty ashamed afterwards. But I think she makes allowances for the foolish things I do: realizing that I am not entirely master of myself. Few women would have such clear and beautiful insight and perception as she has. She constantly shows it, and she makes everything as easy for me as she can. But it is a good bit of a strain — this longing and suspense. It is with me every minute of the day almost and sometimes for hours together when I am in bed.

Oct. 23 — Waltham again and a fine day. We walked up Prospect Hill and sat at the top. I was very happy and so was she. She told me she had been unhappy most of the week. I wrote her a letter the other day, just because I was loving her so much one evening at the office, and she liked it. On the way home, she looked up in my eyes and told me to be brave and to wait patiently for a little longer. She was sweet as an angel, and it gave me new strength, right off.

Oct. 28 — The little lady is going to New York today: she wrote me a note asking me to come to see her next week and saying she was glad I had been in New York, which I liked. I ought to feel pretty encouraged I think at many things these days, but the suspense and uncertainty of Lily's feelings ever growing any warmer, is sometimes hard to bear. I lie awake most of the first half of every night, thinking of her and trying to plan what to do and say to her.

November 4, Thursday — Woke up feeling like a king somehow in my mind, though my body is in terrible shape for one of sleep. Got out to Waltham by appointment and was with the little lady over 6 hours, and had a very happy time in the pastures, at tea and walking on the terrace by a beautiful moon. I am much encouraged

now for I am sure she loves me more than she ever has before. She let me hold her sweet little hand in mine a long time.

Nov. 12 — When I got to Waltham, I presented Ethel [Lily's sister] with a song I had copied out for her and she seemed pleased. The little lady and I walked into the town and inspected Bob Peabody's new church, which is built of natural face field stone which Mr. Paine gave from his land — the old stone walls I suppose. The interior was good — a broad nave with simple passage aisles; a steep pitched, open roof of lightly fine proportions I thought.

When we got back, we walked around the Lymans' garden till dark and I was very happy, saying good night in a little pine grove and I loved her like anything. John Storer, her brother-in-law, came along and saw us there. I expect he knew what was up. I hardly touched the ground going to the train.

Nov. 18 — A splendid cold day and I went to Waltham and took Lily on a long ramble through the woods first and then "along the highway" to the Cambridge Reservoir and back. I wanted to stay through the evening, but Katy Peabody was at our house and I felt I ought to go home. Pretty happy and encouraged now.

Nov. 25, Thanksgiving Day — Margaret home today from the Paine's [Stonehurst in Waltham] where she had been spending a few days, with splendid accounts of Lily, who seemed to her very happy. Margaret thinks she is going to have me soon. We all dined at Longwood with the Kimballs and the Kendalls, and I left peaceful and happy as could be all through. ... I thanked God for making me so happy and decided I had no right at all to grumble, even if the dear little girl does keep me waiting, for I feel that she does love me now and that it will only be a question of time when she wants to have me.

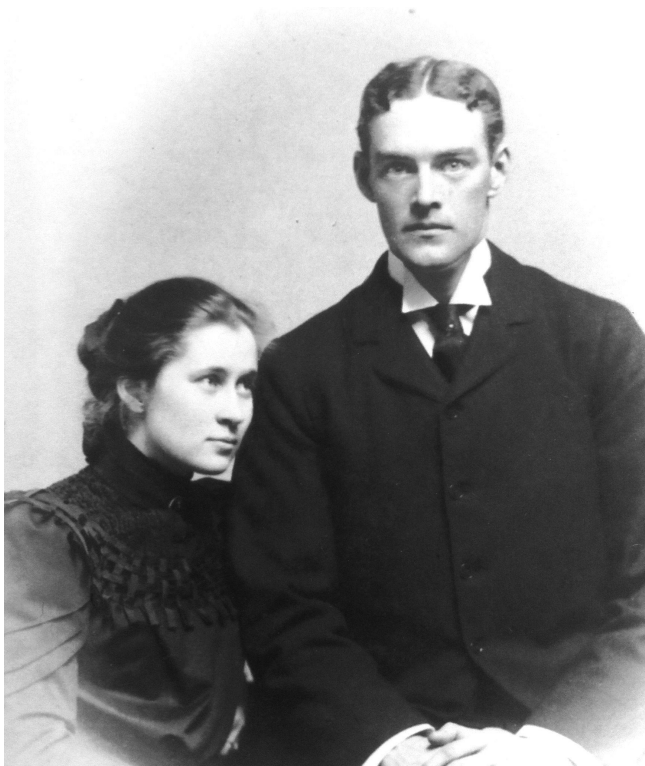
Nov. 27 Saturday. — I was kept by Mr. Torrey at a meeting of the Sudbury Trustees, lawyers, tenants, etc., and so I was very late to Waltham [the Paine's house Stonehurst]. There was a beautiful little moon shining when I got there, and Lily came out to walk with me, all wrapped up. We walked around the house for an hour through the paths and lanes and Lily, I thought, was rather quiet and subdued and not exactly happy, though very sweet. At about quarter-of-seven, we were walking up the main driveway to the house hand-in-hand when I asked her to talk to me about herself, reminding her that we both had decided it could do no harm. She didn't say much, and just as we stepped onto the grass to cut across the hill up to the terrace, I stopped and told her again that I loved her.

She said "Do you think I love you as much as you want me to?" I thought by this that she did not, and was beginning to say that at times I did think so, when Lily very slowly put up her hands on my shoulders, and I asked her what this meant. Then she put her arms around my neck and said "It means that I love you". And so there it was,

all over. It came very suddenly to me, in spite of the long, long waiting, and at first I couldn't believe it. It seemed like a dream, not real, but like the happiest, most blessed dream. [This is the end of this journal.]

1898 Wedding of CKC and Lydia Lyman Paine

CKC and LLP were married at Trinity Church by Rev. E. Winchester Donald on May 18, 1898.



1898-1899 CAC LETTERS FROM EUROPE

To C. K. C.

London, 23d June 1898

[This is the first CAC letter we have after the death of FHC and wedding of CKC.]

There you have our present address, but it won't do you much good because before this reaches you, we shall be across the waters which separate this "right little, tight little island" from the rest of Europe.

Our traveling has so far prospered though it began rather dismally as you may remember.

But the voyage was a remarkably comfortable one, no ice, no fog, no storm, no Spaniards. (CKC note: This was during the Spanish War, and there had been somewhat ridiculous rumors of a Spanish fleet menacing the Atlantic shores.) There were two days in which we drove through a pretty rough sea, but I surprised my family and myself by going through it all like a veteran sailor and never losing a meal. The little tour of Cornwall and Devon was very pleasant and successful though the weather might have been kinder. Our sail down the Thames was certainly one of the pleasantest pieces of travel I can remember. The weather had by then grown nearly perfect, and you have not forgotten how varied and beautiful the shores can look in bright sunshine.

Rigby Wason (CKC note: a young Scotchman whom we had known in Boston), as lively as ever, made his appearance this morning,

He was profuse in propositions for our entertainment in one way another, including a lunch for me at the Reform Club to meet Mr. Sparks, the director of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, and a lunch at his father's house for three of the ladies. He is now studying law and appears to be quite in the whirl of London society.

London is very full and very noisy, everything in full swing. I have been to the **House of Commons** through the courtesy of one Sir Joseph Francis Leese and heard an hour or so of a debate in which however nobody of any special note took part except Mr. Balfour. There is no Gladstone there now. I am very glad I saw and heard him when I was last here (in 1887). For the rest, galleries, museums, libraries, Rotten Row, crush in Piccadilly, swells in Regent Street, gorgeous ladies in Hyde Park, a little shopping, a good deal of loafing, this will last a week longer and then we shall be very glad to leave the big city and get onto the Continent on our way to Switzerland and peace.

Now you will please remember that all this is very fine, but it is nevertheless an exile, and we do very much desire to be kept well and minutely informed as to how things are going on at home, not only in the family but in the community. Remember I have dropped a good many things in which I was and am much interested, and about which I shall hear nothing unless you keep me informed of them. There are no architects' meetings to be sure for some months but you must hear of certain things in the architectural world that I should like to know of. (CKC note: he had been for some years president of the Boston Society of Architects [founded in 1867, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boston_Society_of_Architects]) and was always deeply interested in it.)

One thing I should much like to know: namely, whether the new Art Commission (he had been chairman of the Boston Art Commission) has been appointed and whom it consists of. What were the lists of names submitted to the Mayor for choice? That was just about to be done when I came away, and must before now be a fait accompli.

I am a little troubled about Mrs. Emerson's **portrait** (CKC note: a portrait of CAC by Mrs. William R. Emerson which had not turned out particularly well) which she took back, you remember, just before we came away.

I don't want her to imagine we are indifferent to it. If it comes in your way at all to see her, you might express our regret that we were all too much in a hurry when she sent it in to give much thought to it.

To C. K. C.

Amsterdam, July 3, 1898

..Amsterdam is an amusing place. We didn't half see it when we were here before. The museum is extremely interesting, at least the collections are; the building is pretty bad on the exterior but well and effectively arranged, with some very swell rooms indeed.

I had some very nice talks with people in London all along of Rigby (Wason) who came out, uncommonly strong. Twice I lunched at the Reform Club, and once at the **House of Commons**, where I was introduced to a lot of people, including persons as far apart as John Burns, the Socialist member, and Sir William Harcourt. I was invited to a grand dinner of medical men at the Cecil, but had to decline, having an engagement.

Then I had a very pleasant day at Lewes with Edward Warren and his companions who live all together in a pleasant house and devote themselves to collecting works of art in the way of classical antiques. Adieu, I think of you pleasantly installed at the Little Hill (the summer house in Magnolia).

To C. K. C.

The Hague, July 9, 1898

..We are having a quiet week at the Hague. The hotel is elegant and comfortable and I am looking out for the house in which to spend my declining years. The weather continues atrocious. Not one pleasant day since we crossed the North Sea nine days ago. **War news** is exciting; today there seems really to be a **prospect of peace**. Then what? Row with Germany? Annexation of Asia? Whip the world? Well we shall see..

Letter from C.K.C. in Boston to his sister traveling with C.A.C.

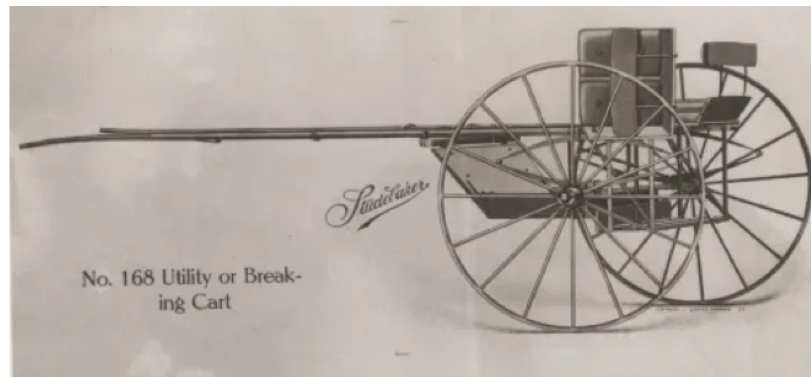
8 Beacon Street, July 14th 1898

Dear Margaret,

As this is your birthday [also Bastille Day], I have decided to write to you, overlooking the fact that as yet I have received but one small note. Lily and I are enjoying Magnolia extremely. I have told you about the inside of the house,

which is really very much improved by the new papers [wall paper?]. Our servants seem to both be very excellent.

Your **meadowbrook** has just come back from Gloucester, having had a new dasher, been varnished and painted and mended and looks as good as new. Lily likes it immensely. Hotspur takes me to the station and meets me again, neat as a pin. It is as good fun as in the old days when you used to drive me around.



A meadow brook cart

(source: <https://www.carriageassociationofamerica.com/the-quirky-history-of-the-meadowbrook/>)

I have a new head gardener, a fine large man of 11 years, named Frank Dunbar. He comes at 7 and chops wood; then armed with my new hoe and weeders, he sallies forth and attacks the beds and the driveway. He continues at this work until about 10 when he is dismissed. At 6 he appears and does bootblack duty and other odd jobs for an hour. He is a bright cheerful little chap and seems to like his job first-rate. I hope he won't get tired of it.

The **Marlin** is in commission and is sailing very fast I think, though I haven't as yet had any brush with the latest designs. I expect they are keeping away from me and lying low. The Daisy is also in the water. Our first sail was last week to Manchester, in a good southerly breeze. Lily was most enthusiastic and keen: I think she will soon learn the trick of sailing the ship, though I find I have to roar at her now and then. All girls are alike on board ship, I fancy. Then early Sunday we ran in to the Paine's rocks, blew the horn, Rubber Tree Lep aboard (Ben Foster, whom you know, being already there for the purpose of teaching Bob to navigate his new vessel) and we bore off to W. Manchester, making a wonderful run to that port. Shooting up to the Torpedo, we left Paine and Foster and stood out for home. The wind then got very light and it was two o'clock as we reached Magnolia, being of course beaten in the race by Torpedo — which is a pretty new and very smart knockabout — Bob is very much pleased with her and I suppose if you were here I couldn't persuade to ship as first-mate with me again. This rather threw us out of dining at Prides with the Robbinses at 1:30, so Lily had to telephone and apologize but I think Bob is a bit huffy.

Yesterday we had a stiff north easter and a downpour, so I put on my oilers and rubber boots and went out and bailed the two boats which indeed were nearly full. Lily came too and waited on the wharf. Did I tell you how well she gets along with the fishermen. She enjoys hearing them chin and they set quite a store by her, I think. They tell her evil stories about me when my back is turned just as they always have done.

Bile Douglas, by the way, has a job on a 30-footer permanently: wears a white suit and a huge grin and is very picturesque. Steve works at the Golf-Club. You will be interested to hear that when about a mile off-shore, being south-south-east off Lobster Cove, Manchester, I blew 3 long blasts on the fog horn. Immediately there appeared from verandah and balcony of a black-looking house in the trees, numerous white females who waved frantically while the Marlin was in sight. This reminds me that Bessie and Gertrude Hamlin are expected to supper with us tonight and Phil Howard is coming down for the night.

Last night we supped at Miss Lowell's in Magnolia. Miss Ellen Emerson being there, inquired at length about Mamma, and thought Papa must be a good-natured kind of man to travel with such a train of females in his wake [the two Margarets, wife and daughter, and the Kimball aunts]. I suppose you are really very able and useful, however, and also very intelligent at conversing with the Dutch. Have you seen any likely looking young officers lately? Don't be in too much of a hurry. Wait till you get a good one and then hook him. I should prefer an English one if possible or a Danish next or possibly German. Only descend to French or Italian offers as a last resource [sic].

We supped at the Putnams one night and Miss Effy Putnam was very lovely indeed. And on Saturday we took our first meal at the **Wells house, Beaumaris**, with the Paines and Storers. They make a pretty large family and are very jolly, though they complain bitterly about a lack of closets, otherwise seeming to be pleased with the house. Mr. Paine remarked that it "was full of little touches that seemed to denote an experienced hand", to which of course I modestly and gracefully assented, remembering the vast hours of experience I had accumulated from my association with little Penwaddle. His children indeed seem to have grown vastly and their hair sticks out all over their head like yours.

This tempts me to add a note of warning: don't become unnecessarily fashionable or foreign while away from home. Keep out-doors and get a great deal of exercise and sleep. I lay great stress on these simple principles of health and I want you to keep them in mind and follow them carefully out, so that when you come home, you will be a fine large strapping woman.

I won't write about the weddings we went to last week because I daresay Lily will: and probably also Lina whom I saw at both of them, feeling very keen and lively.

You would be really surprised to notice how much interest I take in **gardening** these days. It certainly makes the feeling of responsibility and the desire for order and neatness greatly increase, the moment you have full charge.

I mowed the whole lawn and horseshoe the other day, which means not only pushing the lawn about, but going all over the edges, borders, around rocks and trees and bushes and soft places and banks with the sickle. The grass I never saw thicker or greener, which I take to be mostly due to our incessant watering. Lily is great at extracting the noxious plantain from the lawn, weeding the nasturtium and sweet pea beds, and pruning and training the vines, which are all doing splendidly.

Perhaps the swellest thing in the house now is the bath-room, which I had all done in white paint with a coat of "dymar" on top, so that it shines to use Lily's expression "like a nigger's eye". The effect is really stunning and we are very careful to leave both doors open so you get a charming vista from the stairs. It is a joy and a pride and tell Papa he will thank me with tears in his eyes for doing it. Tell him it is the only time I "got gay".

Well, this letter is assuming gigantic proportions, but as it is to a lady I am very fond of, it won't do any harm, but I wish you would treat us better here at home. Try & see what you can do.

July 15th

P.S. Bessie Hamlin & Phil Howard spent last night with us. We celebrated the **surrender of Santiago** with firecrackers & blank shots from the pistol, Bessie Ham & Lily firing by platoon at my command. Retreat went off in fine style Howard at their gun, Lily hauling down the stars & stripes most impressively & I at the bugle. Bessie Ham got caught thro' the carriage failing to show up & had to telegraph home. I bet Gertrude thought she had gone to Squam. You ask her if she didn't. I woke them all up by the first call. Howard, Lily and I in the meadowbrook as of yore. Nothing changed except we miss you all.

Give my best love Mamma, Pap and the aunts: just got a cream ladle belonging once to my **great-great grandmother Hathaway** from **Cousin Alice Peck**. Fine old spoon and it is splendid to possess it. Tell [Aunt] Lellums for me.

Your affectionate brother, Charles

Back to letters from CAC:

To C. K. C.

Westerbouwing, 16th July 1898

You haven't the faintest notion where this place may be. It is some 5 or 6 miles out of Arnheim, whence we have come this fine morning by a neat little steamer on the placid **Rhine**, and are now waiting for our lunch of spiegeleisen, omelette and bier [a mention of food], under the trees on a terrace overlooking the river and a broad stretch of green flat country beyond. Daisy has discovered a penny in the slot machine and has invested a copper. The result is surprising; a mammoth hen gave a prodigious cackle and promptly laid a green and gold egg

containing a few minute chocolates. This is the last of our Dutch towns and the least charming of all. We have enjoyed them greatly. Next comes Aachen, then Trier, then the Moselle and Rhine, en route for Schweiz. The weather, after 6 weeks of sulking, has become delightful.

We had news yesterday of the surrender of Santiago. Put out the big flag when peace is declared. I read with surprise the account of the speeches at the Alumni dinner. Adams seems the only sane man. Love to all.

To C. K. C.

Basle, 3d August 1898

..These hotel keepers are so anxious to advertise the attractiveness of their houses that they will presently leave no room on their writing paper for anything but their pictures. This particular house doesn't need to cover up so much of the sheet, for everybody knows the three kings of Basle (Hotel des Trois Rois). Do you remember it as we passed through Basle on our way to leave you at Heidelberg a dozen years ago? It is as fine now as it was then, and we had one of the pleasant occasional sensations of travel last night when we were shown into our room just after sunset and looked out over the rushing river under a full moon. We expect to get to Interlaken this evening and to sit down somewhere in that neighborhood. We found the aunts at Freiburg last week, and they are here today but this afternoon we separate again, they going by Neuchatel to Chamonix..

Your accounts and Lily's, too, of life on the Little Hill (his house at Magnolia) sound wonderfully attractive, and we read them with groans of envy in the hot cities of Germany which we have inhabited for the last fortnight or so. But now we are come into the land of glaciers and snow peaks we shall cease from these unworthy emotions. No ice-mountains at Magnolia I believe? No cow-bells on sloping Alpine pastures? No, I think not.

I am glad to see peace apparently so near and hope we shall not prove to have got up an appetite for war, by our performances during the past three months. Also I hope the President (McKinley) who seems to keep a level head all through, will play the rest of the game alone, and not call the precious Congress together again. That would spoil all. Goodbye. Much love to Lily; and a pleasant summer to you both...

To C. K. C.

Zermatt, 28th August 1898

With your mother and sister sending off a long letter to you or to Lily twice a week or so, it is small use for me to try to tell you anything which you don't know already from one or the other of them. Yet I want to keep myself in personal communication with you, too, and so I will write occasionally even at the imminent risk of repeating what they have told. We leave Zermatt, blessed Zermatt, today after a week's experience of its beauties and splendors. Certainly it is on the whole (with its umgebungen) the most imposing and impressive spot I know in Switzerland. Constant variety and constant charm. A never-ending succession of possible excursions, big and little, and for the bold climber who snaps his fingers at precipices and avalanches and crevasses and all such trifles, it must be indeed a paradise. And such

heroes swarm in the hotels and in the single narrow street of the village, that is, if you can believe that every determined looking fellow whom you meet with a complete outfit in his hands or on his back, Alpen stock, ice-axe, coil of rope, etc. etc. is one of them. Our climbing has been all down-hill for the most part, and our greatest feat has been walking down from the Riffel, after our delightful morning on the Gornergrat.

What place is that same Gornergrat! You may remember our failure to reach it a dozen years ago all along of the unseasonable snow-storm, and our disgust at missing it. Well, it is worth waiting for, even a dozen years. Such a dazzling array of snow-covered peaks: Monte Rosa, Breithorn, Matterhorn, and all so near. We got up there about eight o'clock on a brilliant morning; the mountains clear and glittering in the sunshine; the valley behind us full of clouds. These were moving up, and bye and bye gradually enveloped the peaks one after another. Then it grew very cold, thermometer falling from 13° Centigrade to about 5, which is to say perhaps 40° Fahrenheit. So we got ourselves down to the Riffel again. You know, of course, that all this is done now by rail, and this Gornergratbahn which was only opened for travel the day before we went up, is perhaps the most audacious of all its kind, rising about 5,000 feet from its starting point at Zermatt to the summit, and taking an hour and a half for the trip.

Berisal - 31st August - I will finish this scrawl at this little hamlet, half way up the Simplon Pass, which was recommended to us as a very charming place. We don't find it particularly charming, but it is high and cool. We shall probably go over the pass tomorrow as far as Domo d'Ossola and then if the weather permits, on to Bellagio.

They are just beginning the great Simplon Tunnel, which is to bore through the mountain where we are reposing ourselves and come out somewhere near Isella on the Italian side. At Brieg yesterday morning, I walked across the meadow to the face of the mountain where a force of some 300 Italians is just starting in at that end, while a similar force is or shortly will be at work at the Italian end. The tunnel is, I believe, to be about twelve miles long, or half as long again as the St. Gothard Tunnel, the longest yet.

Your accounts of your goings on at the Little Hill are mighty interesting to all of us. Keep them up, and the more in detail the better. As for your own industry, particularly in the matter of gardening and tree cutting, I am lost in wonder and amaze. It's all Lily, I am quite persuaded of that, and I make her my most sincere compliments on the transformation she is effecting in you. We all feel that we are losing much in being out of the way just at this interesting period of your life, but we hope the interest will not lessen before we get back to enjoy it all.

Here we see nobody; with the exception of the pleasant week we spent at Vevey with the Talbot party, we have scarcely spoken with anybody we ever saw before. All the people we thought we might run across in Switzerland have kept out of our way. I am most sorry on Daisy's account, though she doesn't complain. So no more at present (except love to Lily, and won't she send me another nice letter)..

To Miss Hannah Kimball

Bellagio

..We are having an entertainment this evening which is greatly appreciated by everybody in the house, but which was not set down in the bills, nothing less than a storm of the grandest sort, thunder and lightning, absolutely continuous, torrents of rain and hailstones driven by a violent wind.

The weather has been pretty hot for some days, though not unbearably so by any means, and the result has followed at last which we generally look for at home after a long spell of hot weather. We have seen it coming all the afternoon from the upper end of the lake. It is a great blessing, for the country is drying up. I hope you have had something like it on the Brünig, where I suppose you are spending the Sunday. I am glad to hear you found the Grimsel so fine. I did not know until I heard it at Brieg a fortnight ago, that there was a carriage road over that fine pass. It was until three or four years ago only a bridle path. And I am glad you are to see the Brünig again. We found it delightful.

I wish you could have seen our little Promontogno, the most charming little nook hidden away among the enclosing mountains, and with some charming walks and climbs within easy reach. That would, by the way, have given you an easy way to reach the Engadine had you wished to get into that region.

Good-bye. It does us good to read of your performances in the pedestrian line. If you go on at this rate, you will soon get to be the champion of the party. We are leading a life of dolce far niente, and growing more demoralized every day. Much love to all.

To C. K. C.

Bellagio, 12th Sept. 1898

Your letters are very entertaining. Better number 'em. This place is an earthly Paradise and we are enjoying it. Our next move is towards Venice, in order to give Margaret a chance for a week or so with Margery Scull.

I am glad you have enjoyed the Little Hill so much.

Not only your letters and Lily's, but divers others give us pleasant glimpses of your life there. You will always look back with tenderness on the first summer. Much love to Lily..

To C. K. C.

Sept. 25, 1898

..I should like to know something about the B.S.A. meetings this winter. Will you send me the notices, or ask Lewis to send them; they always have an abstract of proceedings, etc.

You haven't yet told me who the new Art Commission members are. I got the Mayor's notice of the first meeting and should very much like to know who are my colleagues..

To C. K. C.

Oct. 4, 1898

I have a screed from my highly esteemed tenant in Union Park covering three full sheets of paper (she is as fluent with the pen as with the tongue), of which the burden is simply that she wishes to let the bill for plumbing, which she has paid, go against the deficit for the rent. I don't care to make a fuss over it or to distress the poor woman, so I shall write to her that I consent to that arrangement, but that she must not have any more work of any kind done on the house without your consent..

To C. K. C.

Vienna, 19th Oct. 1898

Well, we are to run away tomorrow from this most interesting and lively city. It has treated us so badly in the matter of weather that we haven't got quite the kind of pleasure from it that we expected. But there are many attractions here which one can enjoy independent of weather and we have given most of our time to these. The collections of all sorts are magnificent, and the lay-out of the great buildings in which they are housed, and which are all or almost all, new, are equally so. The theatres are perfection; you can't suggest an improvement anywhere, unless it be in the appearance of the audiences. Even at the Opera, it was queer to walk up and down the fine foyer in the entr'actes and see the people, women in stuff dresses, men in business suits, with very few exceptions. At the smaller theatres the people regale themselves between the acts with such substantial refreshments as ham-sandwiches, rolls, beer, etc. and even at the Opera much the same thing was going on.

Verona, 25th Oct.

This sheet has reposed for a week, it seems, and I resume my writing now on the right side of the Alps once more, rain and cold apparently left behind. Some thing else also left behind. M'Micawber is at last deserted, and I sit here quite alone, in a strange land. Mamma and Margaret couldn't tear themselves, away from the delights of the Opera. Ba Lucrezia Borgia and Lohengrin were not enough; Faust was announced for Tuesday and they must hear it at all costs. So I departed alone on Monday for Trent where I stayed over one delightful day to see the fine Cathedral and then came

Today I have been hard at work verifying my MS. ("History of Italian Architecture") and making notes and sketches of some interesting things which I hadn't known about

The two M's will probably join me tomorrow night unless the Sisters (the Kimballs) with whom they are tonight at Botzen prevail on them to stay another day, in which case they will come direct to Milan.

Verona is a delightful city. The contrast with the German cities is very striking. Even the soldiers are of a wholly different type. But from all the soldiers, all over Europe, our gallant warriors might learn a thing or two. For one thing, their dress is always neat and trig and nearly always looks new. No coats unbuttoned; no slouched hats; no faded uniforms, such as I have occasionally remarked even among the picked artillerymen of **Battery A** (CKC note: one of the **Massachusetts Field Artillery** batteries, in which I was then a **corporal**), on the field. In the officers, there is even a certain elegance of aspect and always among officers and men the

most scrupulously quiet behavior. I have not seen a single exception, and the soldiers are everywhere. Very striking.

I am glad you liked the Rothenburg print and that it got to you without the interposition of the Custom House. Please take care of the various books and photographs which we may send. We shall look for letters from you at Milan. Much love to Lily. I shall like to fancy her moving about in the Clarendon Street house. You will soon be there now..

P.S. I fell in yesterday here at Verona with Abbey, the painter, and dined with him and his wife and had a pleasant evening over his sketches, etc.

To C. K. C.

Milan, 30th Oct. 1898

A nasty rainy afternoon with no Italy in the air at all but a good deal of Massachusetts Bay in a Northeaster. But we are comfortable in our connecting rooms with a fire in the porcelain stufa and are bringing up arrears of writing in the way of letters, diaries, etc.

The Boston Assessors seem to have raised the valuation of the Clarendon Street house one or two thousand dollars which is unreasonable, but not worth your making a fuss about especially as it would probably do no good. If I were at home, I should protest, and doubtless waste my time and temper.

Thanks for your letter. I like to know what is going on. I see in the Transcript a strong and sensible address by G. S. Boutwell (Representative from Mass.; Pres. Anti-Imperialist League, 1898, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_S._Boutwell] and [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/American_Anti-Imperialist_League], etc.) concerning the true policy of the U.S. I wish there were more like him. I fear great calamities ahead from the folly and wickedness of our rulers. I hear you are hard at work; that's good..

To C. K. C.

Florence, 28th Nov. 1898

..Your very interesting letter, No. 23, I found at the Post-office, for which much thanks. The Bloor cuttings found their way speedily to the fireplace. The B.S.A. notice which you thought you sent didn't get in. Send them along later, please. I like to know what the fellows are about. I got a pleasant letter from Everett (Arthur G. Everett, Architect) the other day, in which he intimates that perhaps the State House isn't saved yet. Thanks for the report of Boutwell's speech (oh, no it was Long's). Long (John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy) makes the best of a bad, bad business, but the wisdom of the hour is with old men like Boutwell and Norton (CKC note: he probably means Charles Eliot Norton), who have no more influence than if they were insane paupers. Hoar (George Frisbie Hoar, Senior Senator from Mass.) has now, I see, when it is too late, found his tongue. When speech might have done good, he was dumb like the rest of New England men. But I won't waste words in writing about American politics. The best that can be said of them is that they are not so loathsome as the French.

I take note of what you say in regard to the nursery. I should have put down a hardwood floor there when I put down the others, but that I was going away immediately and wanted to

finish up the work. But you may do it now, if you don't mind being torn up to that extent. Let Morgan, 25 Bowker Street, do the work as he did the rest, with half-inch stock, and be mighty careful about the nailing, lest it squeak under foot. You may as well at the same time lay a new hearth, as you suggest, and I I observe also think a new grate also is needed. what you say in regard to your plans for next summer. If all goes well, you will hardly see us at home before October (though in view of Lily's last letter to Mamma (probably about grandson F.H.C. being on the way [to be born April 1899]), I apprehend some difficulty in keeping her on this side the water after April), and so if the Little Hill suits you and her ladyship, you may count on that for another summer. As to your proposal to pay rent for it, it does credit to your delicacy, but I should be ashamed of myself if I should accept it. You are very welcome to the place and I am glad I have it to offer you.

What did you do to celebrate the amazing victory of Harvard over Yale? One begins to think of possible triumphs at New London.

Goodbye, my boy. Mama has replied to Lily's letter, and you don't need to be told that what she feels, I feel also [likely partly about their new grandson FHC to be named after recently departed son FHC], and that we look forward with the tenderest interest, and with keen regret that we are not likely to be at home to rejoice with you. Thank Lily for her letter to me, which I will answer betimes.

To C. K. C.

Rome, 28th Dec. 1898

The diaries have just arrived, in good time and condition, thanks to you. But why, why do you send letters and parcels to the care of the extinct firm of bankers, known in the early years of the century as Maguay, Hooker & Co. Is it a case of unconscious cerebration, or of occult influence or something of that sort? Well, it doesn't greatly matter, since by the time this reaches you, you will have ceased to send to Rome and be sending again to Barings, which after all is safer in the long run.

We are having a pleasant enough month in Rome; the house is a very agreeable one and well administered and we have (at last) pleasant and sunny rooms, which we greatly enjoy. Margaret especially is happy in the society of a group of nice girls, whom she never saw before but with whom she has developed a sudden friendship. She has been adopted with great cordiality by all of them, and the interchange of visits and teas is constant, all of which she enjoys the more from having been starved for eight months, for with the exception of the ten days which we spent at Vevey, she has scarcely spoken to a girl since we left home.

As for me, I travel about Rome from one end to the other, MS. (of his "**History**") in hand, among the basilicas for the most part, comparing, correcting, revising, and amusing myself with the idea that I am really doing something. How much it will all amount to remains to be seen.

Rome has changed greatly even since we were here last, and is becoming more and more every year like a modern European capital, which indeed it is. Whole quarters of new streets on the outskirts of the city are filled with very scrumptious six and seven story stone apartment-houses (five and six I ought to say; I don't think I have seen any higher). The Tiber

flows through the city between smooth embankments of masonry thirty feet high, and is crossed by half a dozen new bridges, of which one near S. Angelo is an iron monster for all the world like that which carries Dartmouth Street over the R.R. I am glad I saw Rome first when it was medieval in aspect. The weather has been delightful ever since we have been here, colder for the last week to be sure, thermometer dropping to 30° during the night, but with cloudless skies and warm sun, so that we rarely need a fire in our rooms. All the gardens green as in June.

Mr. Torrey very kindly wrote at great length in answer to an inquiry of mine concerning the recent cataclysm among the banks of Boston.

We have just heard of J. L. Gardner's death, the third of the Museum (Boston Museum of Fine Arts) Trustees since I came away. I hope some will be left of the number I used to sit with. I am curious to know what is thought of the new acquisitions in the way of classical antiquities [perhaps those contributed by CAC], which you told me were placed on view for a while after their arrival.

I am glad you had so pleasant a journey all along of the wedding (that of R.T.Paine to Marie Mattingley at Washington). It must have been amusing for both you and Lily to appear in the character of old married people patronizing and matronizing a young couple just starting in. Is there any chance of our meeting Mr. and Mrs. Robert in Italy or on the Nile?

Goodbye. With much love to Lily.

To C. K.C.

Steamer Rameses

Somewhere on the Nile

100 miles above Cairo

18th Feb. 1899.

Here we are at anchor for the last night of our trip. We are due in Cairo tomorrow afternoon. We have had a delightful and successful journey of 1200 miles in this most comfortable steamer. We have not run aground seriously as often happens; we have not had sunstroke or been pitched over the heads of donkeys, or got ourselves sick by overeating and exposure to night air, but have come back in quite as good condition as we started, and with an extensive and varied stock of new impressions which we shall not, I hope, soon lose. I will not try to describe any of the thousand delights of this remarkable journey, because you have heard the whole story from Mamma and Margaret, and as Mamma is the champion correspondent of the family, I don't think she will have left anything of importance untold. She and Daisy have both distinguished themselves by their performances in the way of camel riding and donkey-riding. A Camel is generally considered a hard beast to ride, but bless your soul, a camel is no more than a horse to either one of them, and they consider his trot, on the whole, a rather easy gait. True, your Mother did, I remember, on one occasion when starting out from the river on a rather long excursion, to Beni Hassan I believe, when she had been assigned to a small donkey with a badly fitting saddle, present a somewhat noticeable appearance, shored up, if I may say so, by a stout Arab on either side, and in mortal terror of going off. But she

succeeded later in getting the saddle changed and had no further trouble. Lily has been through it all [having visited Egypt as a child, written up in her Diary, which is at Stonehurst] and can imagine the experience. She can tell you better than I can what these donkey-rides across the green plain are like, and how striking is the contrast with the grim desert beyond, where all the tombs are. The most striking of all, I am sure, is the ride across the great plain of Thebes and then into the savage desert gorge at the end of which are the tombs of the kings, and then the climb over the ridge of the Libyan Mountains and the sharp descent into the valley again. That was a great day.

At Assouan I was surprised one morning at breakfast by a visit from Joseph Lindon Smith, who with Rogers Rich had been camping above the first cataract, "painting like mad" as he said. We saw him again the next day in the temple at Philae, hard at work, and also Mr. Newman, another water-colorist of distinction, who has a most attractive Dahabeah tied up just under the temple, where we visited him and his wife and took a cup of coffee while he showed us some of his work. These men were both devoting themselves to the architecture and decorations of the temple rather than to the landscape and I think they are wise, for I should suppose the coloring of the hills and sky, to say nothing of the desert, would be the despair of any painter. I never saw such tints as we get at morning and evening on the rocky cliffs beyond the plain. I think my strongest impressions will prove to be those of nature rather than of architecture or antiquity.-

Well, it is all nearly over now. We get into Cairo again tomorrow, and on Wednesday take our departure for Alexandria and embark on the steamer of the Khedivial line, I don't know her name, for Constantinople. This is a four days' voyage, but out of that time comes half a day at Athens and a whole day or nearly so at Smyrna, so that it ought not to be very tiresome, and if we can only have such a voyage as we had from Brindisi to Alexandria, we shall not complain. We shall have a week in Constantinople and another in Athens, and there we shall probably be able to catch the Augusta Victoria on her way back and go in her to Palermo, a piece of luck, the alternative being a small and slow Italian steamer.

Your letter of January 16th (No. 29) went from pillar to post and finally found me a week ago at Assouan, six hundred miles above Cairo, and I was very glad to get it, for aside from its being a very pleasant letter, we had had nothing from home for a fortnight or more and that seems long when one is so far off. Lily's letter to Mamma came along, I think, by the next mail, probably at Luxor. You seem to be having a rather lively and varied winter, but oh my, what weather you have had. We pull ourselves up now and then, and draw the contrast between these February days of ours, so bright and fresh and balmy, like the best days of a New England June, and the blizzards of which we hear in your regions. Nothing could be more perfect than the weather we have had here, not a single day which could be called hot, and not one which was not cloudless.

What a charming series of dinners you are giving. I wish you would ask us some time; it would be a delightful variation from the tables d'hote which we have frequented now for so long. I don't know whether the extraordinary boom in stocks means any increase in dividends, Cal. & Hecla 750! You seem to have been going largely into investments. Torrington is a new name to me. But clamming at high water! Look out. Write often, do, and minutely. Much love to the dear Lily.

I like the details.

To C. K. C.

Taormina, 2d April 1899

I observe that your last letter to ME is dated Jan. 26. Since that, Mamma and Margaret have had occasional very entertaining epistles from you, which I have enjoyed not less than they, but the special items of information which I look for in your letters to me are naturally absent in those which you write to them.

Please therefore sit down at once on receipt of this letter, whether you are at the breakfast table, or in your coop, or at a dinner-party or at the opera, and reply categorically to the items herein set down, before they pass out of your mind for good and all, swallowed up in the more immediate domestic and professional interests of your busy life. As thus,-

I should be glad to know who is my successor as President of the B.S.A. Am I to congratulate Bob Peabody? And who are the other officers?

Well, our little Sicilian journey is nearly at an end. This is Sunday and on Tuesday we go from Messina across by steamer to Naples. Sicily is all I had fancied, and we have enjoyed it exceedingly. At Palermo and Monreale, I found church interiors which were ravishing, especially the little Cappella Palatina which I am disposed to think on the whole the most perfect church as to design and decoration of which I have any knowledge [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cappella_Palatina]. At Girgenti and Syracuse we saw the remains of the Greeks; at Taormina we are seeing the loveliest scenery in the world. So you see there is no lack of variety in the feast which Sicily spreads for us.

You seem to sail before the wind just now in the way of business. How keen you must be over the Wellesley matter. Send over the photographs by all means. And I should like to see your sketches of the house on the fens. Well, don't get puffed up!

To L. L. Cummings

Subiaco, 27th April 1999

I have been unaccountably long in replying to the very exciting telegram (on birth of F.H.C.) which we found waiting for us on our arrival in Rome.

Well my dearest Lily, you may imagine the delight and surprise with which we read the little message "**Francis** arrived". I will not say that it had not entered our minds to imagine how sweet it would be to have that name preserved, but we had surely not expected it. What we felt you may imagine from what the "cara madre" said to me after we had talked over the event, "If anything could make Lily dearer, to me, than she already was, this would do it." I hope the little fellow has taken a strong hold on life, and that he will give to you and Charley as much joy and love as his uncle gave to us. More than that, I should not dare ask for you.

I am writing this in a primitive little inn away up in the Volscian Hills, some forty miles from Rome, where I have come all by myself to see the old monasteries of Benedict and his sister Scholastica at Subiaco. It is a wild and somewhat desolate, region, not without a certain beauty and much grandeur, full of little close-built cities set on the tops of hills, into which all the population of the country is gathered; on the roads you see no farm-houses or other

buildings, and very few people. But it is a great pleasure to get well off the high routes and to see the people of Italy before, they have become sophisticated by contact with foreign visitors, and before the towns, have been modernized. I have seen in this way very many old towns both in Northern and Southern Italy, and hope to see many more before I leave the country. My two Margarets came away from Rome with me this morning as far as Tivoli where we had three or four hours to see the Villa of Hadrian and the Villa d'Este with its delightful gardens and cascades.

What a lot of things we have seen. If we could only keep clear impressions of them all! But they fade away little by little.

We are waiting now with impatience to hear of your progress towards strength, and of your son's. Think of us all, dear Lily, in the midst of your happiness..

To C. K. C.

May 10, 1899

..I don't think you need any advice from me as to where to hang out your new shingle. I should think Park Street a good place if you can find an office whose rent doesn't bid fair to eat up all your commissions. Let me whisper a word of warning as to any permanent partnership. Partnerships are dangerous. I have seen many and they commonly break up in a row. You want if any partner, a steady-going one..

To C. K. C.

Venice, 18th June 1899

The kodaks of my daughter at lunch, and my grandson in the arms of his father are most interesting. True the features of my grandson are somewhat indefinite, and lack expression, but that is a trifling detail, and one which time will no doubt quickly remedy. I confidently expect that by next October he will be all that a fond grandparent can desire, and that he will be ready to welcome us with open arms.

I am much interested in what you tell me about the A. D. plans [apparently about a new club-house to be at 1 Plympton St., Cambridge: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A.D._Club]. If the arrangement is satisfactory, you ought not to find it impossible to please the Committee with the elevations. The sketch of the front in your letter seems to me to have one defect in the absence of any central feature. I don't like to see a pier in the middle. But I dare say you have changed that before this.

Your new office (at Somerset Street, corner of Beacon) looks very convenient, and the location is first-rate. It will make a fine loafing-place for me next winter on the mild days when I can venture out.

You will have to take what Margaret has said about a summer house with some grains of allowance. It is quite true, I think, that we all feel that Magnolia has lost its charm, and must sooner or later be abandoned to the Westerners who crowd the hotels. But what to do in place of it is still a question. Look about you as she has suggested, and tell me what you can find...

To C. K. C.

Interlaken, 18th July 1899

It seems to me that our correspondence languishes somewhat. This is to be sure not surprising considering the length of time it has been kept up. Really it begins to seem as if we had been a long time away, and particularly so since

we have got into Switzerland again and are going over in part the same ground we went over a year ago. I have always said that one could not have too much of Switzerland, and I see no reason to go back on my judgment. The Lake of Lucerne and Interlaken, which we have been seeing this last week, are just as beautiful as if we were seeing them fresh from Clarendon Street. But our red-letter day was the day we went over the Stelvio [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stelvio_Pass]. That was one of the things I most wanted to do when we were here a dozen years ago, but it didn't get done then, and I was quite resolved not to miss it again. Mamma or Daisy, one or the other, has doubtless told you how fine it was, so I need not enlarge upon it. We toiled and waited for it to be sure, one drive of twelve mortal hours from Meran to Trafoi, mostly in a pouring rain with the carriage close shut. Then a couple of days at Trafoi of uncertain weather, the second steadily rainy and ending up with a ferocious storm of wind and snow at night. But it was richly worth all the time and trouble. You see, the storm had covered all the mountains, even the lower ones, with fresh snow, and on the morning we went over, the sun was brilliant, the clouds magnificent but high enough not to hide even the highest peaks and the whole scene as we wound up the long zigzags out of the valley was indescribably grand. I thought I had never seen any thing so fine, even at the Gornergrat. Four or five days later we were going over the Splagenpass, much lower but interesting and wild. That brought us down to Ragatz where we stayed over Sunday. Now we are quietly reposing ourselves at Interlaken, after which we shall have perhaps five days or so at Murren, a drive to Zermatt for a week, perhaps another at Chemouix (but that is uncertain) and then Switzerland will be behind us, and we shall have a month in France and another in England. Then home, which looks very attractive.

My dear boy, I hope neither you nor Lily will think us insensible to the cordiality of your proposition to come to Magnolia before you leave it. Nothing could be more delightful. If it seemed a practicable thing to do, we shouldn't need to take any vote on the question. But, to put aside any other reasons, the change of a fortnight in our time of sailing would bring us into the most crowded week of the steamers, and we couldn't hope to get such cabins as we should require. But believe your Mother has written you fully about this matter.

By this time I suppose the question of the acceptance of your A. D. Club plans has been decided. I am very anxious to know the result. It would seem as if you ought to get the commission, yet I know from painful experience how easy it is for such things to go wrong, especially when the decision rests with many persons. It won't be strange if some fellow at Class Day or Commencement says, "Oh, McKim's the man you ought to have; just get him to make a sketch before you decide;" and then you are dished! Nevertheless, I hope I may hear when we get our next batch of letters that you have got it safe.

You are now at Magnolia, I presume, and I hope you will have as pleasant and prosperous a summer as the last. Lily's letters are brimming over with happiness. Much love to her and the baby..

Nothing has been heard of Mamma's boots.

To the Misses Kimball

Dear Sisters three,

Paris, 28th August 1899

So the time has really come, which seemed so far off, and you are to be on salt water in three little days more, bound for the land of the free and the home of the brave! Well, well, it doesn't seem possible. But six weeks more, if all goes well, will see the second detachment, the rear guard, following on, and glad enough to turn their backs on the "pleasures and palaces", and get back to the simple quiet life of New England. I confess I rather shrink from certain features of the home life which I have been glad to be free from for the last year, the newspapers for instance, and the politics, But then after this month in France, I shall find a certain consolation in the reflection that there is one country where the politics and the newspapers are more despicable than our own.

I don't suppose you have followed closely in England the course of this amazing trial (the Dreyfus trial: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dreyfus_affair) which drags its slow length along week after week at Rennes. It seems to me the most striking exemplification of French character which has been exhibited to the world within my memory. It is worse than the horrors of the French revolution or the excesses of 1871. Those were the uprising of a people who had been made crazy by the fraud and oppression of bad rulers. But here the baseness and depravity are shown to be characteristic of men in the highest position, and as far as can be seen, without provocation or temptation or excuse of any sort.

How will it all end? No man can say; but it is the most interesting drama which has been presented to the public in my time, and I am impatient to see how it is coming out.

We have had a roasting hot spell since we got back from our Normandy and Brittany journey, and as Peggy will have told you, have bitterly reproached ourselves for our folly in quitting the cool valleys and the rushing streams of Switzerland and coming down into this flat, hot plain. To be sure, we had lovely weather in Paris before we left on our trip, and for the most part, when we got back. But the last three or four days, and especially nights have been hard to bear. Last night I was fain to haul my bed out of its corner and across the window, where I could get an occasional zephyr. But the spell is now, I think, broken. Today has been delightful, and this evening there seems a little prospect of rain.

I think we shall go to Brussels on Friday, and thence by Antwerp and Ghent to Holland again for a week or so before crossing over to England. Our movements in England are rather uncertain. Daisy wants to go down to the Isle of Wight, and as we shall have about a month to dispose of, and don't want to spend more than ten days of it in London if we can help it, perhaps we may run down there before starting up Northward.

We shall feel lonesome somehow after Thursday. Good-bye and the pleasantest of voyages.

Affectionately

Bruder Karl.

To C. K. C.

Paris, 29 th Aug. 1899

It has occurred to the various members of this traveling party that the annual sale of tickets for the Symphony Concerts is not far off. I don't know whether the concerts are to be in the old Music Hall or not, but as I have not heard of the imminent destruction of that historic edifice, I take it for granted that they are. Will you kindly buy three tickets for us at some price which will not threaten us with actual poverty and if possible in M, which we have found to be convenient and agreeable.

Mamma desires me to say further that if you and Mrs. Cummings would like to sit with us, she would be happy to give you the tickets as a Christmas present. She feels a natural delicacy in making this suggestion, realising that other arrangements may be more agreeable, but ventures nevertheless to risk it. You will not hesitate to say so if for any reason you may prefer a different plan.

We are pretty nearly ready to leave Paris and are not sorry. It is big and hot and noisy. We have had a few days and nights when existence was a burden. But that is now over, and I don't believe we shall have any more of it. We shall go to Brussels at the end of the week, and expect to be in England by the middle of September. I will try and execute your commissions in London, if I get the requisite instructions. Much love to Lily and my grandson. Thank Lily for her pleasant letter.

To C. K. C.

230 Clarendon Street Nov. 1899

Dear Master,

I am visiting at the Corner. A kind lady found me wandering about by the Athenaeum and brought me here in a hack. They don't seem to think much of me here, but they are kind to me. The missus says she doesn't dare to give me anything to eat for fear I'll have a fit, so I go hungry.

I should be much obliged if you would come and get me, and yet I don't look forward with much pleasure to meeting you, because you make my back ache sometimes. I feel pretty mean anyway.

Very humbly,

Jack (the family fox-terrier who died as described
in letters at the time)

To Miss Lulu Kimball

20th March, 1900

Thank you very much for the very pretty piece of your handiwork which I found awaiting me last night. He is a properly ferocious lion, and he has wings which must give him a substantial advantage at a pinch..

To Miss Helen F. Kimball

Ischl, Sunday

6th July 1901

..It would indeed be a calamity if the postponed coronation should be fixed for the early days of September. Or indeed for the early days of October! But it seems to me, remarkable as the King's recovery seems to be, so far,- very improbable that he will be able in two or even three months to undergo such an ordeal,- though I suppose the ceremonies would be made much more simple than was at first proposed. (CKC note: Edward VII, Victoria having died in the preceding January. The coronation took place August 9, 1902.) I have no idea that this old fellow is ever going to be good for much again, even in the way of ceremony, which is all indeed that he has ever been good for.

We have had a delightful journey so far, with very pleasant sense of leisure, no hurry, no hard work, but a constant succession of most enjoyable little residences. The Salzkammergut, and the Tyrol between it and Innsbruck are enchantingly beautiful at this season, wonderful freshness and greenness..

1901-1903 LETTERS

To M.C.

The Farms of Beverly 15th August 1901 (age 68)

..Your two letters were delightfully enthusiastic. Hasn't Hutchins got another island which we could buy and improve? Longfellow has always sung the praises of Castine and the umgebungen.

My grandson [FHC, age 2] is growing in grace decidedly. He is now very kind to me, which is a novelty as you know. His smile is ravishing. Come home and see him.

My days are much as usual. I am reading the last proofs (of his book "History"), and making my list of illustrations and of authorities. My little index-maker [Daisy?] is working along and I hold periodical conferences with her at the Athenaeum..

To C. K. C.

Milan, 12th June 1902

Dear Charley,

Your letter of the 22-24-27 May got to me at Milan just as we were leaving for Venice. Let me thank you for your promptness in attending to our various wants.

Mamma has told you how successful and pleasant our fortnight on the Lake of Como turned out: perfect June weather, comfortable and even elegant hotel, scenery beyond compare; boats, birds, tatterie, English, etc. etc. If any mortal wants to do nothing in the most delightful way and place, let him (or her) pack trunks and betake him to Cadenabbia.

We had four days in Milan, but there was nothing in particular to attract us, beyond the noble cathedral. We had, however, an unusual and very pleasant experience with an Italian family, friends of Mary Mansfield, whom that enthusiastic lady was anxious we should see. Mamma called upon Sigmora Lattuarda who took her shopping in her carriage, brought her home to the hotel, came in with her to see the rest of us, made herself very agreeable and asked us all to dinner the next day, Sunday. We went accordingly and were elegantly entertained in a sumptuous suite of apartments carved out of an ancient convent, approached through the convent court, the rooms looking out over a spacious and beautiful garden. Family, - the Mother, a daughter of 17, and a son of 23, a rather handsome, extremely presentable young gentleman, speaking no English; Mother and daughter speak it very well, the latter having an English governess. Not to leave the gentleman out, we fell back on French. We (the three Cummings's that is to say) were much put to our trumps as you may imagine, but plunged in boldly, and kept the ball rolling. How many fearful breaks we made in the course of the evening, we shall fortunately never know.

We arrived in Venice two days ago at the beginning of what seemed much like a N.E. storm, which kept itself up nobly until this morning. Just now the sun is shining brightly and the view from our windows, across to the Salute, and diagonally over the lagoon towards the Lido, is beyond praise. We have been in a gondola for two hours this morning, loafing about aimlessly. Passing the Palazzo Rezzonico, in which Browning lived and died, and which is now empty, the son having quarreled with his wife and both having deserted the place, I asked our gondolier if the palace was shown. He said, Si, Signore, and we pulled up at the steps, and were taken all over the piano nobile by a most civil and agreeable custode. Superb palace, you know the exterior probably by photographs, one of the largest and finest of the Renaissance palaces. Little left in it now but portraits of Browning pere by Browning fils, and many pictures and statues in bronze and marble by that artist, of no merit whatsoever, I should say.

We are inhabiting at present a most sumptuous suite of rooms at the Hotel Britannia on the entresol. Daisy and I took an inventory of the furnishings of our salon on the evening of our arrival with the following partial result: nine tables, large and small; one writing desk, one sofa, one chaise longue, four arm-chairs, eight small chairs, five mirrors with carved gilt frames, 25 electric lights, of which two are reading-lamps, etc. etc. We greatly fear we shall never again be contented with Clarendon Street.

But all this is nonsense. What are you all doing in Boston or its umgebungen? Your letter was first-rate, what there was of it, but one would never have known from it that you had two most interesting kids [FHC, age 3, & CKC, age 7 months], or a most attractive and dear wife, or that you were about completing a palace on the shore of Massachusetts Bay (CKC note: house at Prides Crossing, Beverly; FHC note: see accompanying photo of CKC's house, named "Rye Hill"), or any of those personal items which are of absorbing interest to the absent

parents, grandfather, grandmother, aunt, mother-in-law and father do. do. We reckon blindly that on this twelfth day of June, you are about moving down to Prides Crossing. Do tell us all about it, if you have not already done so.

Yes, I had a long and excellent letter from my colleague, Randolph Coolidge, by the same mail which brought yours, giving me all the details of the Athenaeum business (a

competition for a new building for the Boston Athenaeum, which was won by a firm of young architects, Putnam & Cox). That was a most surprising result, was it not?

The venerable trustees had a fine opportunity to show their superiority to Boston traditions which do not admit anybody under fifty to positions of trust or emolument. I judge they have on the whole stood the test fairly well thusfar, though I regret that all action seems to have been deferred for another year. The objections which you speak of as having been urged by some architects, to Putnam's plan do not seem to me very serious.

We are all well and getting much quiet enjoyment. Lots of love to Lily and the boys. How we should all like to see them.

To C. K. C.

Somewhere in Switzerland, July 11, 1902

I wrote you last, I believe, from Venice, and quite forgot this small compliment (check for allowance) which should have been included in that letter. I trust you have not suffered from the delay.

To C. K. C.

Munich, 11th Sept. 1902

..The sketch for the fountain seems to me promising, but I think the provision for horses is rather small. I should add a second trough on the opposite side, as I have indicated on your plan. You are quite right about the steps, I am sure.

I hope you may get the Concord School buildings (CKC note: a dormitory and a dining-hall at **Middlesex School**, of which I was architect); they would be a fine feather in your cap, and you need a feather or two just now.

The aunts sail 9th October, on the New England; we, two weeks later, on the Commonwealth. These dates are coming within hail now, and will soon be here. We have had a few good days here in Munich, and leave this evening for Dresden, stopping two or three times



on the road, and reaching Dresden about Sunday next. There we stay perhaps ten days or so, then to Paris and London, for a like period. Then homeward. We shall, none of us, be sorry to get home again, and we are all sorry we shall not be in time for a small visit at Pride's [which may not yet have been winterized]. I hope all are well and will continue so. Much love to Lily and the kids..

To C. K. C.

Fortress Monroe, Virginia

29th April 1903

I was glad to see your well-marked handwriting the other day, and to know that you had capsized only once, and without, as far as appears so far, serious harm.

Here we are leading an indolent and luxurious existence. We are in full summer, all the trees fully out, apple blossoms and roses on every hand, the magnificent bay stretching out before our windows in tranquil and shining beauty. I sit here writing with all windows wide open, and the thermometer at 70°. We have before us a most animated and charming scene. The battleship Massachusetts got in here the day before we arrived and lay here at anchor directly before our windows until yesterday, when she slowly steamed away. She was joined a day or two later by the Texas, and one or two smaller ships were lying in the neighborhood. Little launches were constantly skipping about from ship to shore and from ship to ship, the many local steamers of the place were always about, one or two of them always at the pier, arriving or departing, and to sit at the window was continual and varying entertainment for a loafer like me.

Your sister (Margaret) arrived on Monday evening from Richmond, coming down the river with the gang, on a gaily decorated steamer, provided by the city of R. She had had a delightful week at Richmond (at a conference about **Hampton Institute**; see <https://www.encyclopedia.com/history/encyclopedias-almanacs-transcripts-and-maps/hampton-institute>), and has apparently felt it on her conscience to finish up the work here by losing no item of the programme for the two Hampton days. So with the rest of the faithful, under the energetic leadership of Ethel (**Ethel Lyman Paine**, Lily's sister), vice-commander of the party, she goes over forenoon, afternoon and evening to hear multitudinous speech-making, plantation singing, and the other attractions..

SUMMER 1903 IN ASTICOU, MAINE

To C. K. C.

Asticou, 16th August 1903 (age 70)

Well, you are by this time fairly on your travels (in France and England with C. R. Sturgis), and I am curious to see how your itinerary works itself out on the road. I make it you are about ending your first week on land, and presume you have seen half a dozen of the Northern French towns with their fine cathedrals and their picturesque old half-timbered streets of houses. [Reproduced here is the first page of CKC's travel Diary.]

I hope you have not run into the roasting weather which we encountered on our last tour in France. I forget how many days you expected to give to Paris, but I suppose it may be another week before you get away from that Capital. I think you are probably wise to abandon Holland; it would be a rush anyway, and you will not have too much time for what you want to do in England. But don't neglect France more than you find to be necessary; there are lots of things there which you can't find or see elsewhere. I am talking as if you wouldn't have left France well behind you before you get this! Make all the notes and sketches you can wherever you are, you will find them of the greatest interest after you get home. Do you happen to know any of the fellows now at the Beaux Arts? If you do, they can put you up to lots of things.

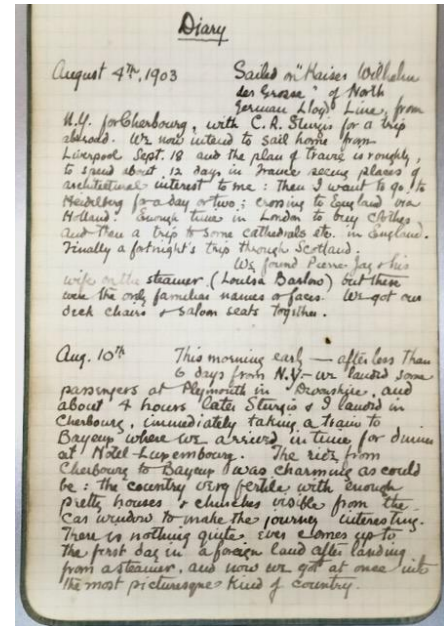
There is here literally nothing to tell you. We are living a very placid life, and seeing few new people. Mrs. Sears and Evelyn arrived last week (and another sister) and that vivacious young lady entered vigorously into the strenuous life of tennis, walking and boating with the rest..

P.S. Much love from all of us.

To C. K. C.

Asticou, Aug. 30, 1903

I am feeling very self-satisfied at this moment, having just returned from church, to which I drove with Daisy, walking home in dust ankle deep. The Plummer Professor of Christian Morals held forth, and preached a sermon, in many respects admirable in some others, as I thought, defective. Parsifal music all through by Mme. Marsh, but no candles or hangings or bell or other frills such as you have been enjoying in the French Cathedrals. By the way your enthusiasm for the great churches is a pleasant thing to see. You begin to feel now how an architect gets more and higher enjoyment out of European travel than anybody else. Your letter from Paris to Mamma came to us some days since and gave us much pleasure. You are certainly making the most of your limited time; and I hope will not get used up by overwork. I



am amused at your account of Elijah as you irreverently refer to him (CKC note: Rev. E. Winchester Donald, whom C.R.S. and I had been playing with in Paris.)

I am glad you are to see, or have now seen, all four (cathedrals), for these are the great things after all; there is nothing beyond in the way of architecture. You speak of your satisfaction in Notre Dame at finding so little decorative sculpture. I wonder if you will be displeased at Amiens where it is so profuse.

We are having a run of extraordinary weather, neither warm nor cold, bright sun, mild winds, all nature in its best mood. But Mamma has been on her back most of the time for a fortnight with an attack of pleurisy, which although the pain is for the most part gone, has reduced her to a state of weakness which must, I suppose, continue as long as there is any pleurisy left, and that is very slow in disappearing. She is very patient, and is the object of much sympathy and attention from everybody in the house and from some outside the house. Flowers of all sorts have poured in upon her till our little parlor is a bower. We have had much ado to prevent the sisters from rushing down from Franconia to help take care of her but I think we have now set them at rest. We have a rather attractive youngish doctor from New York, one Dunham, a brother-in-law of R. Kipling, and who pulled that lively gentle man through his desperate fight with typhoid a year or two ago.

We have had, with the exception of this calamity, on the whole a pleasant summer and feel that we made no mistake in coming down for one season to this very beautiful place. As far as charm and variety of beauty go, I know of nothing equal to it. The North Shore, which I have always believed to be the most beautiful piece of coast scenery on this side of the ocean, is nowhere in comparison. I am sorry that you and Lily saw it all under such disadvantageous conditions. Wouldn't you rather like to see that lady just now? She is very good in sending your letters to Mamma, who enjoys them most keenly.

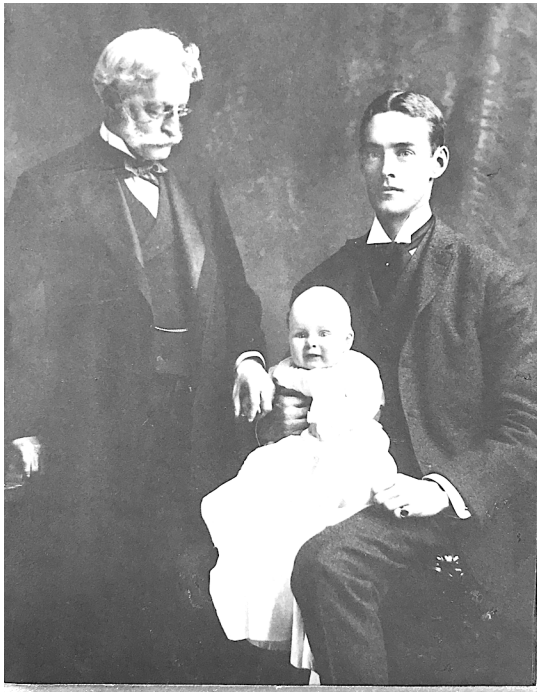
I had two or three comfortable pow-wows with my friend, Billybob (Prof. Wm. R. Ware, an intimate friend of his), a week ago, who came down to stay a week with Eliot (Prexy Eliot, a neighbor at Asticou), who brought him over to see me, and later he dined with us and we took a long walk in the rain. He has been under the harrow, having been unceremoniously deposed from his seat at Columbia, as one would dismiss an unworthy servant. He is now, however, placid and content and goes back to his old home at Milton.

To C. K. C.

Asticou, Sept. 8, 1903

Only ten days more of your little spin and I hope they will be pleasant ones. I am disposed to be a little sorry that you gave so little time to France. It is so rich in all sorts of interest. I have no idea what your plans for England were or how far you have been able to carry them out.

This place is as beautiful as ever, but it is growing cold and people are leaving. Thanks for your good letter from Ely. It will be good to see you at home again. This letter will, I suppose, hardly do more than catch you at Liverpool. I hope your homeward voyage may be as delightful as the outward.

Photo Album: CKC & MKC as Grandparents


C.A.C. C.K.C. Jr.
(1902) C.K.C.



C.K.C. Jr. M.K.C.
(1904) F.H.C.

1904 LETTERS FROM EUROPE

To Miss Helen Kimball

Florence, 20th May 1904

So the year has come round again. They go rather rapidly now, don't they? My birthday is well within sight and I find it is no use to shut my eyes.

A catalogue raisonnée of the things this family has acquired during this last week in Florence would, I think, surprise even you who are tolerably well acquainted with its ways and tastes. But what a dear little town it is, and how it takes hold of you. I think you never saw our little suite of rooms at the Bristol two years ago. We thought them then so charming that I wrote in advance asking if we could have them again, and by good luck we got them. The windows look up the river and away to S. Miniato and the hills beyond. The view was delightful even at all hours but for an hour or two before sunset, and in the evening when the lights were twinkling all along the Lung Arno and in the river and on the hills, it was quite indescribably lovely. At night there was always a good deal of music in the way of snatches of song, sometimes pretty good. Once a man and woman stood somewhere in the dark under our

windows and sang in a surprising way, the girl especially had a voice, which would have done her no discredit in a first-class opera house.

But on the whole we were not sorry to come away and make for the country. We had no heat which was at all disagreeable, but the feeling of full summer was in the air and we were conscious of losing something too precious to disregard. Here we are now in Milan for two days en route to Cadenabbia...

To C. K. C.

Cadenabbia, 23d May 1904

Here is the first rainy day we have had since leaving home just a month ago today; steady pour with continuous thunder and lightning, and the mountains on the other side of the lake hidden in black impenetrable cloud. This condition is not what one would choose perhaps for the lake region but it has its own charm, and is just now not unwelcome, because the air was getting pretty hot and the cool damp is a relief from the heat of yesterday. Mamma and I have a corner room with one window looking across the lake to Bellagio and San Giovanni, and another looking into the luxuriant foliage of the Villa Carlotta, and down a long reach of the lake towards Como, indescribably fine.

Your letter was extremely entertaining. I have never been in the habit of considering Macbeth as a comic play, but it seems to have taken something of that character on the occasion of your visit (performance with Nance O'Neill: something went wrong, and there was an amusing situation). The atmosphere must have been blue in the green-room.

I am glad you have finished up the bank business (remodelling of the Boylston National Bank) without disaster. It was a difficult sort of commission, with so much detail, and so many different persons to satisfy, and I think you have carried it through with skill and tact, and much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. Certainly I have heard nothing but commendation. Tell Mr. Torrey (Charles Torrey, of Bowker, Torrey & Co. who had marble quarries in Italy) when you see him that I looked up his brother in Florence to whom he gave me a letter, and found him a most agreeable gentleman, of prosperous, comfortable aspect, living in a most attractive house in the best part of the city near the entrance to the Cascine, with a fine large garden attached. He is very little like his brother Charles in appearance or manner, being rather portly and placid. I fancy he has a different temperament and has never buckled down to hard work like Charles. He told me he had lived in Italy fifty years.

So you are sitting on the jury. You did not tell me in what court and that makes all the difference. In the Supreme Court you are pretty sure to have cases in which you can take an intelligent interest, but in the lower courts it is sometimes hard to keep awake. Your estimate of the intelligence and decency of the average citizen is likely to suffer depreciation before you get to the end of your six weeks. I have had several seasons of this experience and have always come out from them with a worse opinion of my fellow men. I am speaking now not so much of the trials themselves as of the behaviour of the jury in the jury room. I shall be curious to know how you are impressed by it. There may have been some improvement since I served on the jury.

Yes, I am gratified to get \$3,000 out of the EI (damages to some real estate on Washington Street) though it is by no means an unreasonable sum. Certainly I would let Sneaden sell the house as soon as he can get any reasonable offer. The last assessment was, I think, \$8,500 and I would jump at that sum if I could get it.

26th May.

I am rather disgusted with the Athenaeum people, who are playing square into the hands of the Lowell-Sohier faction, and throwing up the sponge; I am glad I am out of it.

We are living a life of delightful dolce far niente at this pleasant house, surrounded by good English people who get themselves up in wonderful style, but with a sprinkling of Americans, Julia Mason and her sister, Arthur Beebe and his daughter, so that we are not quite left to ourselves. When we arrived here last Saturday, a great Personage was making a short stay in the hotel, no less than Mr. J. P. Morgan; people spoke of him with bated breath; no one ever saw him; he took his nourishment in his own apartments, and only issued from them when everybody else was in the dining halls. He left on Monday, early in the morning, and his departure was marked by a convulsion of nature; the sky became black with clouds and heavy thunder was heard throughout the day, accompanied by torrents of rain.

Good-bye Charley; my best love to Lily and the kids, three of them, good gracious! [Ethel now 6 months.] We should much like to get hold of them..

Venice, 27th June 1904

..We are on the eve of departure from Venice, which has been delightful past words. But we have had three weeks of it and must now content ourselves with less poetic scenes. After all we shall not be sorry to find ourselves once more among green fields and in the neighborhood of the hills.

Your last letter had a painful interest for me in the remarks you made concerning the situation at Magnolia. I seem to be let in for a considerable expenditure and am reflecting as to whether we shall be able to complete our journey. I am sorry you are having so much trouble with this matter. Do the best you can and I shall be contented and grateful..

To Miss Lulu S. Kimball

Venise, le 29eme Juin 1904

So you are to have a birthday as well as your elders. I sent a note of condolence to Helen a month ago or so, and last Sunday I was myself the beneficiary (age 71). I tried to put a good face on it, and got through the day tolerably comfortably, - though it was a hot one. Religious festival in the morning at San Trovoso behind the Accademia, very picturesque and interesting with some good music, lunch party at one, with Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the Consul; **call** from Helen Paine and her Baroness (Baroness Eva von Blomberg) in the afternoon; then an hour in the cool Giardini Pubblici ["Giardini Pubblici, as they are called in Italian, were laid out by order of Napoleon, and somewhere in the 19th century they were landscaped in the spirit of the elegance typical of the English style gardens."

<https://www.venezia-tourism.com/en/venice-attractions/parks-and-gardens/giardini-pubblici.html>] with books, dinner and a moonlight loaf in a gondola over the quiet lagoon in the evening. You can't do all that on your birthday.

We are to turn our backs on this delightful scene at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon, and our faces northward via Feltre towards the south-western Dolomites, our first objectives being Primiero and San Martino di Castrozza. The region is reported to be lovely, much I suppose of the same character as the Cortina region which we saw with you now six years ago, but perhaps a little wilder.

By the way, if you should find yourselves in August pining for a breath of salt water, you might go down and take the Magnolia cottage, which I suppose is without a tenant this year, my Texas friend (Col. E. M. House) being abroad with his family, his pretty daughter having just been presented at the Court of King Edward VII.

I can't tell you how charming Venice has been; you may imagine it perhaps from our extending our stay to the fourth week. Our delightful quarters have something to do with it, but the place itself has been beyond words..

To C. K. C.

Neuhausen, 11th July 1904

I was very glad to get your comfortable long letter of the 19th June, which really made us all feel as if we could see you and Lily and the little folks in the pleasant surroundings of Prides. Evidently the summer has begun prosperously for you all, and I hope it may go on as agreeably.

We are having a delightful journey thus far, everything has worked smoothly and well; the weather has been perfect, barring some excess of heat now and then, making a strong and most agreeable contrast to our experience of two years ago, and we have met an unusual number of pleasant people. Venice, that romantic city, was so captivating and our quarters there were so luxurious and comfortable that we prolonged our stay into the fourth week and left even then with a wrench. But we left one set of delights for another set not less satisfying and in some ways more so. Our journey of six days through the southwestern Dolomites was exhilarating. I won't bore you with any attempt at a description of it further than to say that we went up from Venice to Feltre, an interesting old middle-age town in the hills, and thence took a carriage, first to Primiero, a picturesque village lying to the northward, through a wild gorge, with a magnificently built road running through it, then next day, still constantly ascending, to San Martino, where an old monastery has been turned into a most comfortable old and attractive hotel, then over the Rolle pass to a rather swell hotel high up in the mountains, called from a small lake nearby, the Karer see, and finally having got to the top, down again by an extremely striking and picturesque road to Botzen which you may remember as a large town on the Brenner railway between Verona and Innsbruck. Up among the hills it had been deliciously cool, with an air like some of our October mornings, the October tipple, as somebody called it. But at Botzen we ran into downright hot weather again, which has lasted ever since. We spent three days in Innsbruck and came by the Vorarlberg railway over the eastern Alps to Constance (Konstanz as I ought to spell it) and over the lake to this fine and lovely spot, where we are resting in some extremely pleasant rooms with a big balcony looking down on the Falls of the

Rhine and over the green country beyond. Tomorrow we go on to Lucerne, three hours or so by rail.

The two quadrennial spasms have gone by, I see, and we have again two candidates (Alton Brooks Parker, Democrat; Silas C. Swallow, Prohibitionist; Eugene V. Debs, Socialist; Theodore Roosevelt, Republican) to choose from. The Democrats seem to have put up, strange to say, a pretty good man, but I suppose the juvenile and irrepressible Roosevelt will carry the day without a struggle.

I suppose Mr. Paine and Ethel are now on this side of the water. I wish we might run across their track again, as two years ago. We saw Bessie Hamlen at Venice for three days or so, also Miss Helen Paine and the Baroness (Baroness Eva von Blomberg), and R. T. Paine, 2d, and wife. In fact we are constantly meeting people we know. I congratulate Lily on the success of her garden. Thank her for the affectionate little P.S. which she added to your letter. Much love to you all.

To Miss Hannah H. Kimball

Lake of Thun, near Interlaken,

19th July 1904

It is rather soon to be writing a birthday letter to you, but as I have already sent forward one to Helen and another to Lulu it seems to be your turn to receive the infliction.

We are having very hot weather. Venice, delightful as it was, was undeniably hot. One result was that we spent our days and weeks in inglorious idleness, and my dear sister Helen would feel that we hadn't improved our minds in any appreciable degree. Yet it was a pleasant existence and the time passed without ennui, particularly as we were seldom without agreeable people to talk to. Margie has of course told you of our six days' drive through the S.W. Dolomites, and I will not enlarge on that subject further than to say that it beat on the whole our trip through the more eastern portion of that charming region five or six years ago. The scenery was certainly wilder and more striking than what I recall of the Pieve and Cortine neighborhoods; the flowers were not less profuse and beautiful, and the high points, S. Martin and the Karersee were quite unlike anything I remember of our earlier journey. Those early morning drives (for we made a new reputation for ourselves by starting, morning after morning, by seven or half past) were simply inspiring: the bright sunshine, the clear fresh mountain air and the ravishing beauty of the flowery fields made us all feel like shouting. But it had to come to an end; we brought up one morning at about eleven o'clock at Botzen, and were roasted and broiled in the tropical sun of the valley. Innsbruck was somehow less interesting to us than formerly, and we got away in three or four days over the Vorarlberg railway to Bugeatz and the Konstanzsee, and so into Switzerland.

There was a moment in which it seemed on the cards that we might go up to Norway for a three weeks' tour in August. I went into Cook's office at Innsbruck for an itinerary, and discovered that from Copenhagen to Elsinore and then by boat across the narrow strait to, I forget the name, one could strike a railway taking one in a good many hours to Christiania. But that was only the beginning; there followed five days of solid driving to Bergen, eleven hours of

rail back to Christiania, eleven or twelve hours more from Copenhagen to Berlin, etc. etc. I shrunk from the labor and fatigue and gave up the project.

This little lake of Thun is very beautiful this afternoon. The air is very clear and the great snow mountains which show themselves in a shy sort of way are surpassingly fine..

To C. K. C.

Zermatt, 9th August 1904

It seems to dawn on my sluggish mind that I haven't sent a letter to you very lately, and on referring to my memorandum book, I find that my last letter went on the 11th July, a month ago, since when I have had a very good and entertaining one from you. We are getting on in the summer, here is August one-third gone, and our time is visibly shortening. Well, we feel that we have on the whole made the best of it; we haven't done very much, it is true, but we have had a very pleasant summer.

Contrary to all our recent experience of Europe, our only serious discomfort has been caused by the **extreme heat**, which has followed us pretty constantly wherever we have gone for three months, and so far as we can see shows as yet no sign of abating its fervors. Florence was hot; Venice was hot. In the Tyrol, we got on the heights some cool days, but when we got down again to Innsbruck we caught it again and at Interlaken and Lucerne and Geneva the heat was intense. I have never known, at home or abroad, so long and steady a hot spell.

But here, at 5,000 feet above the sea, we have at length found an atmosphere full of refreshment. I haven't seen the thermometer here above 72, and there is an exhilarating edge to the air; and at evening and early morning, it is absolutely cool, like our early October. We expect to stay here a week at least and possibly longer, unless we hear of a change in the weather below.

How is the summer going with you at Rye Hill [at Prides]? When Lily last wrote, she was trying to make up her mind about going with you on your vacation. I am curious to know how she settled it, and where you went. I wish you could both come over here and make a little giro with us; the thing is so easily done as you yourself have proved. But you could scarcely bring your daughter (Ethel, 7 months) along, though we see children all about not older than Charles (almost 3), I am sure.

It was very pleasant to meet Mr. Paine and his party at Interlaken, where we had a delightful little dinner with them at the Jungfraublick before they went off for the higher places. I suppose they will be on the ocean again westwardbound not long after this reaches you.

Aug. 12. A package of letters forwarded here from Baden Baden includes your letter of July 28 to Mamma, with the account of your hospital experience (Bursar removed from elbow). You seem to have taken it all in a very philosophic spirit, but it must have been somewhat trying; I am glad it came out successfully. "Miner's elbow" is something which never came within my knowledge before. It has its amusing side as an addition to your already large and varied experience in maladies and smashups of all sorts.

I am extremely sorry to hear what you say of Dr. Donald [of Trinity Church]. Somehow I had conceived a sort of affection for him, largely I suppose because of his kindness at the time

of Francis's death, and his breakdown just in the prime of life seems sad and pathetic. Yet it seemed as if his good times at Trinity had past.

You say nothing further concerning the Magnolia house. Presuming it to be still vacant, I said to the Aunties that they had better go down there when they came from Princeton, and the suggestion seemed not unwelcome. Write to them and make the offer formally, free of rent of course. Poor Daisy [M.C., age 29] is forlorn over G.H.'s (Miss Gertrude Hamlen) engagement. Lost sleep last night all along of that news coming so soon after Fanny's (Miss Fanny Hooper) removal, it is rather hard on the child..

To C. K. C.

Salon de Lecture des Magasins du Bon Marché,

Paris,

Sept.19, 1904

..I seize this opportunity while waiting for my two M's [MKC and MC] to finish up their purchases at this enormous establishment [FHC note: a department store with "a reading room for husbands while their wives shopped": https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Le_Bon_Marché], to send you a line or two, on the legal principle that "surplusage does not vitiate" [FHC note: roughly, being unnecessary cannot render something invalid]. We are established at your favourite hostelry in the rue des Saints Peres. We haven't seen any of the Holy Fathers yet, though I am told they do occasionally come in, two or three together and take their modest refreshment in the cold restaurant.

But we find some pleasant people domesticated here, two Hoopers who keep Daisy contented, and Mrs. Bellows with whom Mamma has long talks in the evening in the spacious salon. The beloved Molly, to be sure, has to a certain extent failed, inasmuch as she has been obliged, to go into the country to look after the Lafarge children, the mother being ill, but Margaret is to go down on Wednesday to spend a night with her, and she is to return with her the next day, so the pang is softened. As for me, I hang about for the most part having no playfellows on hand, but the time passes not unpleasantly, and just at present Paris is a delightful city, the weather having taken a turn in the right direction and given us a series of beautiful days, clear and crisp but not too cold. Here come my family, and I stop for the present.

Wednesday evening. I resume in the salon of the hotel, with a babel of small talk going on around me, so that if my writing should seem somewhat incoherent, you may know how to account for it. Young Bellows has just come in, to see his mother and sister, a fine breezy youth he seems to be; the vacation at the school is just over and he must buckle down again to work. He speaks of having seen you here last summer.

This house seems to be a rendezvous for families of students at the Ecole, and there are at this moment three or four mothers of sons there. I went this morning to the rue Bonaparte and looked over their photographs in search of the Chartres interior which you asked Daisy to get for you. At a shop on the Quai, I found the large size, belonging to the series

of architectural photographs issued by the Government, called the Monumentes Historiques, about 11 x 14.

We expect to be in London on Monday next, and there is only a fortnight after that. We shall all be glad to be at home.

Goodbye. Much love to Lily and the kids..

1905 LETTERS

To Miss H. F. Kimball

Ormond, Florida, March 18, 1905

..Here we are on our return northward, having been thoroughly warmed through during the past fortnight. We are, however, promptly reminded that there is a North, for though we left the Paradise of Palm Beach yesterday morning in the freshest and balmiest of summer mornings, "with Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom", we arrived at half-past four at this place at the tail of a heavy and coldish rain, to be told by Mrs. Dr. Baker Flint that it had been raining here for a week, and to find in the great common hall of the hotel a splendid fire of logs blazing away.

Your experience of Florida five and twenty years ago would have gone for nothing, for these great palaces with their pleasure gardens have all been created since those days, and rail as we may and justly enough at the preposterous extravagance and display which is the characteristic note of all or most of them, it is impossible not to be impressed with the result of unlimited expenditure, governed as it has been in the main by good taste, in transforming the great Florida desert, at least at these points, into places of ravishing beauty. Palm Beach is simply indescribable. And the Colonial at Nassau, on a smaller scale, though still large, is in its way not less charming. The garden which covers all the ground between the hotel and the harbor, is filled with tropical and semi-tropical trees and flowers, waving palms, cocoanuts, bread fruit, century plants, and a lot more, strange to our Northern eyes, and beautiful for to see. Beyond the garden is the harbor, like a broad river, with the most brilliant robin's egg blue water, streaked with purple in the shallows..

To C. K. C.

Washington, 26th March 1905

It is borne in upon my conscience that I have rather neglected my correspondence during these last weeks, and I am quite sure I haven't written a word to you. It is not that I haven't thought of you frequently, but the life of a traveler, particularly in semi-tropical regions doesn't conduce to exertion, either mental or physical, and so I have been content to let one hour follow another in inglorious ease. It has been very pleasant, this idle existence, and in these oases which the money of the **Standard Oil bandits** has created in the great Florida desert, everything that the imagination can conceive in the way of luxury has been brought

together to tempt the Northern visitor to linger and loaf. It is not the least remarkable fact about these great hotels that the work has all been done not only without regard to expense, but with almost invariable good taste. The hotels themselves are well designed; Carrere & Hastings have, I believe, had much to do with some or all of them; and the furniture and fittings show not only a lavish expenditure of money, but what is more rare in an American hotel, a certain restraint, so that the effect is by no means the usual one of extravagance to excess. The most attractive feature in most of them is the grounds in which they stand. The Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine has a fore-court surrounded on three sides by the buildings themselves, and on the fourth side by a screen wall with an extremely decorative entrance archway, while on the flank is a sort of park extremely well kept, with semi-tropical trees and shrubs; the effect is extremely foreign, and quite fascinating, the air meanwhile being soft and warm, a delicious contrast to what one has left behind in the North.

Even more delightful, because more thoroughly Southern, is the Poinciana at Palm Beach, some ten hours farther south by rail. Here is a modest inn, with rooms for 1,400 people, with a frontage on the lake of a thousand feet, and grounds of corresponding extent, filled with tall waving palms, cocoanuts, etc. Just now somewhat brown and melancholy as to foliage because of the recent frosts, but still imposing, while the interior of the hotel is a marvel of comfort and luxury.



A short mile away is a splendid beach with a strong surf breaking on it, and another big hotel called the Breakers. You needn't walk unless you wish, for a multitude of wicker wheel chairs are on hand, propelled by a man and brother on a bicycle attached and the movement is swift, smooth and delightful. Eighty or ninety miles below Palm Beach you come to the jumping-off place at Miami, whence the steamers run across to Havana and Nassau.

We went to Nassau, and found there still another of the great Flagler hotels, the Colonial, in some respects the most agreeable of all, though smaller than the Poiciana or the Ponce de Leon. We stayed here five delicious days enjoying the dolce far niente to the full.

But I won't go on boring you with details. Suffice it to say, we have had three or four weeks of summer in its most attractive shape. Nevertheless, we are all glad to find ourselves so near home again.

I hope we shall find you all well at Prides. (CKC note: we had been living at Rye Hill all winter of 1904-05.) Mamma had a pleasant letter from Lily, and one from Francis [age 5], announcing that he had swallowed a tooth. That young gentleman is becoming an accomplished letter writer. Much love to Lily and all the kids. We shall see you all soon.

To C. K. C.

Asticou, Maine, July 27, 1905

David Kimball wrote me from Boston a week ago, after seeing Gallison and you, telling me of the result of his interview with G. which did not at all surprise me. He said he had asked you to examine the roof, and see what was needful to do, to make it tight. That ought to be a simple matter, though Farquhar's estimate a month ago or so didn't give that impression. It was rather absurd, and included a lot of quite unnecessary work. I should have the slating examined to see whether the roof needs to be stripped, which I shouldn't expect. I should cover the upper flat with tar and gravel, unless it is too steep. When you have done that, and seen to the flashing, I don't see what further work is needed. But you will see.

This place is a constant delight. (CKC note: they had rented the two Curtis cottages on the harbour.) Our life is naturally a little monotonous, but repose is good for old folks. We are looking forward with pleasure to your visit but don't cut it short.

To C. K. C.

Asticou, 10th Aug. 1905

..Kidder, Peabody & Co. write me advising the exchange of \$10,000 Erie 4's [FHC note: worth about \$340,000 in 2023 dollars] for the like amount of the Rockland-Rockport [Maine] Lime Co.'s 5% bonds [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rockport_Historic_Kiln_Area]. Will you therefore be so good as to get the Erie bonds out of my box and take them to K.P. for the exchange and receive my thanks.

We are expecting you now in little more than a week. Charles Hopkinson was here this morning, and said he thought you were intending to come on the 10th. You will be welcome whenever you may appear.

Love to all

from Papa.

(C.A.C. died on the following day, August 11.)

Extract from a letter from M.K.C. to Miss Clara Crump:

Asticou, 22nd August 1905

I know you will feel sorry to hear of Cousin Charles's death, which occurred on the 11th, just after midnight, and very suddenly. He had been quite well and enjoying very much our little cottages in this lovely place, but I waked Thursday night to find him suffering from some trouble with the heart, tho' calm and quiet, and in half an hour he went quietly to sleep to wake no more.

Attachments

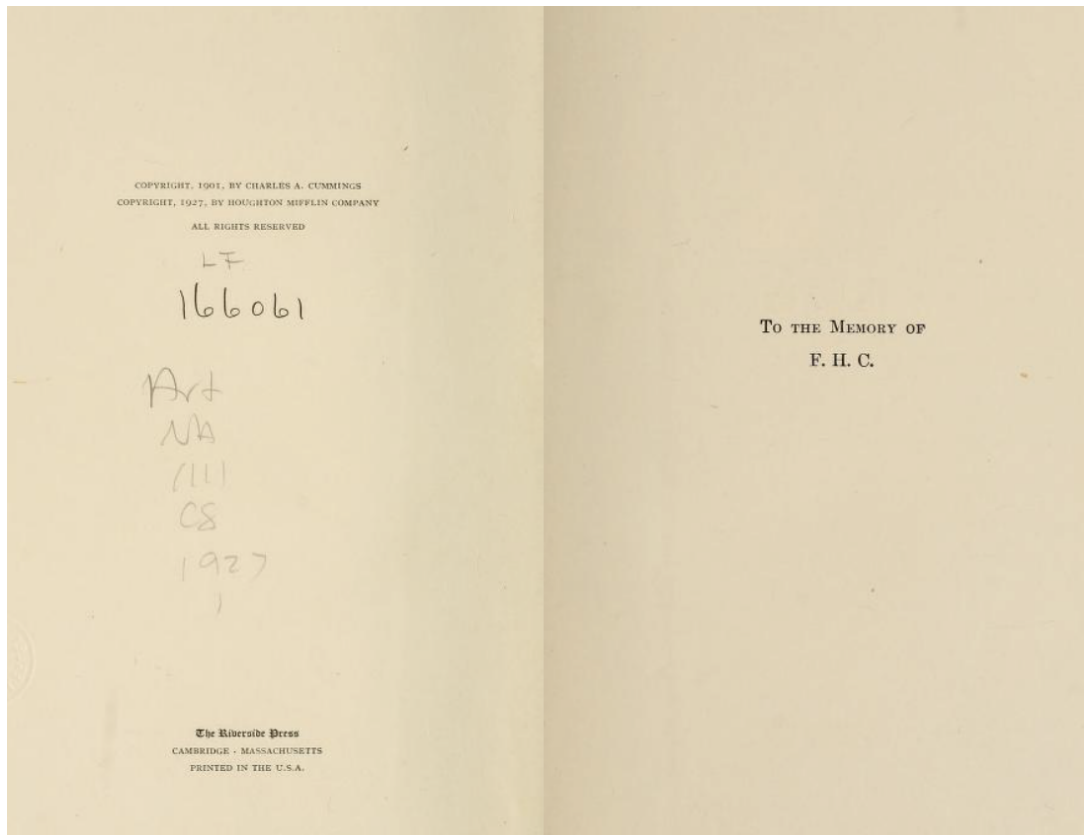
Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, 1905: Death of Charles A. Cummings

The death of Charles A. Cummings, Trustee of the Museum since April 15, 1897, occurred on August 11, 1905. Mr. Cummings had been a member of the Committee on the Museum since the first year of his connection with the Board, and of the Committee on the Museum's School since its formation in 1901. In both the Museum and the School Mr. Cummings took an active interest. He was elected a member of the Permanent Committee of the School in 1887, serving as its chairman from 1895 to 1901, when he became a representative of the Trustees in its management. Inspired by a genuine love of art, he was most faithful in the performance of his duties as Trustee. By his will a large sum is bequeathed to the Museum to be held as a permanent fund, the income to be expended in the purchase of representations of the best architecture of all ages. This gift to develop the resources of the Museum in the direction of Mr. Cummings' own lifelong interests affords welcome evidence of his appreciation of the influence which it is the privilege of the Museum to exert in the promotion of all branches of the fine arts.

Preface to CAC's "A history of architecture in Italy from the time of Constantine to the dawn of the renaissance" (1901)

Some half dozen years ago, while engaged in assisting my friend Mr. Longfellow in the preparation of his Cyclopaedia, I found myself frequently impatient and not seldom exasperated over the difficulty of getting at any authentic and exact information concerning the construction, design, dimensions, and history of many even of the most important and well-known buildings of mediaeval Italy. French writers, German writers, Italian writers, English writers, had passed over the ground, one after another, and had set down with serene confidence their facts and their theories. Unfortunately in many cases their facts and in most cases their theories did not agree, and may be said to have formed as a rule the subject of lively and too often acrid

personal controversy, which, however entertaining to the reader, is seldom instructive to the student.



Moreover, the works of these writers, even when most satisfactory (witness those of Mr. Ruskin in Venice, of Boito and Cattaneo in North Italy, of Schulz in South Italy, of Dartein in Lombardy, of Rohault de Fleury in Tuscany, and many others), are fragmentary, covering generally a restricted portion of the field, — the most notable exception being the "Baukunst des Mittelalters in Italien" of Mothes, which, although a mine of useful and minute information and exhibiting a truly German patience and thoroughness of research, is yet so much detailed as to dates and fragmentary constructions, and is withal so disconnected and so inadequately illustrated, as to repel and discourage any reader with less patience than its author; while in the English language no writer has heretofore attempted anything like a continuous account of the rise, progress, and decline of the various styles of building which followed one another on the soil of Italy for a thousand years after the decay of the Roman power.

These considerations moved me finally to this attempt to supply, as best I could, the need which other students in this field must have felt as strongly as I. I cannot hope that the present work will be found to meet with any

completeness the requirements which its perhaps too ambitious title may suggest. A complete history of architecture in Italy would be the work of a lifetime, and could only be written during a prolonged residence in that country, and as the result of a personal examination of all the important works and of the documents contained in the archives of many cities. I can only claim to have used, in writing this book, my best efforts towards substantial thoroughness and accuracy, and to have gone over the greater part of the ground after its completion, manuscript in hand, verifying, correcting, modifying, and amplifying, as far as my opportunities allowed,,

I make no claim to have written a philosophical history. In the confusion of traditions in which the annals of Christian Italy are involved, beginning with Imperial Rome, continuing with Gothic kings and Greek exarchs at Ravenna, Lombard kings at Pavia and Milan, Norman counts in South Italy and Sicily, German emperors beyond the Alps with their constant interference, Saracens on the neighboring coasts with their scarcely less constant invasions and harryings, and at the centre all the while the one portentous shape which never changed, — the Papacy, — it is no wonder that the story of architecture, like the story of the political and social life of the people, presents no steady and logical development, but a bewildering mixture of styles and streams of influence, in the midst of which the thread which connects the form of architecture with the conditions out of which it grew is often lost to the student, who requires, to hold and follow it, a more adequate equipment of historical knowledge and training than I can pretend to.

This book, then, is only a narrative and descriptive history, necessarily incomplete and more or less disjointed. I shall be content if it prove to be, in any degree, of service to the student of architecture, or to that somewhat indefinite and uncertain personage, the "general reader," who may yet have a particular interest in the infinitely varied forms which that art has taken in the land which was for so many centuries the home of all the arts and the leader of modern civilization.

Complete document: <https://archive.org/details/historyofarchit02cumm>

CAC Memoir of Moses Kimball (1902, complete)

On February 21, 1895 CAC's father-in-law Moses Kimball died. The following is from a Memorial Pamphlet, "Memoir of Moses Kimball", by Charles A. Cummings,

reprinted from the **New-England Historical and Genealogical Register** for October, 1902:

Moses Kimball, for fifty years a familiar and picturesque figure in the life of Boston, was of good Old Puritan ancestry, being descended from Richard Kimball, of Rattlesden in the county of Suffolk, and his wife Ursula, who came over in 1634, and after living two years in Watertown, were among the founders of the town of Ipswich in Essex county [FHC note: as was CAC's third great-grandfather Isaac Cummings], with which town their descendants have been since identified.

Moses Kimball was of the seventh generation from Richard, and was born October 24, 1809, at Newburyport. His mother was Nancy Stacy of Gloucester, who traces her descent from Simon Stacy and Elizabeth Clark, who were married in London in 1620, through Thomas, John, Nymhus, and Benjamin. Nearly all his ancestors were among the early settlers of New England. Among them are the Rev. Samuel Worcester, for twenty years the first minister of Salisbury, John Davis, Robert Lord, John Low, John Perkins, and Mary Ward, sister of Nathaniel Ward. Other names which appear in the family genealogy, are Boreman, Thompson, Knight, Dodge, Eaton, Waite, Call, Edwards, Littlehale, Lancton, Babson, Batchelder, Gill, Buswell, Harraden, Somes, Prince, Hazeltine.

While Moses was yet a child, his parents removed to Sandy Bay, now known as Rockport, on Cape Ann. Here his uneventful boyhood was passed among the simple and wholesome surrounding of a New England country home, with the usual experience of the district school in the "little red schoolhouse." At the age of fifteen, this chapter of his life came to an end, and the boy came to Boston to seek his fortune. An elder brother was in business here, and with him the young Moses took his first steps in the practical work of life. But the kind of work was not to his taste. The buying and selling in a store did not afford a sufficient outlet for the restless energy which was characteristic of his temperament, and he embarked on several ventures, one after another, with indifferent success. In the first of these ventures he shared in the ruin which overtook the multitudes of older and more experienced men of business in the memorable and disastrous "Eastern Land" speculation.

The second venture was the purchase, in 1833, of the New England Galaxy, one of the earliest weekly newspapers of Boston, founded and edited by Joseph T Buckingham. In this enterprise he was associated with William J Snelling. Under the new direction the paper made itself conspicuous by its fearless and persistent attacks on the gambling establishments of the city and suburbs, and reached a large sale. But the enterprise was not successful, and the paper was sold after a few months, at a serious loss.

["Mr. Kimball married, June 25, 1834, Frances L. A. Hathaway, daughter of John Hathaway of Boston; she was born in Dighton, Mass, which had been the home of her ancestors for many generations -- the first of the name, Nicholas Hathaway, having come to America about 1639," added by his daughter Helen Kimball.]

Mr. Kimball formed, in 1836, an association called the New England Printing Company, for the publishing of Engravings of important pictures, chiefly those of

historical interest. Trumbull's great picture of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, and Stuart's Washington, were among those of which great numbers were distributed and made popularly known.

The year 1837 was a year of calamity and of great business depression all over the country, and Mr. Kimball again found himself without business or prospects. But during the next year, with the assistance of his brother David, he bought the great part of the collections of the old New England Museum, which was breaking up, added to them from sundry other sources, made arrangements for a lease of the building on Tremont and Bromfield streets (later the site of the Horticultural Building), and in 1841 opened the **Boston Museum**, a collection of objects extremely miscellaneous in character, the greater part naturally of little importance, but including many things of real value and interest. Among them were a large number of stuffed birds and animals, lately acquired with satisfaction by the Boston Society of Natural History and incorporated with their collections, and several remains of Greek sculpture, one at least of which is now in the Museum of Fine Arts. The pictures included several historical portraits by Copley, which were one by one parted with, to descendants or relatives.

In 1843, the theatre was added to the attractions of this establishment, though in deference to the still lingering Puritan feeling in the community, the dangerous word was avoided, -- the hall in which the performances were given being called the "lecture-room." From a similar consideration, no performances were given on Saturday evenings.

The enterprise was successful from the start. It was soon evident that the space at the disposal of the Museum was far too limited for its needs. In conjunction with Mr. David Kimball, a fine new building was erected at large cost, which included a spacious and lofty hall of distinctly architectural character for the Museum proper, and a well appointed theatre in the rear. Mr. Kimball's failures were now all behind him. The establishment, which was opened in November, 1846, was complete and on a firm and permanent basis, and its hold upon the interest and support, we might almost say affection, of the community, grew stronger year by year and brought a steady prosperity to its founder. [FHC note: CAC here omits mention of Kimball's interesting business relationship and long correspondence with P. T. Barnum.]

Mr. Henry A Clapp, writing many years later, says of it:

"The Museum was in a distinctive and peculiar sense the theatre of the capital of Massachusetts, partly because of its age and unbroken record as a place of amusement, -- even more because of the steady merit of its performances and the celebrity of many of its performers. It is safe to say that no theatre extant in America to-day has been as intimately connected with the life of its dwelling-place, as the Museum with the life of Boston and of nearly three generations of its inhabitants."

So much for the private business history of Mr. Kimball. It well illustrates many of his great qualities, but the real interest of his career lies in another field, -- the field of public work. Although he retained his proprietorship and control of the Museum until a few years before his death, yet his personal management of its affairs came to an end in 1860. For many years his interest in public matters had been constant and strong. His

first appearance in political life was in 1844, as a consequence of a speech by Daniel Webster at a Whig meeting, in which he urged, as one of the most imperative duties of Congress, the revision of the naturalization laws. For the first time in our history, an apprehension was awakened in many minds as to the influence of the Irish vote in the national elections, and the Native American party came into existence. In 1844, in a convention of which Mr. Kimball was chairman, Thomas A Davis was nominated for mayor of Boston, and after a contest of nearly three months, in which the Whigs nominated successively Josiah Quincy, Jr., Thomas Wetmore, Samuel A. Eliot, William T. Eustis, and William Parker, at the end of eight elections, or attempted elections, Mr. Davis was chosen mayor. The next year the party nominated Henry Shaw for Governor of Massachusetts, and Mr. Kimball stumped the state with great vigor for two months. But the movement had no success. The time was not yet ripe, the first impulse had died out, and ten years more were to pass before the principals of the Native American party were to achieve a brief triumph in Massachusetts.

Mr. Kimball's public life divides itself into two chapters, comprising respectively his services to the city and to the state. In 1848, he was a member of the Common Council, and in 1851 an alderman. Of his work upon these boards there is little to be said, except it be in connection with an incident which created for a time a tempest in the Boston teapot, and of which the fruits were made to appear as often as, in later years, Mr. Kimball was presented as a candidate for public office. This was the refusal by the Board of Alderman to grant the use of Faneuil Hall to a committee of gentlemen for a reception to Daniel Webster. The hot excitement created during the previous year by the seventh of March speech had not yet subsided; the historic hall had been refused, shortly before, to Samuel Hoar, Wendell Phillips and others for a meeting of those who were outraged by Webster's course, and the feeling of a majority of the Board was that the measure which had been meted to the anti-slavery men should be meted to their opponents. Mr. Kimball introduced the resolution declining to grant the use of the hall, and the rage of the Webster men was directed mainly against him. Looking back over the interval of half a century, it is easy to see the unwisdom of both the refusals. The resentment of the Webster Whigs towards Mr. Kimball never cooled, and his action on this occasion was no doubt the cause, more than any other, of his successive defeats in the elections for the mayoralty in which he was a candidate. Of these there were three, in 1858, 1860 and 1868. The most unscrupulous methods were, especially in the last contest, freely used to ensure his defeat. But it is doubtful if they were needed, since Mr. Kimball's record, in the Legislature and elsewhere, as a fearless and formidable enemy of all manner of jobs, was of itself quite sufficient to make him an unpopular candidate with the majority of city voters, or rather with those by whom the votes of a majority were controlled.

Mr. Kimball's most important service to the city was in the various boards of charitable and kindred work, -- the Directors of Public Institutions, of which he was for ten years the president, the Board of State Charities, of which he was the first chairman in 1869, the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity in 1879. In all these important positions, to which no salary was attached, his energy, his business capacity, his talent for organization, his vigilance in protecting the treasury of the city or state from the schemes of greedy money-makers, made his services of inestimable value.

Mr. Kimball was, however, most widely known from his long experience in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was a senator for a single year only, in 1854, but his service in the House of Representatives, beginning in 1850 and continuing with occasional interruptions till 1876, brought him in contact with men of influence from every part of the state. He was from the first a prominent and influential member, and inevitably so, for his keen interest in all the important measures which came up, and his restless and active mind, led him to mingle often in the debates. His speaking was extremely characteristic, forcible, vivacious, going straight to the point, sharply seasoned with wit, anecdote and sarcasm, and holding the attention of his audience unvaryingly. One of his colleagues, in some reminiscences printed shortly after his death, says:

"When I was a member of the Senate, and Mr. Kimball still a member of the House, I remember how quickly the Senate lobbies would be cleared when the word was passed round -- 'Kimball is speaking.' As chairman of the Finance Committee, of which I was a humble member, Mr. Kimball did Massachusetts a service which should never be forgotten. He was in a constant fight, fighting all sorts of jobs and schemes, and he won every battle. He saved the state an immense amount of money." [FHC note: Kimball was known as the "Watchdog of the Treasury"; see http://brooklinehistoricalsociety.org/history/proceedings/1926/1926_Address.html.]

With his removal to Brookline ["Longwood"], in 1882, Mr. Kimball's long service in the Legislature came to an end. But his activity in other directions continued unabated. He was five times elected a state director of the Boston and Albany Railroad, beginning in 1864, and when the state ceased to hold its interest in the road, he was chosen a member of the regular board, and held that position until his death. He took much pleasure in his work, and was to the end a punctual and efficient officer.

Mr. Kimball's many and absorbing affairs, public and private, did not prevent him from taking a lively interest in everything which concerned the general welfare of the community. As early as 1850, we find him offering, through the Boston Society for Medical Observation, a prize for the best essay on the treatment and prevention of croup, the prize being awarded by a committee consisting of Dr. John Ware, Dr. John Jeffries, and Dr. Edward H. Clarke; and twenty years later, prizes to the Rockport Agricultural Association for the best exhibit of shade trees set out in the streets of that town, for the best loaf of bread exhibited at the annual fair, and for kindred things. In 1879, he commissioned Thomas Ball to make a replica of his bronze group emblematic of Emancipation, which had been set up in Washington, and presented it to the city of Boston. The gift was accepted, not without a long and bitter debate in the Common Council, in which the personal enemies of Mr. Kimball revived the old feuds and grievances; and interesting exercises accompanying its formal acceptance were held in Faneuil Hall, in which Gov. Talbot, Mayor Prince, Rev. Phillips Brooks, John G. Whittier and others took part.

Mr. Kimball made three journeys to Europe, in 1867, 1872 and 1877-78. In these, his open and receptive mind, always learning gladly, from men not less from books, found ample opportunity for acquiring new and varied knowledge. He was to

the last a constant reader, reading attentively and retaining what he read. During the later period of his life, his correspondence with friends whom he had met abroad was of much interest. One of these, an English country gentleman of distinction, writes him:

"I learn a great deal from your letters -- your own internal politics, your opinions on public events in this old country worded in the best and clearest language, so that no reading can be more interesting and instructive. I am so alive to this fact that I take the liberty of circulating your letters among two or three of my friends who are capable of appreciating them."

Mr. Kimball's vigorous constitution, unweakened by illness (for he was never seriously ill in his life), yielded slowly to the advances of age. But an accident in 1883, in which he narrowly escaped instant death (he attempted to get on board a railroad train in motion, and was dragged a quarter of a mile or more before the train could be stopped), although he made a remarkable recovery, probably hastened in some degree the gradual decline. Yet it was only those very near to him who could observe during the last two or three years of his life the failure of his powers. The death of his wife, which occurred in the autumn of 1894, after a union of sixty years, was a shock from which he had no strength, and perhaps no wish, to rally; and his own death followed hers, after a short three months. He died February 21, 1895, terminating a membership of seventeen years in this Society.

Mr. Kimball's salient characteristics were incorruptible integrity, quick intelligence, strong good sense, right judgment, inflexible resolution, directness, a habit of methodical and systematic work. These were the qualities which kept him so long at the head of the finance committee of the House, and of the various charitable boards of the city and state, and which would have made him invaluable as mayor. With these, however, there went a certain impatience of opposition, and a lack of the disposition to conciliate, which kept him from being popular in the political sense, and which awakened in many quarters, as we have seen, a bitter and lasting enmity. But they also drew to his side multitudes of strong and constant friends, whose loyal affection made ample compensation for the trials which came to him. His own affections were quick, warm and enduring.

1936 Letter from W. D. Austin on CAC Letters

8 Craigie Circle, Cambridge

Sep. 27/1936

My dear Cummings [CKC],

With many thanks I return your book having enjoyed reading every word of your Father's letters and, of course, especially those relating to the B.S.A. Those events he speaks of are quite within the range of my recollections and serve to confirm my long time held conception of your Father as a charming man, a cultivated, scholarly, artist and gentleman. I remember well the shock to the Society caused by his sudden death.

I had hoped to find some letters written in 1867, concerning the organizing of the B.S.A. when C.A.C. was a young man of thirty four, but apparently he was not corresponding copiously in that year. But I noted in the letter to Moses Kimball of May 13, 1873, towards the end, a reference to my Uncle Charles Thacker in connection with August Fries. I didn't know, or had forgotten, that these two fine men were acquainted, only that they looked enough alike to be brothers.

Your Father's portrait is as I so well remember him. Thanks again for the pleasure you have given me.

Yours very truly,

W. D. Austin